HITLER'S COMING DOOM—A New Series of Revelations

Liberty

FEB 2,
1935

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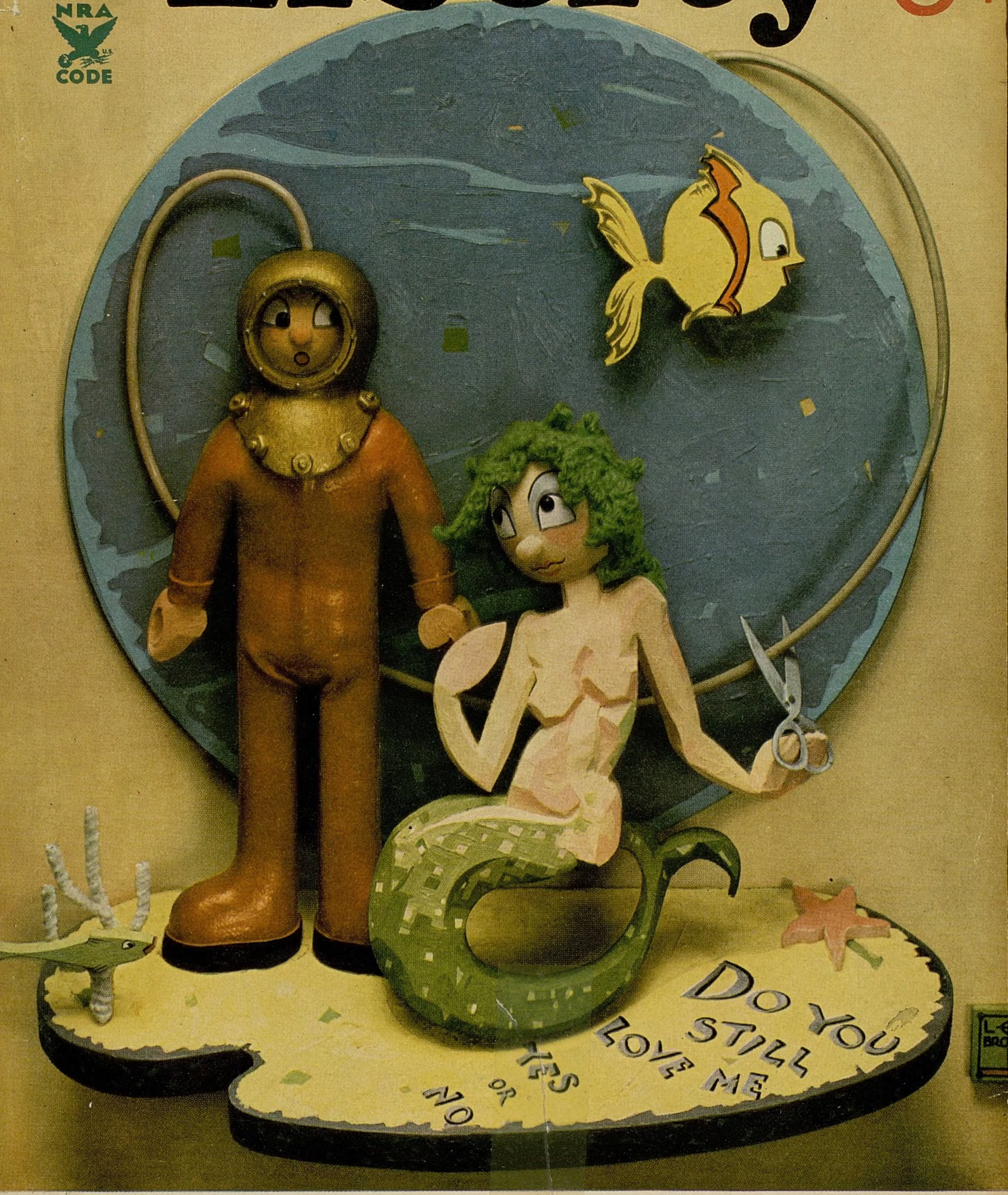
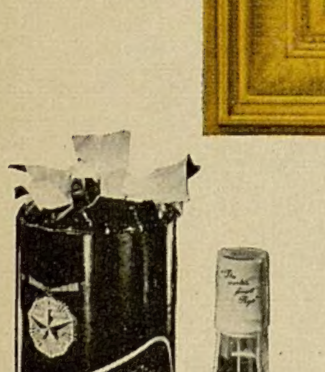

DO YOU STILL LOVE ME
YES OR NO

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

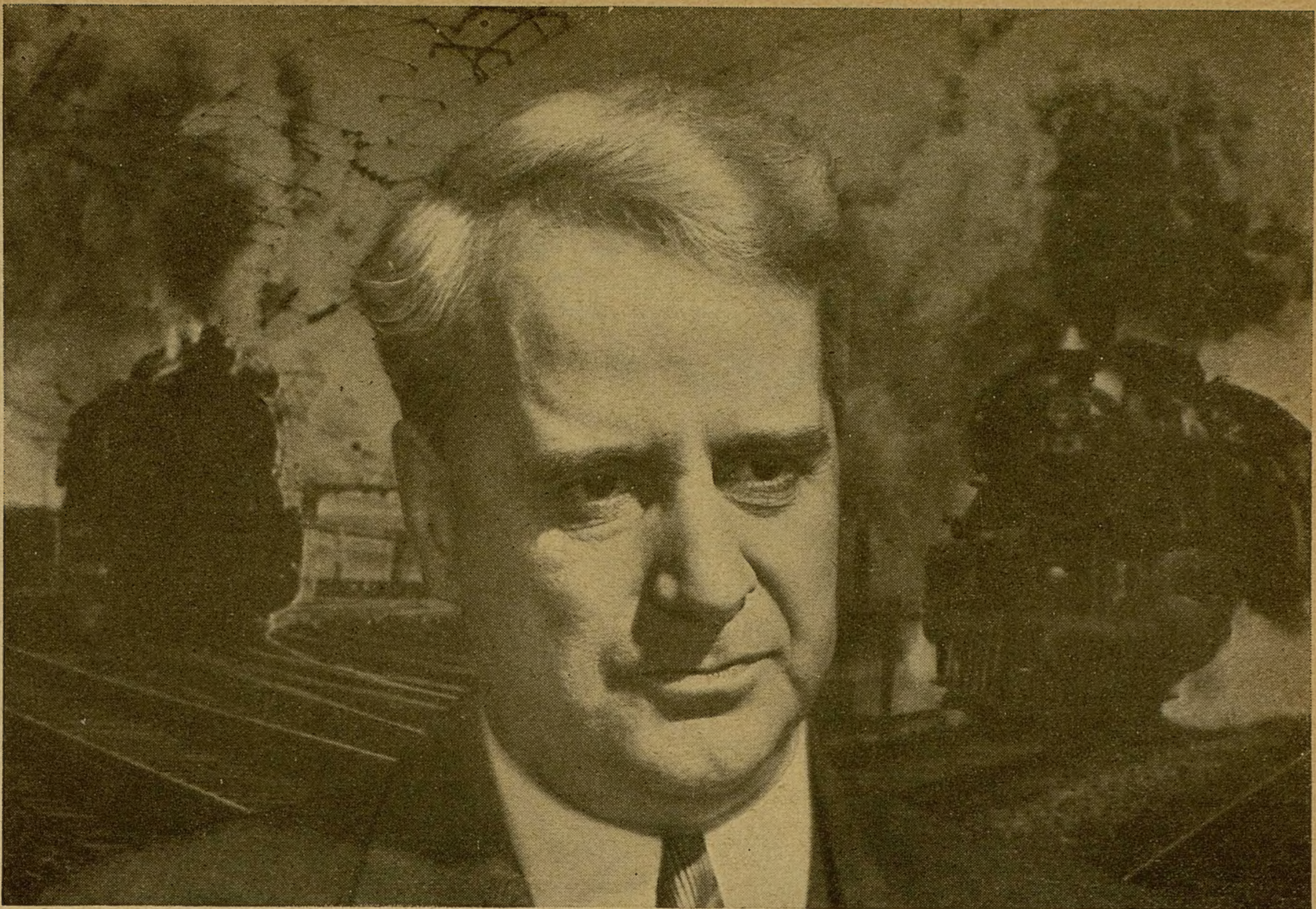
"The world's finest Rye"
Bottled in Bond
OLD SCHENLEY
U.S. Govt. Supervision
Pennsylvania
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
100 PROOF
Schenley Distributors, Inc.
BOTTLED IN BOND
NOT SOLD UNTIL FOUR YEARS OLD


OLD SCHENLEY
STRAIGHT RYE

Old Schenley pure Rye . . . bottled in bond under United States Government supervision . . . is always 4 years old . . . or older. It is made in conformity with the highest distilling traditions . . . utilizing Michigan and Wisconsin Rosen rye, the most compact and flavorful rye kernels the earth produces. Old Schenley may be had in quarts, pints, half-pints and nips. It is also available in Bourbon at all leading retailers. The world's finest whiskey . . . awarded The Mark of Merit. Schenley Distillers . . . "the house with the national reputation."

FULFILLS ALL REQUIREMENTS OF THE U. S. PHARMACOPOEIA (U. S. P.) U. S. DISPENSATORY — PHARMACO-THERAPEUTICS

This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry States: it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.



Bosses 5,000 Miles of Railroad but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

Millions ride over his tracks in comfort and security. He guards them every mile of the way with the most modern safety devices. But when he should have heeded his own "stop" signals—a warning from his dentist and his own common sense—he rolled right on through.

When "pink tooth brush" made its threat he ignored it. He banked on his luck and his luck failed. *Today he's a dental cripple*—and he's paying the piper.

Today he knows his dentist was absolutely right — that our soft, modern foods do rob our gums of work — and *health.* Today he knows the consequences of "pink tooth brush"—the dangers that lie in wait for tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—get a tube of Ipana today and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your daily dental routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps to give them back their natural firmness.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush," but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a standard text:* "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *A famous authority says:* "The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."
- *Quoting a famous dental work:* "Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
NEW YORK

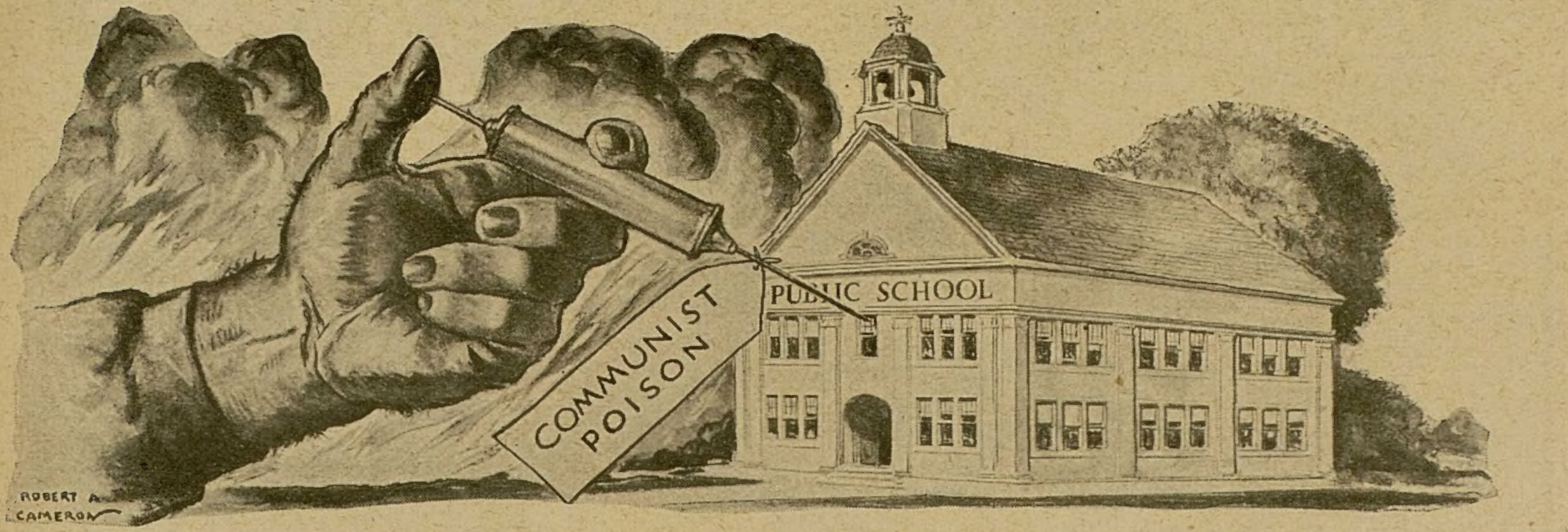
FEBRUARY 2, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

COMMUNISTIC AGITATORS IN OUR SCHOOLS —HANG THE TRAITORS



WHAT kind of people are we anyway? Are we so bound down by legal complications that justice is entirely out of reach?

In daily papers everywhere we read that Communistic activities have been extended to our public schools and colleges, and the details of some of the principles commended by these violent disciples of Bolshevism are bloodcurdling.

Some of these fanatics advocate the same revolutionary procedure that turned Russia into a human slaughterhouse, with dead bodies piled in the streets, with torture and death—sometimes of the most shocking character—for every citizen who through hard work had managed to build up a subsistence beyond the average for himself and family.

Does any citizen of the United States want to risk facing such appalling conditions? If not, then it is our duty definitely to separate this particular brand of Communism from that which is said to uphold our own democratic principles.

Doubtless many good American citizens are being deceived by this innocent brand of Communism and are thereby encouraging the violent agitators in favor of wholesale murder.

We have been shocked beyond expression by a report that plans were even made to kidnap the President and his entire cabinet, though we have heard of no measures being adopted to punish those guilty.

Matthew Woll, third vice president of the American Federation of Labor, recently called upon Representative John W. MacCormack, chairman of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, to have this particular group of investigators give some attention to the Communistic activities in American colleges.

Law-abiding citizens of this country demand that some definite action be taken in this menacing situation. Here is an organization fast growing in size whose avowed object is wholesale murder.

Do we intend to lie down and take whatever comes to us without an effort to combat this menace to the life of the nation? Is it necessary for us to make some additional laws to protect us in this emergency?

If a man-eating tiger were loose in any community would we consider the advisability of making a law before we endeavored to stop his progress?

We are victims of a lawmaking mania. We do not ask any more whether anything is just or unjust. The question is, is it lawful?

Every patriotic, level-headed citizen is sick and tired beyond measure of this kowtowing to legislative detail. When human man-eating tigers are within our midst, when they have definitely avowed their bloodthirsty objects, when there is no difficulty in recognizing their character, why quibble in such a situation?

Avowed public enemies with wholesale murder in view should be made harmless as quickly as possible. And there is only one way to make this assurance doubly certain and that is the death penalty!

And though we may smile at the fanaticism of the soap-box orator, when these same principles are set forth in attractive detail to the youths in the formative period in our public schools, the situation is entirely different.

We have been entirely too lax with law enforcement in recent years. Attorney-General Cummings is doing all he can to make a change for the better. But the same activity must be aroused in every state of the Union. Public enemies must be treated like man-eating tigers. The order given recently to policemen in many of our cities to shoot first and question afterward is a good policy in this dire emergency.

" Death to traitors " should be the slogan from now on. At any minute this nation is likely to be forced into a fight for its life.

Russia's czarlike Communistic government knows how to handle traitors. Germany has adopted a similar effective procedure. And it is about time for us to get rid of the mawkish sentimentality which has had much to do with making us the most lawless nation on earth.

There should be no need for additional laws to protect us from such a band of wholesale murderers—the disciples of Bolshevism in its most violent form. Give them the same penalty quickly administered that they have prepared for their victims.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Auto Editors and Public Agree..

AMERICA NEEDED THIS HIGH-SPEED SAFETY CAR

Auto Show Crowds Acclaim the New 1935 Plymouth

This New Car Offers You:

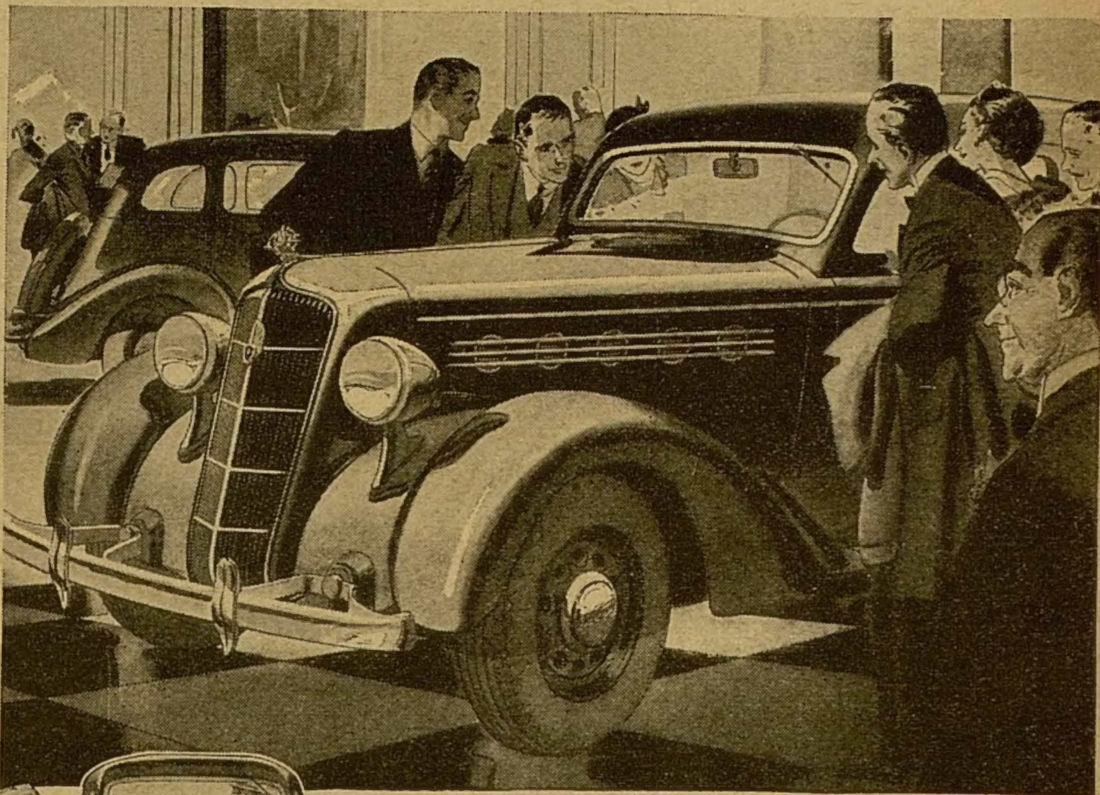
New advanced high-efficiency Engine . . . gives more power on 12% to 20% less gas and oil.

New Torpedo-type Body . . . of steel reinforced with steel.

Improved Hydraulic Brakes stop quicker . . . Centrifuse Drums add life to brake linings.

Syncro-Silent Transmission.

New Mola Steel Front Springs and New Weight Distribution give amazing "Floating Ride."



"Look at All Three" at the Auto Show. Compare the new Plymouth with the other low-priced cars.

It's a completely New Car . . . Built to meet Today's Traffic Needs

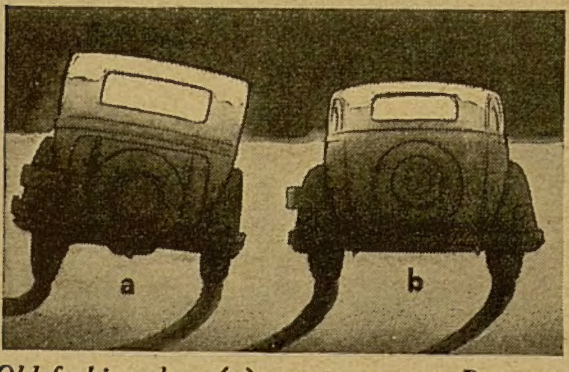
THE IMPORTANT THING to see at the Auto Show is Plymouth's new High-Speed Safety Car. It's an entirely *new kind* of automobile.

It marks the greatest advance in low-priced car design in the past 15 years.

• • •

Be honest with yourself! You're driving faster than you used to. Everybody is.

With this greater speed has come an urgent need for GREATER SAFETY. That's the engineering reason behind the redesigning of the new 1935 Plymouth. Plymouth engineers started from the ground up to create this revolutionary new High-Speed Safety Car.



Old-fashioned car (a) sways on curve. But new Plymouth (b) takes same curve without swaying.

Improved Hydraulic Brakes stop the new 1935 Plymouth with instant action at all speeds.

First they improved the engine. Gave it more power, for lightning get-away and quick *mobility* . . . yet reduced gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%!

Next, they did everything to make driving easier on the driver . . . to give him split-second control at all times.

With new Syncro-Silent Transmission, the gears shift noiselessly . . . and the clutch operates with 30% less pedal pressure. Even the famous Plymouth Hydraulic Brakes have been improved . . . with larger brake facings.

This year, you will hear a lot about Plymouth's "Floating Ride." It's something you've got to experience yourself.

Through new, scientific weight distribution, the development of new-type Mola Steel Front Springs and a new sway eliminator . . . you simply *glide* over the bumps. It does to riding what Floating Power did to engine vibration.

See This New Car

As for appearance, that's self-evident. The new Plymouth is a perfectly beautiful car. But the smart exterior is only a hint of the surprise you'll have when you look inside . . . and see the extra room.

And you'll feel safe and secure in the knowledge that you are riding in a Safety-Steel body. A stronger body than ever.

All Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers now have the new models of the 1935 Plymouth on display. See them today.

PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY **$565** *World's Safest low-priced Car*

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

WITH YOU AT MY SIDE . . . I CAN BE A *Conqueror!*

On one woman's answer . . . hung the destiny of Asia . . . treasure house of the world! When she spoke . . . The Massacre of The Black Hole of Calcutta would be avenged! At her nod . . . bugles would scream . . . drums would roar . . . and Clive of India would lead a handful of men to victory over countless thousands of native troops!

The Most Ambitious Screen Presentation of 20th Century, Producers of "The House of Rothschild".

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents

CLIVE *of* INDIA

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production *starring*

RONALD COLMAN

LORETTA YOUNG

with Colin Clive · Francis Lister
C. Aubrey Smith · Cesar Romero
Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI
Written by W. P. Lipscomb *and* R. J. Minney
A 20th Century Picture
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Are the Forces Behind the Nazis' Leader Preparing to Destroy Him? . . . Here Begins a Series of Surprising Revelations Concerning the Germany of Today

by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

HITLER'S Coming Doom

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE INTRIGUES THAT MADE HIM

I AM going to tell for the first time the inside story of the Reichstag fire that created such a sensation in Germany.

I am going to disclose for the first time the facts behind the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria.

I am going to reveal for the first time what was back of the "blood purge" when so many leaders in German affairs were slaughtered.

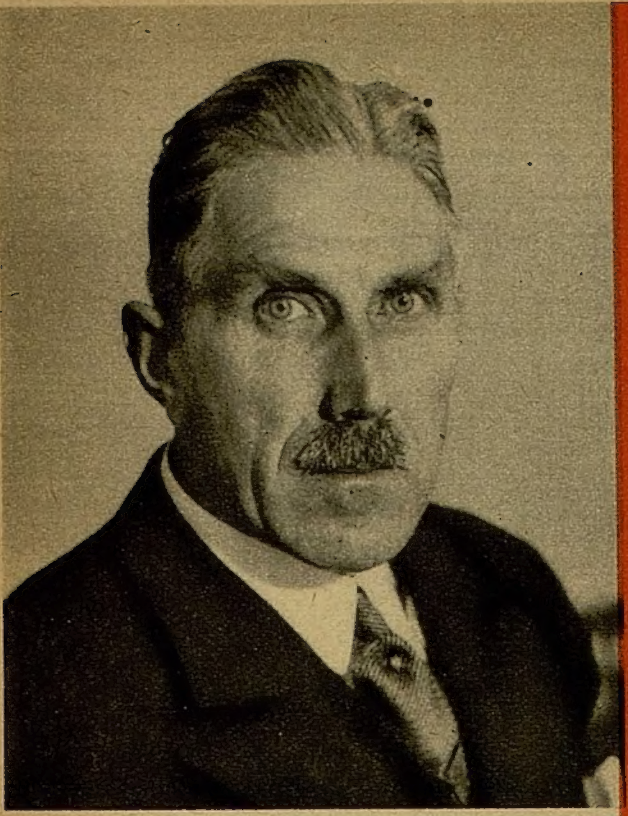
I am going to show you a page from the Paris newspaper, Figaro, which reproduced a German document anticipating the assassination of Dollfuss three days before he was murdered.

I am going to tell you for the first time how close the nations were to another World War less than a year and a half ago, and how it was averted.

In addition to this I am going to expose the fact that Adolf Hitler has been but a figurehead in Germany, and reveal who is behind him, who put him where he is, and the great forces that are now gathering behind the scenes to drag him down.

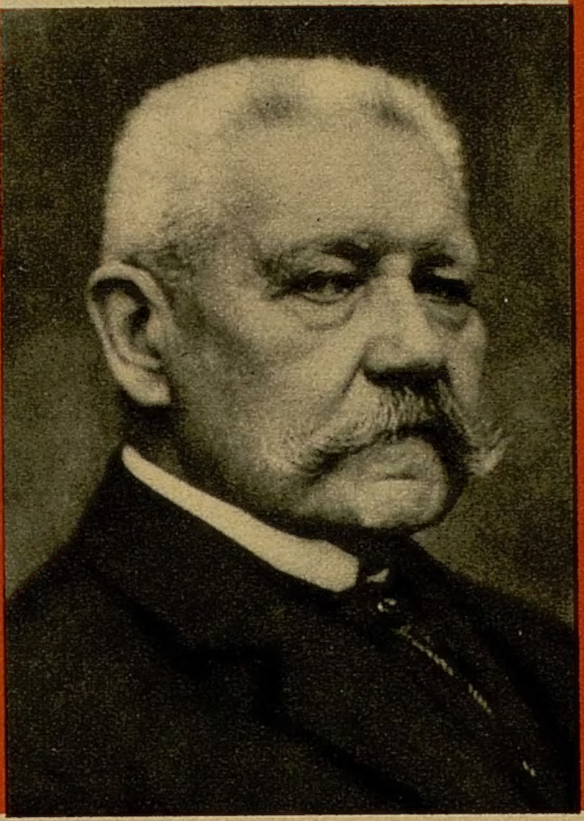
It is one of the most dramatic stories in the history of world diplomacy, involving secret treaties and behind-the-scenes intrigues that for a time had Russia and Germany in an alliance for war against the rest of Europe to repudiate the Versailles Treaty, under an arrangement made by one of the world's most glamorous women whose name and diplomatic maneuverings are virtually unknown in the United States.

Of all this the people of Germany as well as of the other nations know literally nothing. It is all interwoven around the story of Hitler, the man who was chosen because he was a fiery orator who could capture and hold the imagination of the German people while behind him



Acme photo

Von Papen while Chancellor finally "came into camp" with the plotters.



Old President von Hindenburg was tricked into acceptance of Hitler as Chancellor.

Keystone View photo

Ernst Roehm, later killed, led the Knights of the Round Table.

the monarchists could work out their plans for the restoration of the throne, and the great industrial giants could exploit to their hearts' content.

Today Dr. Fritz Thyssen, the colossus of the Ruhr who holds the destinies of the German coal and steel interests in his hands, is the pillar supporting Hitler, aided by the lesser barons of German industry and their comrades, the German bankers. Yesterday it was the powerful nobility who sought to restore the monarchy with the Hohenzollerns at its head. Group after group, as I shall disclose, have taken up Hitler and lifted him higher and higher on the ladder of power, and each has dropped him or been deserted by him until now even the great industrialists would wash their hands of him if they could. They, like all the others who have built him up for their own purposes, have found that he does not serve their ends. But these feudal lords of the steel crucible and the mining shaft do not dare cast him out, at least not until they have found some other means of holding Germany within their grasp.

Those who are on the inside in Germany are convinced that the end is approaching for Hitler. For many years I was close to the German court, among others, and still maintain my intimate contacts with those individuals in monarchistic, industrial, and diplomatic inner circles who know what plans are being made and what is likely to happen in the future. Thus I am enabled to tell all these hitherto untold facts.

Hitler originally was sponsored by a group of prominent German women. These were Frau Wagner, the daughter-in-law of the great composer; Princess Marie Adelaide of Lippe-Detmold; Crown Princess Cecilie, wife of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, and Princess Hermine, wife of the Kaiser. They were ardent monarchists.

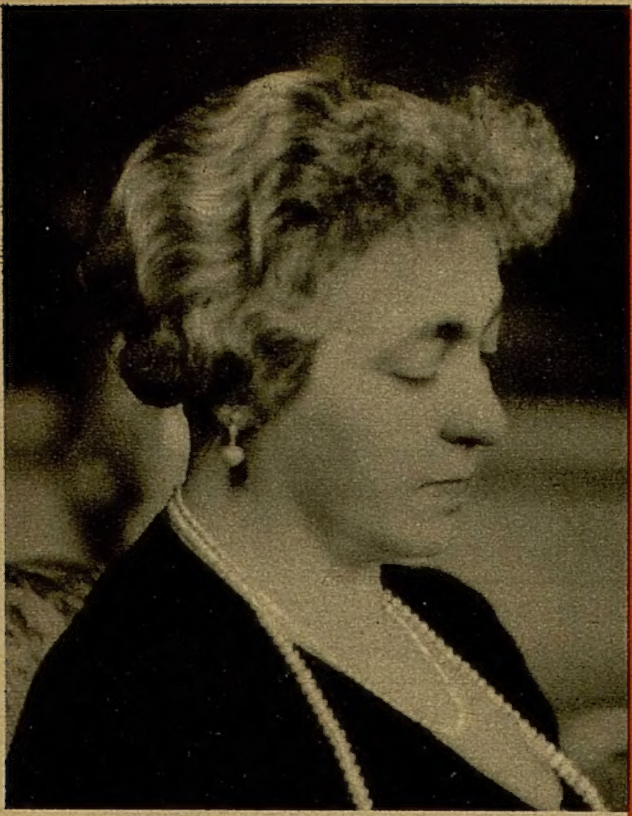
Hitler in his speeches as a rising young agitator had committed himself to the restoration of German imperial glory and the overthrow of the republic. General Erich Ludendorff, the famous wartime leader, had taken him up. He had attempted to lead an incipient revolution in 1923 and been imprisoned for the cause of monarchy. He was winning followers. These women saw in him the man who might lead the people back to the banners of royalty. They supported him with their wealth and influence, wheedling and coaxing the powerful German nobility.

The industrialists and monarchists in Germany hate each other, but in this case they united as the monarchists brought the industrialists into line behind Hitler when both thought they could use him to stop communism. Then when each began trying to use him for their own ends they began to tear at each other's throats; and while they fought Hitler seized the reins for himself.

To understand fully why such tremendously powerful men as Thyssen, the Stinnes interests, and even the great banking house of Rothschild do not dare withdraw their support from Hitler today, it is necessary to plunge backward a quarter of a century to one of the outstanding scandals of Europe, a moral scandal that was hushed up as far as possible. It involved Prince Philip von Eulenburg-Hertefeld. That was a name to conjure with in those days. The prince was a favorite of the Kaiser, a diplomat, an ambassador, and a statesman of unusual ability. Also, he was an artist, a dreamer, a musician and poet, a man of wonderful talent and ability.

THE full story of Prince Eulenburg's tragic downfall in 1908 cannot be told. He had many enemies—those who were jealous of his proximity to the throne and those who hated him because he would not lend himself to their intrigues. One of his most powerful enemies was General von Moltke, head of the general staff and nephew of the famous field marshal under Bismarck. Prince Eulenburg was dragged down to the depths of shame and degradation in the German courts.

During Germany's dark days after the war the prince, a broken, morally destroyed man, sat in his lonely castle at Liebenberg, resigned to the fact that there was little left for him to do but die. Yet this man conceived the political plan that has been used in making Hitler what he is. Prince Eulenburg's name never has been mentioned in this connection, nor has the story with its ramifications been told before. The Nazis do not want it told



Wide World photo

Princess Hermine, wife of the ex - Kaiser, sponsored Hitler.

Wide World photo

Frau Winifred Wagner, daughter-in-law of Richard, was another original Hitlerite.

Acme photo

And a third was ex-Crown Princess Cecilie—also an ardent monarchist.

because they fear revulsion and disgust on the part of the German people. The prominent persons involved, some of whom are my intimate friends I have visited with recently, do not care to have all the story become public property. The monarchists do not want their games revealed, nor do the mighty industrialists, and it all goes back to this broken prince who sat brooding in his castle and waiting for the death that would not claim him.

I knew Prince Eulenburg. He admitted he had come to realize his own personal drama was nothing in comparison to the catastrophe which had overwhelmed his dearly beloved fatherland. There in the solitude of his grim castle that had once been so gay, this man, shunned by those who had surrounded him in the past, kept thinking and wondering whether he could have saved his country and whether even now it could be redeemed.

HE believed it could if the right man were found to step forward and grasp the reins of leadership. But how was that individual to be found? He was unable to answer that question. The few faithful ones who still surrounded him could not help him.

This circle of his acquaintances called themselves the Knights of the Round Table, and included in their ranks were a socialist named Ernst Roehm and a demagogue named Karl Ernst. He also had a couple of friends who happened to be perfectly decent, honorable individuals. They were the beautiful young Countess of B., whose kind heart had taken pity on the broken old man, and a general of the old régime. This was Kurt von Schleicher, a man of irreproachable conduct and unsullied honor and incidentally the best military man in modern Germany. General von Schleicher alone among his kind had refused to turn his back on Prince Eulenburg.

They were the only people to whom this once brilliant and famous diplomat and statesman could talk about his ideas and plans. The little ring was scarcely powerful enough in itself to move a nation. General von Schleicher was the only one who combined the understanding of statesmanship with the talents of the warrior. He, like Prince Eulenburg, was a complete monarchist and a man of action and ability. The prince realized that men like Roehm and Ernst, who later became prominent in Nazi councils and who were exterminated by their associate, Hitler, were nothing but demagogues. And out of that realization, as he later admitted, came an idea. The thought suddenly struck him that perhaps it was a demagogue who was needed.

Literally out of that thought came Hitler, or the readiness to accept Hitler and get behind him.

In those days little was known about Hitler except the fact that he was just another political agitator, of which there were many overrunning Germany, and that the bills for his campaigning had been paid at first by this small group of women monarchists and later by a few prominent men among the nobility.

In the meantime Prince Eulenburg had evolved detailed plans which, he asserted, would if carried out bring back the ex-Kaiser or at least the Hohenzollern dynasty. New faces joined the Round Table group, old faces departed. In the course of events Roehm and Ernst had become associated with this circle, which met every week or so.

The aim they all had in view was similar to that which had motivated Ludendorff when he backed Hitler in the Munich revolt in 1923, which led to such ridicule and to Hitler's imprisonment. It was the same as the dreams that had captivated the women who took Hitler up after Ludendorff—the wiping out of the hated Versailles Treaty and the restoration of the monarchy.

At this stage a woman enters upon the scene whose name never has been mentioned and whose real identity I will not reveal. She is this young and beautiful Countess of B. whom I have mentioned, a member of one of the finest and oldest families in Europe, on terms of close friendship with Baron Franz von Papen, who was German Chancellor at that time, and also with Thyssen. Personally she has no great fortune since the war played havoc with the wealth of her family, but her husband is immensely wealthy. He is seeking an excuse to divorce her, despite her beauty, her brains, and important position among the nobility. To involve her name in this would be to bring a calamity upon her.

This lady, who pitied old Eulenburg, listened to his political plan to find a fiery orator-politician who could stir a spark in the German people and to put him forward as the figurehead behind which the monarchists could rebuild.

Shortly after he had completed this plan Eulenburg died, but his death did not do away with the Knights of the Round Table. It was Ernst Roehm, who later was to become head of the Storm Troops and to be shot down by a firing squad loyal to Hitler, who kept the plan of Prince Eulenburg going forward. He was young, energetic, and in spite of his peculiar nature—perhaps because of it—was very subject to feminine influence. The young Countess of B., through her befriending of old Prince Eulenburg, had come into contact with Roehm, and she continued the association when she saw that Roehm was attempting to drive forward Eulenburg's political plans. It is this association with the recently dead and disgraced Roehm that her husband would use as grounds for obtaining a divorce if her name were ever linked publicly with Roehm's, although virtually all the nobility of Germany know the facts.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL *is the daughter of the eminent Count Adam Rzewuski and the widow of Prince Adam Radziwill. She was driven out of Russia by the Red revolution; came to America and began life anew, writing books and contributing to leading magazines.*

The big break for Hitler came when he was brought to this charming lady by some of the other women who had already taken him up and who told her that Hitler and his comparatively insignificant Brown Shirt group were dedicated to the restoration of the monarchy. The Countess came under the spell of his ability as a talker. She brought him to Roehm and the Knights of the Round Table. Then she began spreading the gospel about Hitler as the man who would be able to sway the masses by his oratory. She reached Von Papen, as did some of the other women and their husbands, who included princes, dukes, and counts. In those days, while in Europe and visiting among these circles, I heard this gospel spread.

What these monarchists did not know was that Hitler also had been taken up by that sexually abnormal group, the Knights of the Round Table, led by Roehm. A few who had heard rumors and had suspicions did not care, since the word had been passed around in monarchistic circles that Hitler was only the figurehead who would be discarded once he had served his purpose. I and my friends were told that, too.

However, there were some who would have nothing to do with the idea. General von Schleicher, as Prussian War Minister, and one of the few important people who had remained friendly with old Eulenburg, also was sympathetic with the plan to find a man who could arouse the German people from their lethargy. But he did not believe Hitler was the man. In fact, it was he who threw Hitler in jail after the Munich revolt when Hitler tried to seize the reins of government.

THE monarchists brought more and more pressure to bear on Papen, and finally the wily Chancellor saw a light. Himself just as devoted to the cause of monarchy as Von Hindenburg was, he saw and understood the dead Eulenburg's political plan.

Papen was an ideal man to hold the wheel and steer the ship of state, but he had no appeal to the masses and realized it. He could not inspire them—he was too cold, too distant—and this Hitler who talked so eloquently might do. I well remember how excited the monarchist group among the powerful nobility were when one prominent figure after another and finally Papen came into camp. At least a half dozen called me up, all thrilled, or wrote to me immediately to tell me about it. As for the Knights of the Round Table, they cheered loudly.

Being familiar with almost every step of the game as it was played, and knowing most of the important actors in the drama who told me of the few incidents I might otherwise not have known of, I was virtually on the inside.

But the game was not won yet, even when shrewd Papen joined forces with the plotters, if that is what they should be called. There were others, the most powerful group in Germany, if not in all Europe, who had to be brought over to the cause. These were the great industrialists of the Ruhr. President von Hindenburg also had to be won over, and the story of how this was done by compromising him has never been told before.

Hindenburg actually was in his dotage, sleeping most of the time with his huge old dog at his side. He was only a grand old symbol who believed all that Papen told him. Even the state documents had to be all prepared by Papen and Hindenburg's son. Here are the facts about how Hitler was forced upon him:

SOME of the great landed proprietors in East Prussia who had suffered from the Russian invasion during the war had been influential enough to compel the German government to indemnify them for their losses. Out of this grew the so-called East Prussia Relief Fund, the directors of which showed themselves extremely generous in regard to some people and more than stingy where others were concerned. The fund became an instrument of propaganda, of corruption and demoralization—in fact, a scandal throughout Germany. The men who controlled it turned in to support Hitler in this stronghold of Junkerism, and one of these great landed proprietors named Oldenburg-Januschau launched the idea of their group buying the ancestral estate of the Hindenburgs at Neudeck and presenting it to the venerable President.

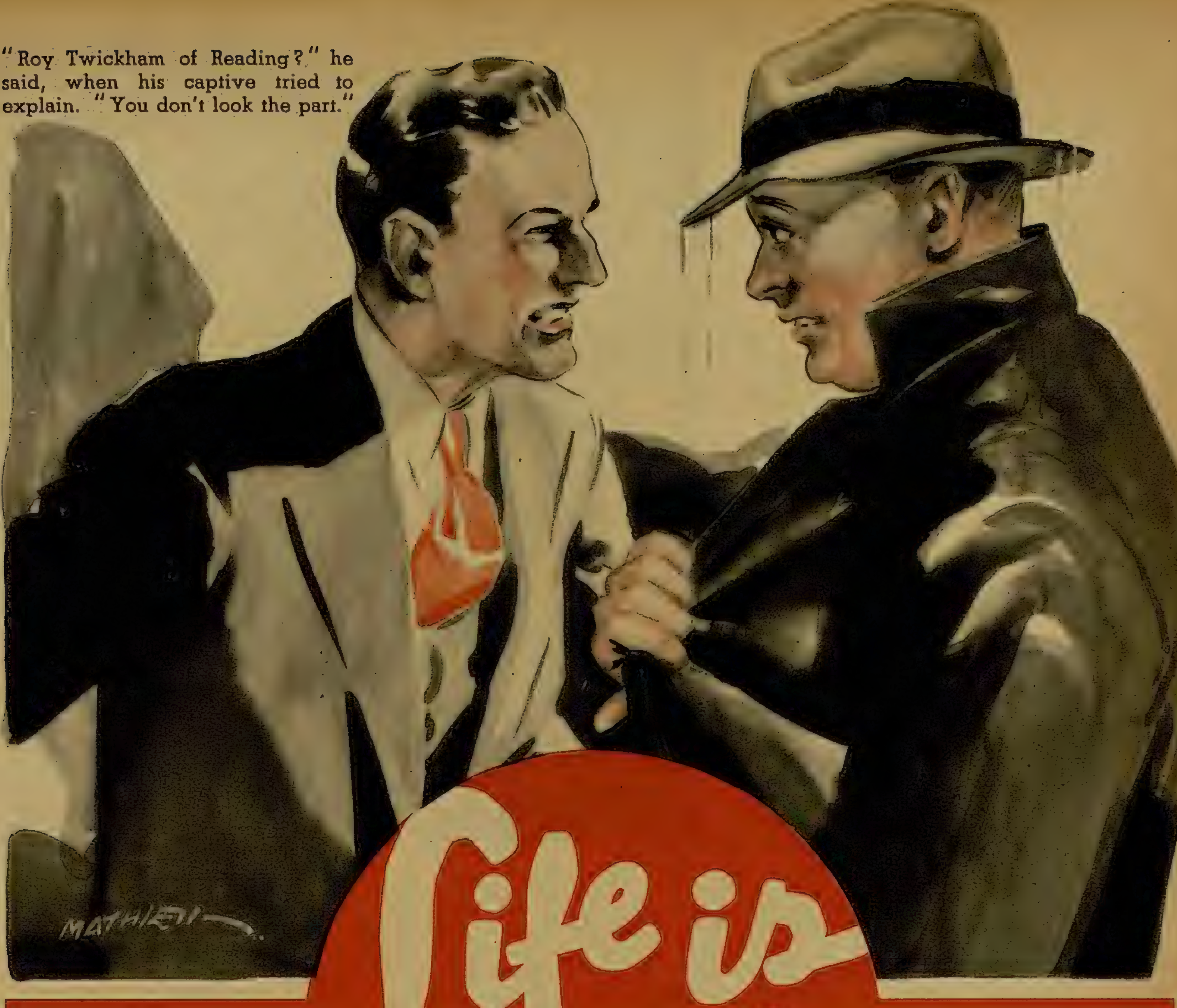
This was done, except that it was offered not to the President but to his son, Oskar. The reason given for making the presentation to the son was a hint as to the President's advanced age. When Hindenburg was inclined to oppose the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor after the Nazis had won the dominant power in the Reichstag, there were private warnings that a scandal would develop out of that presentation if he did not agree. And the basis of it would be an accusation that Hindenburg had permitted his son to accept Neudeck instead of accepting it himself so that the state would be cheated out of the huge inheritance tax when he died. We who knew of this threat, and who realized how the trick had been put over on the poor old marshal in his dotage, were shocked. In all his life Hindenburg never had a disloyal thought toward Germany. He was the soul of forthright honesty.

However, more money than Germany's monarchists could or would throw into the Hitler cause was required. Then and there began the task of tying the big industrialists into the movement. This presented greater difficulties. They frankly did not want the monarchy restored on the old basis. These great barons of steel and coal and power and guns fought shy of playing again the rôle they held in Germany before the war, when despite their wealth and importance they were socially not very far above the place occupied by tradespeople in England. Nor could they conduct their business affairs as ruthlessly and with as little regard for the workers and common people as they would have liked to. Whatever may be said against the old German imperial government, it realized its main strength came from the people and that they had to be kept contented and protected.

But there was a menacing element that the industrialists feared even more than they hated to come back under the domination of the throne and under the old nobility. Even though their wings of exploitation might be clipped if the monarchy were restored, they had to accept Hitler and the plans of the monarchists, for a time anyhow, or risk losing everything.

How the world, all unaware, was led to the very brink of war by Hitler and an amazing Russian woman will be disclosed by Princess Radziwill in Liberty next week. She will also reveal how Thyssen and the Rothschilds backed Hitler, how later the powerful support that had put him across began to be withdrawn, and how all this led up to his " blood purge " and other strange developments that have mystified the German people themselves.

“Roy Twickham of Reading?” he said, when his captive tried to explain. “You don't look the part.”



Life is Unfair

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ROY TWICKHAM of Reading was having his hair cut. “How,” asked the barber nonchalantly—“How about a manicure?”

Roy Twickham glanced round the big, shiny room. At his side stood the barber, holding a large pair of shears. These are the emblem of the Fates, but Mr. Twickham didn't know that, and, if he had, would have attached no importance to the coincidence. “I don't know,” he hesitated—“I don't know as I need a manicure.” He settled back in his chair. “Business not so hot, huh?”

“Rotten,” Fate, in the person of the barber, replied. “I feel sorry for them girls. Alma, over there, ain't had a customer today.”

“Alma?” Mr. Twickham inquired.

“The redhead,” said Fate.

Mr. Twickham looked. Her hair was not red, but the color of a kind of caramels Mr. Twickham particularly liked. Mr. Twickham weighed two hundred pounds, and should have avoided caramels, but that symbol was lost on him also.

“She's playing in tough luck, Alma is,” Fate continued. “Been out of a job for weeks. Then she gets in here, and that don't help much. Got two to support.”

Mr. Twickham said: “I might as well get a manicure.” There was something appealing about the girl—something undeniably sad, though her lips smiled and those large eyes were bright enough. It was a note in her voice, perhaps; a tone of rather dull resignation.

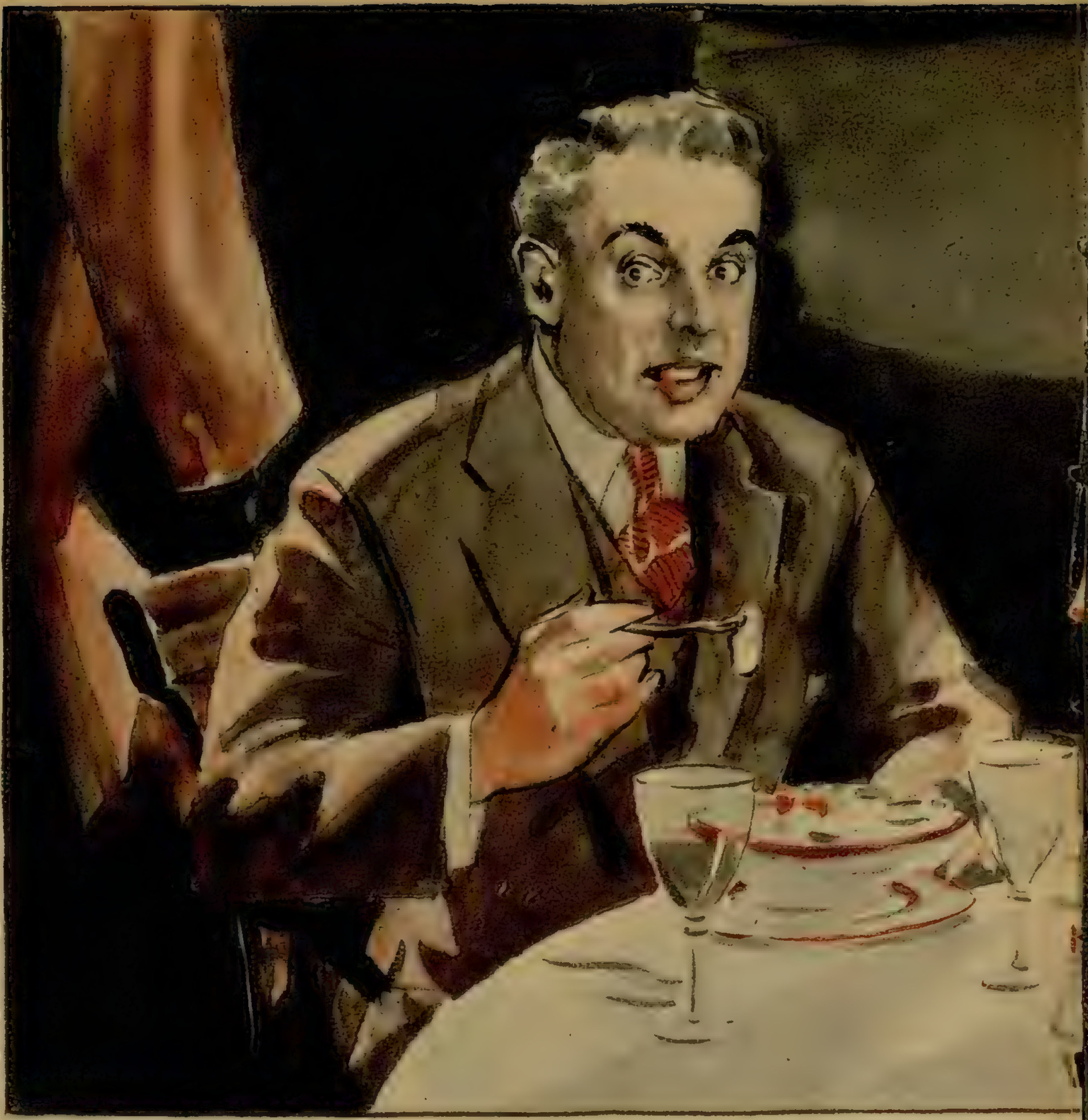
“What's your name?”

“Alma Remsen.”

“Swede?”

by CHANNING POLLOCK

If You Are a Husband . . . and Your Wife Ever Told You to Pick Yourself Up a Blonde . . . and You Did . . . Then You Will Appreciate This Story



And then Mrs. Twickham came in. It was incredible, Mr.

"Way back, maybe. My father was born in St. Paul. Where do you come from?"

"Reading. I got a chain of lunchrooms up there. Twickham and Bowdecker. I s'pose you've never been in Reading, have you?"

"No."

"I ain't been in New York much," Mr. Twickham confessed. "Not since the war, in fact. Too busy. Last month my wife says, 'We're about due for a holiday. Elsie'—that's my girl—'is going to be married,' she says, 'and we got to get her a trousseau. We haven't had any fun in a long while. Why don't you take a week off, and we'll have a look at the big city.'"

The haircut had been completed now, and Mr. Twickham and Alma had adjourned to her little white table.

"Enjoying your visit?" Alma asked.

"Oh, I guess so."

A loyal heart beat beneath Mr. Twickham's broad bosom. Not for worlds would he have admitted that never before had he been so bored and lonely.

Morning after morning Mr. Twickham had risen with plans, only to be told, "But we *can't*, Roy. Elsie's got to go to the dressmaker. We'll meet you for lunch. No; we can't do that, either. You run along, and have a good time, and we'll be back here for dinner."

How did one "have a good time" in New York? What did a forsaken fat gentleman, with no leanings toward art, drama, or dissipation, do with himself in a great, busy city, in which he knew no living soul? A gentleman used to being busy himself, and now, suddenly, ruthlessly, cut off from all his lunchrooms?

In yesterday's newspaper Mr. Twickham had read of the "opening" next day of a big, new revue at the Winter Garden. Tickets were eight-eighty each. That meant twenty-six dollars and forty cents for the three of 'em. "They'll never see anything like that in Reading," Mr. Twickham thought. "I'll surprise 'em."

"I got a treat for you girls tonight," he had burst forth at breakfast. "We're gonna see a show at the Winter Garden."

"But we can't go," Mrs. Twickham had said. "We've promised the evening to the Randalls. They telephoned us the day before yesterday."

"Gosh, don't you see enough of the Randalls in Reading?"

"What could I say, Roy? You told 'em we were coming to town this week, and that's the main reason *they* came. Anyway, we can't break it off now. Clara stayed over especially."

"I paid plenty for these tickets."

"Well, *you* go. I told Clara you might have a previous engagement. You enjoy yourself, and we'll be here when you get back."

"That'll be swell," Mr. Twickham had rejoined. "Me and two empty seats. Twenty-six dollars for a place to put my hat and overcoat. Lots o' people would give their heads for the chance. I been alone almost ever since we hit this darned burg. Serve you right if I picked myself up a nice blonde."

"Why don't you?"

And so into the rest of it.

Mr. Twickham was full of resentment. It had given him indigestion. Between that and his lips, however, as we have said, beat a loyal heart. "The girls run around a lot," he confided to Alma.

"They're lucky. I don't get much chance to go anywhere."

"No, I s'pose not. What're your hours here?"

"Oh, I'm through at six, gen'rally. But then I've got to go home and cook dinner. I have to get breakfast, too, before I come in the morning. And the room has to be kept straight, and clothes have to be mended, and—well, *you* know."

Mr. Twickham said he did.

"If you got a chance at a swell time," he added, "I guess *you'd* appreciate it."

How unfair life was. The thought struck Mr. Twickham in those very words. He must have read 'em somewhere. They sounded literary. They made him feel strangely and suddenly important. Too bad a man as important as that couldn't do something for a poor little kid that never had any fun.

"I s'pose if somebody gave you two theater tickets, you'd think you'd died and gone to heaven."

"I don't know. They wouldn't be much use. I couldn't stay in town to dinner, and I don't know how I'd get home afterwards. Why?"

"Well, I got two."

"What for?"

"Tonight's show at the Winter Garden."

"Gee!" Miss Remsen remarked, eloquently.

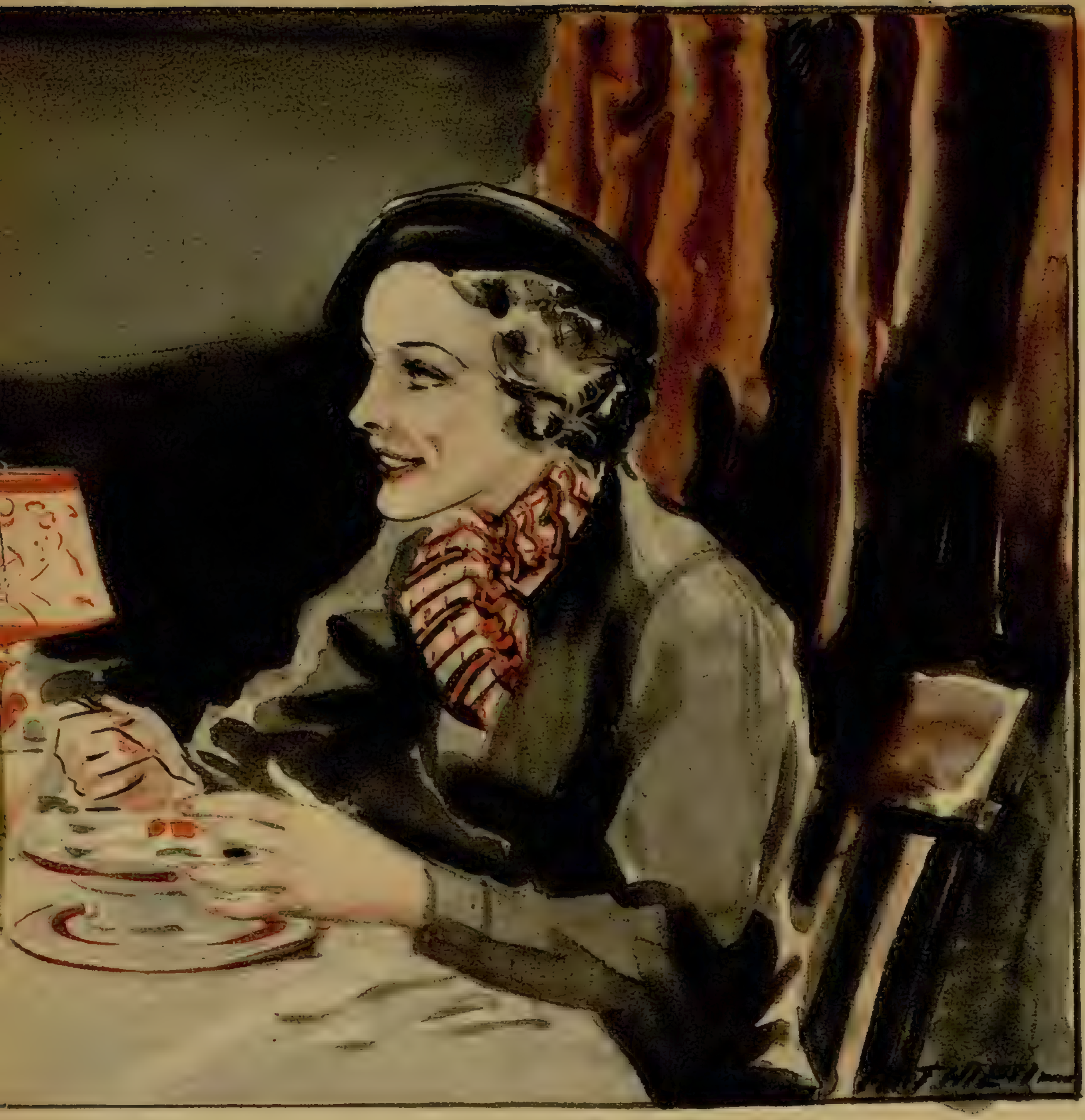
Mr. Twickham gulped hard.

He had had an idea.

But, of course, *that* was impossible. Running around with a manicure girl. What would Grace say?

Suddenly, and with fresh resentment, he remembered that she *had* said it. "Why don't you?" Thought he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU



Twickham thought, halting his fork, with a clam on it, in mid-air.

was too old and fat to get any one, did she? Well, he might show her.

What *was* he thinking of?

A girl was a girl to Roy Twickham. He'd never seen one, or a dozen, that he'd take in exchange for Mrs. Twickham's little finger. She was *his* girl, at fifty; the only one he'd ever wanted for a minute.

But it *would* be swell to go to that show, not alone, but with some one who wasn't bored and indifferent but, on the contrary, regarded this as the greatest evening of her life.

And he did feel sorry for this poor little kid. Sorrier and sorrier. That was his chief motivation. Was it his only one? Who can say? Human nature isn't as simple as that.

SUDDENLY Mr. Twickham heard himself inquiring, "How'd you like to go tonight?"

"I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I told you."

"You mean that you couldn't stay in town to dinner. Why?"

"That costs money."

"How about staying in to dinner with me? And then going with me to the show?"

"Gee!" Miss Remsen repeated herself. "Gee, I'd like to go. But I don't know."

"Meaning you ain't that kind of a girl," Mr. Twickham blurted. "I know that. I ain't that kind of a man, either. You're as safe with me, kid, as if I was your mother."

Alma looked at him.

"Yes," she said; "I believe that."

"Well, then—why not?"

"Why not?" she echoed—and echoed is the exact word. "Nobody'd know."

"Why shouldn't—"

"The boss wouldn't like it," Alma said, hastily.

"Oh, the boss! Well, it's none of *his* business."

"How about your wife?" Alma asked. "Would she mind?"

"Not a bit."

"That's funny," the girl said, and then added, "but I'll take your word for it."

"O. K." Mr. Twickham nodded. He felt like a beneficent deity. "Where's a good restaurant?"

"Ever hear of Mario's?"

"No."

"It's on Fiftieth Street, just off Broadway. One of my customers was talking about it last week. He says it's grand."

"O. K. I'll meet you there at—say, seven. Then we'll take in the show, and I'll see that you get home all right."

Mr. Twickham carried himself jauntily on the way back to his hotel. That wouldn't do. "How unfair life is," he reminded himself resolutely. "Here are two women who have everything, and a poor kid who's happy because I can give her something they don't want."

Miss Remsen was almost too attractive when they met at Mario's. She had exchanged the white smock that was her uniform for the mufti kept in her locker—a not-very-new blue-wool suit, an Ascot tie, and a blue-suède beret. Mr. Twickham had freshened himself at the hotel, deeply regretting that "the girls" were not there to be told of his adventure. He wanted to tell everybody. Especially—and not for the same reason—he wanted to explain to the head waiter who regarded them, Mr. Twickham thought, just a trifle insinuatingly. Plump and prosperous middle-aged gentlemen with pretty girls not so well dressed meant only one thing to the head waiter. It made Mr. Twickham a little uncomfortable.

And then Mrs. Twickham came in—with Elsie and the Randalls. It was incredible, Mr. Twickham thought, halting his fork, with a clam on it, in mid-air. Ten thousand restaurants in New York, and they'd chosen this one! For the life of him he couldn't have said why he was embarrassed. Half an hour before, he'd been calling "Grace!" and "Elsie!" at their bedroom doors, eager to relate what had happened. But now he felt—caught. His conversation with Miss Remsen, that had languished after the first five minutes because they had nothing to talk about, languished even more. Mr. Twickham was preoccupied. One eye remained fixed on the table selected by that annoying quartet. Had they seen him? Mr. Twickham felt certain they had, and were pretending not to have done so. "Randall's just the kind of a chump to believe anything," he muttered.

Miss Remsen had followed his gaze.

"Friends of yours?" she asked, casually.

"Uh-huh — from Reading," he answered. That wasn't a lie, at any rate. Why should he want to lie? Damn it, if he'd ever done anything for the best and noblest of reasons—But he couldn't sit there all evening with Grace and Elsie thinking—What would they think?

"If you'll excuse me a minute, I'll just say 'hello,'" he remarked.

He crossed the room.

"Hello, folks! What're you doing—butting in on my little party?"

Nobody answered.

"Not jealous, are you?" Mr. Twickham went on, to his wife. "I just took your advice, and picked myself up a blonde."

"So I see," Mrs. Twickham remarked, stiffly.

"She's a poor little kid," her husband declared, leaning forward between his wife and daughter, and addressing himself ostensibly to the somewhat wizened countenance that intervened between Mr. Randall's bald head, with a single lock of hair plastered over it, and his narrow chest. "She ain't got the money to go anywhere, and I thought, as long as I had tickets for a show, and nobody to take with me, it was kind of a charity, if you know what I mean."

Apparently they didn't.

"I'm just playing Santa Claus," Mr. Twickham persisted. "'Course, I didn't want to take her. I ain't that kind of a fellow. What I tried to do was give her the tickets, but she—"

Mr. Randall winked.

It was a quick and furtive wink, but not lost on Mrs. Twickham.

"Spare us the details," she interrupted, with the hollow elegance she assumed sometimes, and that her lord and master detested. "You're free, white and twenty-one. If you wish to make a fool of yourself, nobody's going to stop you."

"She ain't got a friend, has she?" Mr. Randall asked in his most jocular tone.

"Say, look here, Grace—"

"Hadn't you better go back to your knitting?" Mrs. Twickham observed. "The lady seems to be missing you."

"Look here, Grace; I want you to get this—"

"I do. And I'm *not* jealous. I wouldn't interfere with your amusement for worlds. Have a good time, and try not to bang the front door when you come in."

Mr. Twickham returned to Miss Remsen.

"Were they surprised to see you?" she asked.

"Plenty," Mr. Twickham replied.

He'd told the truth to every one. Nothing to reproach himself with. If ever a man had done anything for the best and—"How unfair life is." But, somehow, quite suddenly, Mr. Twickham had begun doubting that it could be made otherwise.

Dinner came to an end eventually. It was a good dinner, but Mr. Twickham didn't enjoy it. And Miss Remsen began to irritate him. She had no conversation at all.

THE show didn't begin at eight thirty, as advertised. "Everybody that is anybody" had just begun to arrive then. They were in evening clothes, and Mr. Twickham felt more and more conspicuous. Miss Remsen's blue dress and beret, which had seemed pathetic and curiously becoming two hours before, suddenly became ludicrous—and accusing. It was ten thirty when the curtain fell on the first act.

"Guess I'll go out and smoke," Mr. Twickham said.

The people in the lobby were smart and very gay. Mr. Twickham brooded in his gray sack suit. "I ain't doing anything wrong," he kept reminding himself. "Just wanted to give a poor kid a swell time. If they're going to get sore about *that*—"

The final curtain descended.

"Like the show?" he inquired of Miss Remsen.

"Yes"—not too enthusiastically. "What time is it?"

Mr. Twickham glanced at his old-fashioned watch.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Midnight!"

"Midnight?!!!"

"Five minutes after."

"My goodness!" Miss Remsen observed. "How'm I going to get home?"

"Where do you live?"

"Jericho."

"Where's that?"

"About twenty miles out—on Long Island. And I'm afraid the last train's gone."

"Gosh!" said Mr. Twickham. "You might have mentioned that."

"I never thought of it. There are plenty of trains up to midnight. It wasn't my fault that the show didn't begin on time." She seemed on the verge of tears. "What're we going to do now?"

"I s'pose we'll have to hire a car."

"You ought to be home by one o'clock," Miss Remsen assured him. "There won't be any one else on the road now. If it weren't for that, I wouldn't mind going alone."

The possibility had struck Mr. Twickham.

"You'd be perfectly safe," he said.

"I wouldn't care to trust myself with a strange man."

BRIEFLY Mr. Twickham considered putting her up at his hotel. On the whole, he decided, he'd better not.

"Come on," he said, brusquely; "let's make it snappy."

Neither of them knew where a car was to be had at that hour. It was twenty minutes of one when Mr. Twickham, thoroughly angry by this time, resigned himself to a taxicab. And, somehow, in the dark intimacy of that vehicle, the chemistry of the thing began changing. Nothing wrong, of course. He didn't want any girl but Mrs. Twickham. Nevertheless, he became increasingly conscious of the feminine knee in contact with his own. Almost before he knew it, his hand had found Alma's arm. "Well, what're you thinking about?" he asked softly.

"I was just wondering," Miss Remsen answered.

"Wondering what?"

"Wondering what my husband will say."

"Your *husband?*"

"Yes. He's funny about these things."

Whatever amative instinct Mr. Twickham had felt died a-borning. "Why didn't you tell me you had a husband?"

"I never tell anybody. Jimmie's sensitive about my working when he's out of a job."

Mr. Twickham reflected.

"What did you mean by saying your husband's 'funny'?"

"I meant—funny. Jimmie was shell-shocked in the war."

"If you think *that's* funny," Mr. Twickham said, "I don't. What did you mean by 'these things'? You told me you never went anywhere."

"I don't. Jimmie can't take me, and he goes crazy if anybody else wants to. Last week one of my customers asked me to lunch, and I told Jimmie, and he said—"

"What?"

"Jimmie said he'd kill the—well, you know."

"I don't know," Mr. Twickham retorted, "and I ain't going to find out. This taxi anchors two blocks from your house. I'll stay there till you get home. I ain't going to start nothing with Jimmie."

They reached Jericho at ten minutes past two. The taxi was halted a hundred yards away from Jimmie, and, apparently, Mr. Twickham figured that Mrs. Jimmie could do a hundred yards in thirty seconds flat. At any rate, it wasn't much more than that before he reëntered the conveyance and barked, "Back to New York! Step on it!"

The cab hadn't gone a full mile when it choked, wheezed, sighed, and came to a standstill. Mr. Twickham leaned back in his seat and tried to be patient. At two twenty-five he asked, "What the hell's the matter with this damned thing?"

"It won't start."

"Yes," said Mr. Twickham, with elaborate irony; "I guessed that. What's the idea of taking me out to the wilderness in a wreck?"

"It never did this before," quoth the taximan.

"It didn't have to," Mr. Twickham said. "Once is enough."

At two forty the driver gave up.

"It's no use. She won't go."

"Well, what do I do?"

"We passed a garage on the way out," the driver reminded him. "It

(Continued on page seventeen)

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8:00 P.M. M.S.T.
7:00 P.M. P.S.T.

THURSDAY
9:00 P.M. E.S.T.
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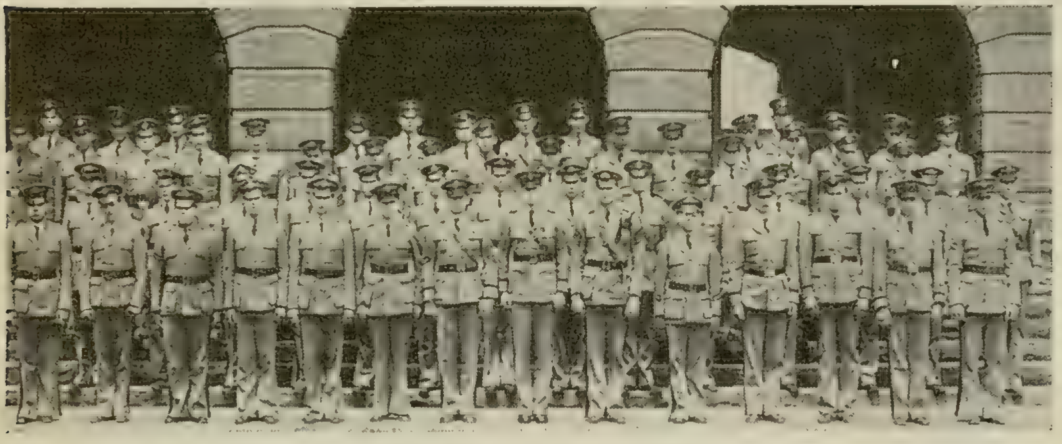

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(Continued from page fourteen)

can't be more than a few steps ahead. I guess you can get a car there."

"O. K.," Mr. Twickham said.

It was all too incredible. Unfair. "I was trying to be Santa Claus," Mr. Twickham mused. "Why should everything pick on me for that?" He had forgotten the figure with the shears, which he hadn't identified, anyway.

The garage was pitch-black—a lonely frame building looming gloomily on a deserted road. Santa Claus hammered on the door. After what seemed hours, an upper window was lifted, and an elderly woman leaned out.

"What do you want?"

"I want to hire a car."

"There ain't nobody here," the woman announced. "And no cars. The man that lived here died two weeks ago, and somebody came and took all his stuff."

"Where can I get a car?"

"Try Hicksville. It's three miles to the left."

It seemed thirty. Never was such a long road, so infested by suspicious and seemingly savage dogs. Hicksville was almost as dark and deserted as the road. A clock somewhere struck four.

"There must be a train to New York pretty soon," Mr. Twickham thought. "Gosh, what'll Grace say?"

And, with that, his temperature, which had mounted after his exercise, fell to a new low.

"What'll *I* say?" he pondered. "Taking a girl to dinner's one thing, and staying out all night's another. This story sounds phony. *I* wouldn't believe it. Where's the proof? What's the name of that taxi driver? I don't even know his number. Gosh, I might have got that."

He might, but he hadn't. He had merely given the man nine dollars and a piece of his mind, and made tracks.

"Grace'll have to take my word," he declared to himself. "She'll just *have* to."

By now Mr. Twickham had arrived at the railway station, and found *that* dark. Locked, too. There was one light, over a clock, visible through a barred window in the ticket office. Four seven. A fine rain had begun falling, driven by a cold wind from the northeast. "I can't stay here and freeze," Mr. Twickham mused miserably. "There must be somebody awake somewhere."

He made a brief and hasty tour. You could almost hear the town snoring. Mr. Twickham returned to the station, very wet, and walked up and down the platform, glancing at the clock every time he faced it. At five forty-five a locomotive passed—going the wrong way, of course. At six two, a young gentleman in overalls appeared. "Seen anything of an engine?" he asked.

"One passed twenty minutes ago."

"That was my brother," the young man said. "I promised to meet him. I'll catch him on the way back."

"When does he come back?"

"Three eleven this afternoon. He'll be hauling a freight. Well, I guess I'll open the garage."

Mr. Twickham brightened.

"Got any cars?"

"Sure."

"I'll give you ten dollars if you can get me to town before eight o'clock."

"Make it twenty," the young man said, "and I'll get you there before seven."

HE did. It wasn't the young man's fault that Mr. Twickham was arrested a few minutes after that. This unbelievable climax to the day's events was due entirely to Mr. Twickham's own cunning. He had a well defined plan now. If he could slip past the clerk without being seen, and up the stairs of his small and very modest hotel, what was to prevent his reaching his chamber, climbing into bed, and being there—apparently after a long night's sleep—when Mrs. Twickham appeared to inquire about breakfast? His only concern was lest that cursed young chatterbox who presided over the hotel desk should make a joke to Mrs. Twickham about her husband's late hours.

"I'll fool him," Mr. Twickham thought, almost savagely. "I'll go in through the writing room, and sneak up the back stairs."

Unfortunately, Mr. Twickham's "sneak" was too obviously sneaky. And, even more unluckily, the chatterbox clerk had chattered himself into a sore throat, and his place had been filled, temporarily, by an alert youth addicted to detective stories. "Roy Twickham of Reading?" he said, when his captive tried to explain. "You don't look the part."

Mr. Twickham admitted that. Never before had he been so damp and disreputable.

"Tell you what," the alert youth continued; "we'll go up and see."

"I'd rather not," Mr. Twickham objected, feebly. And then—depths of humiliation—he went on, "I've been out all night, and I'd rather my wife didn't know."

The police station was only a few blocks away. Mr. Twickham had been booked before it occurred to him that identification would be simple. He had that old-fashioned watch, with his name in the back of it, and a wallet, similarly marked, and numerous letters. The desk sergeant grinned. "Yeah," he said. "I'm married myself. Plenty"—with a wink at a dapper civilian leaning against the rail. And then, to the officer, "Take Mr. Twickham back, and tell that dumb clerk he's all right. Good luck, Mr. Twickham, and I hope you get away with it."

GOOD luck, indeed! Roy Twickham found Mrs. Twickham's door still closed. "The girls" had slept late, then. Silently and rapidly, Roy undressed, and climbed into bed. Their train left for home at three sixteen, and Roy had a great deal to do, but nothing as important as this. Ten minutes later Mrs. Twickham appeared. "Have a good sleep?" she asked.

Roy stole a glance at her.

"Pretty good."

"Elsie rapped on your door an hour ago, but as you didn't answer, we went on down to breakfast."

God was still in His heaven.

"How was the show?"

"Rotten."

"You don't mean to say you didn't enjoy yourself?"

Mr. Twickham paused, sitting on the edge of the bed in his old-fashioned nightgown. He had a sudden urge to tell all. Twenty-eight years married, and here he was lying to Grace. Better have it over and done with. Mr. Twickham felt a great need for unloading his soul.

"What time did you get in, Roy?"

"I didn't get in," Mr. Twickham answered, slowly. "At least, not until a few minutes ago. I've got to tell you the truth, Grace. I don't know whether you'll believe me, and I don't care much, but I've got to come clean. That girl lived the other end of Long Island. We lost the last train, and I had to drive her home. The taxi broke down, and I spent most of the night on the railway station platform at Hicksville. I had a terrible time, Grace."

Mrs. Twickham smiled.

"I've learned my lesson, though," her lord and master continued. "I'll never be good to any one else as long as I live. Not that way, anyhow. It ain't done, and what ain't done can't be done. Life is unfair, Grace—"

Mrs. Twickham came over and sat down beside him.

And, with that, the last barrier crumbled.

"No, it ain't," Mr. Twickham reversed himself. "What I want to say is, 'The wages of sin is death.' I deserved what I got. If that girl hadn't been pretty—And there was a minute in that taxi, Grace—"

"Nonsense," Grace said. "I know you, Roy."

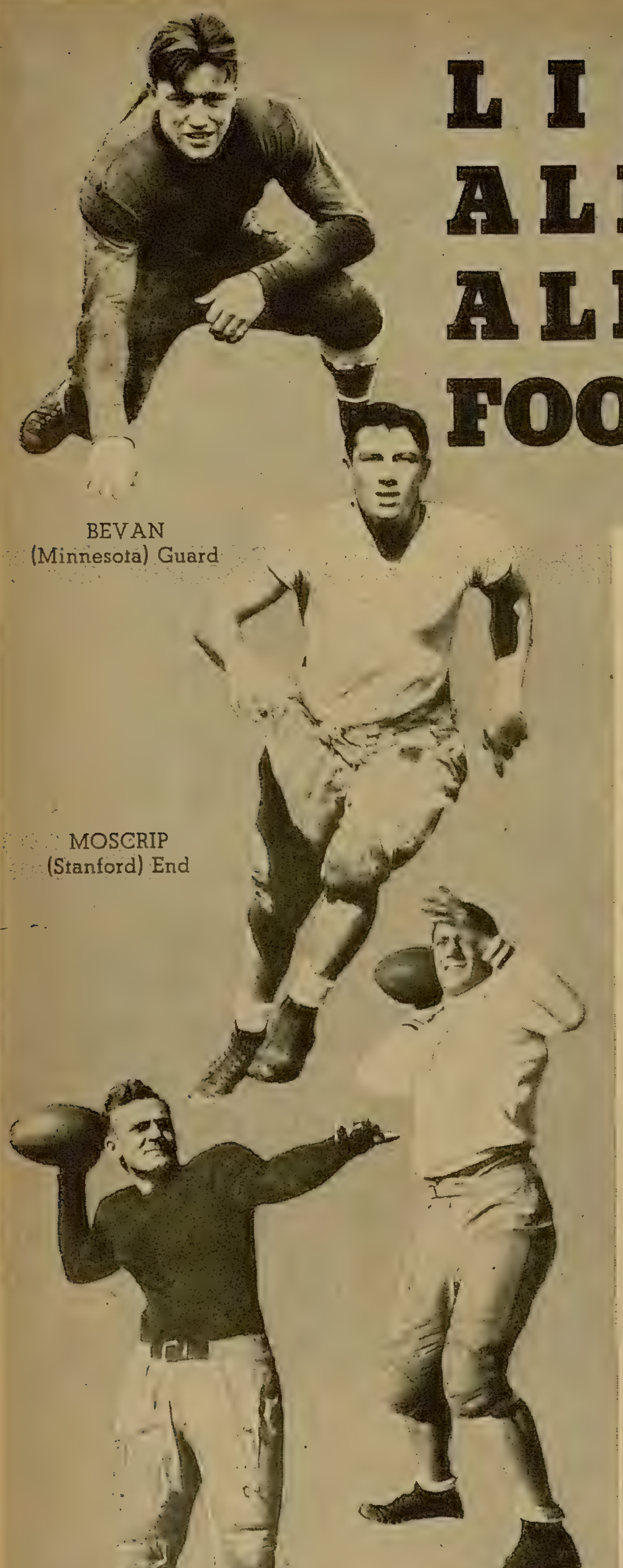
Somehow, that was flattening. Mr. Twickham was still wondering whether his confession had been a mistake when they met the Randalls on the train. Mr. Randall winked again—*very* furtively this time. "Let's go back to the smoking room," he said. And, once there, "Have you seen this?"

"This" was the evening newspaper. On its first page were two paragraphs headed, "Arrested for Trying to Go Home. Reading Man's Night Out Ends in Police Station."

"Somebody'll send that to Grace, sure," Mr. Randall said. "But you were in Dutch, anyway. If you'd told Alma you knew me, she'd never have taken you to Mario's. That's our regular eating place."

THE END

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM



BEVAN
(Minnesota) Guard

MOSCRIP
(Stanford) End

HOWELL
(Alabama) Halfback

LUND
(Minnesota) Fullback

Presenting a Unique and Authentic Roll of Honor—Chosen by Vote of the 1,540 Leading Candidates Themselves!

by
NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HERE is Liberty's 1934 All-Players All-America Football Team as chosen by 1,540 intercollegiate football players from ninety-three major universities and colleges in America.

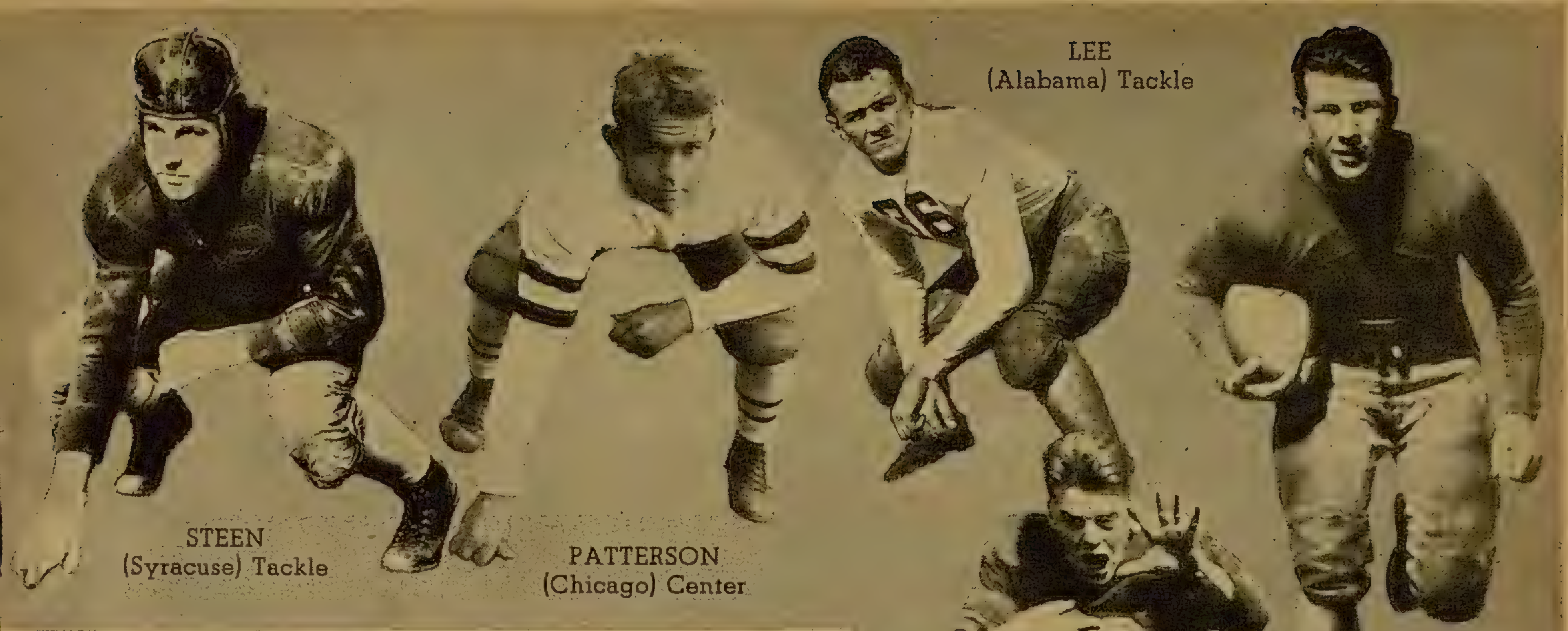
When the final tabulations were completed from the 1,540 individual All-America forms returned by the players, unusually interesting and startling information was revealed. Before this information is relayed to the reader, let us again explain the method employed in determining the final All-Players All-America Team.

As last year, the All-Players All-America teams and the All-Sectional teams are fundamentally rated by the players themselves exclusively, the players choosing only men from among their opponents. Men on their own teams or those on teams they had not met on the gridiron were not considered at all by them. Every one of the 1,540 players was a "playing judge" who eyewitnessed and played against the men he chose. Each playing judge named the foremost player for each position and then rated him on the fundamentals of the play of that position.

For example: The quarterback was judged and rated for his generalship, running interference, blocking, ball-carrying (dodging and plunging), receiving forward passes, defense against forward passes, forward passing, defense against running attack, diagnosing opponents' play, kicking and receiving punts. Every one of these fundamentals was rated separately.

The total number of returns received from the players who had opposed the named player's team was recorded and tabulated against the number of times the player himself was chosen. In this way a "vote percentage" was arrived at. Then the vote percentage and the fundamental percentage were combined. This gave us the composite percentage used in the final selections.

The player who often appears sensationally prominent to a "grandstand quarterback" may have weaknesses that a player opposing him can discover. It is these weaknesses and greatnesses that are revealed when the final All-Players All-America count is in. Opinions of our own play no part in the judging of the All-America


LEE
(Alabama) Tackle

STEEN
(Syracuse) Tackle

PATTERSON
(Chicago) Center

THE FIRST TEAM

End	James Moscrip	Stanford
Tackle	William Lee	Alabama
Guard	William Bevan	Minnesota
Center	Ellmore Patterson	Chicago
Guard	Charles Hartwig	Pittsburgh
Tackle	James Steen	Syracuse
End	Donald Hutson	Alabama
Quarterback	Edward Goddard	Washington State
Fullback	Francis Lund	Minnesota
Halfback	Robert Hamilton	Stanford
Halfback	Millard Howell	Alabama

The second and third teams, the honorable mentions, and the all-sectional teams appear on page 20.

teams; we merely record the final choices of the players themselves.

As each player is permitted to name only eleven men, one for each position, the intersectional contests become an important factor. Its importance was brought home when selections for the quarterback position were decided upon. The honor of being named quarterback on Liberty's 1934 All-Players All-America team goes to Edward Goddard of Washington State. The football exploits of this player from the Northwest may never have been brought to the fans' attention in other sections of the country, but nevertheless his value as number one quarterback is established, as the statistics will prove.

Goddard led the field with a composite fundamental and voting percentage of 91.86. McCauley of Rice registered a 91.08 percentage, with Borries, Navy's pilot, credited with 90.03, followed by Munjas of Pittsburgh with 87.88. When the fundamental percentages were recorded, there was not more than one-half-per-cent difference between the first four quarterbacks. All their opponents rated them about equal on fundamentals. As for the voting percentages, one hundred men who played against Goddard returned their filled-in All-America forms. Ninety-one preferred him over every quarterback they played against. Thus he received a voting percentage of 91.00.

Fundamental percentage		Voting percentage
92.72	Goddard	91.00
92.98	McCauley	89.18
92.81	Borries	87.25
92.67	Munjas	83.09

Combine both these percentages in each of the four cases and we have the composite percentages.

Seven teams that competed against Goddard returned their All-Players forms. Every one of these teams gave

GODDARD
(Washington State)
Quarterback

HAMILTON
(Stanford) Halfback

HUTSON
(Alabama) End

HARTWIG
(Pittsburgh) Guard

All-Players All-America Second and Third, and All-Sectional Teams

THE SECOND TEAM			THE THIRD TEAM	
Tenner	Minnesota	End	Shuler	Army
Cutter	Navy	Tackle	Reynolds	Stanford
Monahan	Ohio S.	Guard	Dunlap	Duke
Shotwell	Pittsburgh	Center	Simering	San Francisco
Barclay	N. Carolina	Guard	Marr	Alabama
Barber	San Francisco	Tackle	Bengtson	Minnesota
Wentz	Duke	End	Larson	Minnesota
McCauley	Rice	Quarter	Borries	Navy
Berwanger	Chicago	Half	Lindberg	Illinois
Simons	Tulane	Half	Shepherd	W. Maryland
Grayson	Stanford	Full	Smukler	Temple

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Goodwin, West Virginia; Bogdanski, Colgate; Kelley, Yale; Swan, Utah; Sanger, Texas; Roach, Texas Christian; Rose, Tennessee; Borden, Fordnam; MacMillan, Princeton; Gray, Texas; Gibson, Georgia Tech.; McChesney, U. C. L. A.; Geny, Vanderbilt; Bryant, Alabama; Fuqua, S. M. U.; Dobson, Richmond; Thomas, V. P. I.; Morgan, Davidson; Fenton, Auburn; Wendt, Ohio State; Vairo, Notre Dame; Henderson, Northwestern; Morse, Oregon; Wilson, San Francisco; Scherer, Nebraska; Rollen, St. Louis (Mo.); Erdelatz, St. Mary's; Ward, Michigan; Pennypacker, Pennsylvania; Dubiel, Harvard; O'Bryan, Loyola (L. A.); Topping, Stanford; Rhinehart, Montana.

TACKLES: Brooke, Colgate; Harvey, Holy Cross; Gentry, Oklahoma; Maddox, Kansas State; Wheeler, Oklahoma; Theodoratos, Washington State; Widseth, Minnesota; Hamrick, Ohio State; McKenzie, Utah; Drain, Colorado U.; Miller, Rice; Benton, Arkansas; Rukas, Louisiana State; Brown, Vanderbilt; Williams, Georgia Tech.; Tatum, North Carolina; Durner, Duke; Duval, Loyola; Galbreath, Illinois; Brown, Clemson; Stydahar, West Virginia; Bailey, Tennessee.

GUARDS: Weller, Princeton; Stillman, Army; Kaplan, Western Maryland; Ormiston, Pittsburgh; Stacey, Oklahoma; Hayes, Iowa State; List, Oklahoma A. & M.; Boyer, U. C. L. A.; Spadefore, Santa Clara; Kordick, St. Mary's; Kjeldsen, College of the Pacific; Hayduk, Washington State; Mucha, Washington; Elduayan, St. Mary's; Rouble, Stanford; Stojac, Washington State; Bennie, Illinois; Warmath, Tennessee; Perrault, Syracuse; Burns, Navy; Jontos, Syracuse; Grosscup, Yale; Gundlach, Harvard; Tessier, Tulane; Kahn, North Carolina; Bonino, W. & L.; D. Wilcox, Georgia Tech.; Bale, Rice; Wetzel, Southern Methodist; Harrison, Texas Christian; Savich, Utah; Murphy, Colorado U.; Tavenor, Colorado State.

CENTERS: McKnight, Georgia; Coates, Texas; Lester, Texas Christian; Ward, Utah State; Robinson, Notre Dame; Robinson, Tulane; Zimmerman, V. M. I.; Newby, Arkansas; Prochaska, Tulsa; Lind, Northwestern; Skoronski, Purdue; Jorgenson, St. Mary's; Calkins, California; Muller, Stanford; Kalbaugh, Princeton; Ray, Dartmouth; Sayatovich, Montana; Sabol, North Carolina State; Stayhorn, Vanderbilt; Meier, Nebraska; Claxton, Tennessee; Francis, Alabama; Shearer, Florida.

QUARTERBACKS: Munjas, Pittsburgh; Ubl, Drake; Salatino, Santa Clara; Beynon, Illinois; Bauer, Nebraska; Kadlic, Princeton; Seidal, Minnesota; Roberts, Georgia Tech.; Dixon, Vanderbilt; Parker, Duke; Lam, Colorado U.; Frankowitz, U. C. L. A.; Alustiza, Stanford; Pearce, Baylor; Bacciarini, San Francisco; Reynolds, Michigan State; Nott, Detroit; Hinson, Clemson; Mauney, South Carolina.

FULLBACKS: Weinstock, Pittsburgh; Dennis, Tulsa; Duvall, Northwestern; Crayne, Iowa; Michal, Louisiana State; Chapman, Georgia; Shuford, S. M. U.; Rinaldi, Utah U.; Stancook, Army; Demyanovich, Alabama; Sothoron, Maryland; Alexander, Duke; Kostka, Minnesota; Peterson, San Francisco; Lubisitch, Loyola (L. A.); Pangel, Oregon; Sulkousky, Washington; Constable, Princeton; Nevins, Syracuse; Clark, Navy; Parker, Centenary; Johnson, Kentucky.

HALFBACKS: Burvid, Marquette; Purvis, Purdue; Heekin, Ohio State; Sobrero, Santa Clara; Chesire, U. C. L. A.; Brown, Washington (Mo.); Stoner, Kansas State; Nicksick, Pittsburgh; Buckler, Army; Leemans, George Washington; Le Van, Princeton; Hilliard, Texas; Wallace, Rice; Wilson, Southern Methodist; Ryan, Utah Aggies; Hardin, Colorado Teachers; Mackorell, Davidson; Brown, Florida; Cornelius, Duke; Vaughn, Tennessee; Bond, Georgia; Clemons, Southern California; Carter, Purdue; Hauson, North Dakota; Shakespeare, Notre Dame; Hobin, Holy Cross; Thomas, West Virginia; Brominski, Columbia; Berry, Tulsa; Arrambide, Whittier; Haines, Washington; Mattos, St. Mary's; Parke, Oregon; Franklin, Oregon State; Van Vliet, Oregon; Christofferson, Washington State; Simmons, Iowa; Dunn, Wyoming; Williams, California.

ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

ALL-EAST			ALL-MIDWEST	
Steen	Syracuse	Tackle	Bengtson	Minnesota
Cutter	Navy	Tackle	Hamrick	Ohio S.
Stillman	Army	Guard	Monahan	Ohio S.
Hartwig	Pittsburgh	Guard	Bevan	Minnesota
Bogdanski	Colgate	End	Larson	Minnesota
Shuler	Army	End	Tenner	Minnesota
Smukler	Temple	Full	Lund	Minnesota
Nicksick	Pittsburgh	Half	Lindberg	Illinois
Shepherd	W. Maryland	Half	Berwanger	Chicago
Shotwell	Pittsburgh	Center	Patterson	Chicago
Borries	Navy	Quarter	Beynon	Illinois

ALL-PACIFIC COAST			ALL-SOUTH	
Reynolds	Stanford	Tackle	Lee	Alabama
Barber	San Francisco	Tackle	Rukas	Louisiana S.
Mucha	Washington	Guard	Marr	Alabama
Boyer	U. C. L. A.	Guard	Warmath	Tennessee
Moscrip	Stanford	End	Hutson	Alabama
Morse	Oregon	End	Fenton	Auburn
Grayson	Stanford	Full	Michal	Louisiana S.
Hamilton	Stanford	Half	Howell	Alabama
Williams	California	Half	Simons	Tulane
Simering	San Francisco	Center	Robinson	Tulane
Goddard	Washington S.	Quarter	Dixon	Vanderbilt

ALL-SOUTHEAST			ALL-SOUTHWEST	
Tatum	N. Carolina	Tackle	Miller	Rice
Durner	Duke	Tackle	Benton	Arkansas
Barclay	N. Carolina	Guard	Wetzel	S. M. U.
Dunlap	Duke	Guard	Harrison	Texas Chr.
Wentz	Duke	End	Sanger	Texas
Thomas	V. P. I.	End	Roach	Texas Chr.
Sothoron	Maryland	Full	Shuford	S. M. U.
Mackorell	Davidson	Half	Hilliard	Texas
Cornelius	Duke	Half	Wallace	Rice
Sabol	N. Carolina S.	Center	Lester	Texas Chr.
Mauney	S. Carolina	Quarter	McCauley	Rice

ALL-MISSOURI VALLEY			ALL-ROCKY MOUNTAIN	
Gentry	Oklahoma	Tackle	McKenzie	Utah
Maddox	Kansas S.	Tackle	Drain	Colorado U.
Stacey	Oklahoma	Guard	Savich	Utah
Hayes	Iowa S.	Guard	Murphy	Colorado U.
Scherer	Nebraska	End	LeMasters	Colorado Ag.
Rollen	St. Louis	End	Neighbors	Colorado T.
Dennis	Tulsa	Full	Rinaldi	Utah
Brown	Washington (Mo.)	Half	Ryan	Utah Ag.
Stoner	Kansas S.	Half	Hardin	Colorado T.
Prochaska	Tulsa	Center	Ward	Utah Ag.
Bauer	Nebraska	Quarter	Lam	Colorado U.

him an unusually high voting percentage. The same was true of McCauley's opponents. But the Rice quarterback fell behind when he received only eleven votes from among the nineteen Creighton players. This made his voting average 89.18. Borries' votes came along in great style until Notre Dame was heard from. Every one of the players from the South Bend school gave Munjas, the Pittsburgh signal caller, preference over the Navy man. Munjas's composite percentage was very high until Southern California's votes were tabulated. The Trojans preferred Goddard as All-America quarterback.

Oregon State, Idaho, and Gonzaga, the team that defeated Washington State, voted en masse for the Cougar quarterback. Southern California and St. Mary's were almost unanimous in rating Goddard higher than any other quarterback they met. Oregon State and Southern California had both played Stanford. When their All-America forms were studied it appeared that they considered Goddard as important a player as the two famous Stanford backs, Hamilton and Grayson. In the number of votes received all three were on a par. In fundamental percentages Hamilton was rated first with 96.41, Goddard second with 93.17, and Grayson third with 89.01.

Thus we see that to win All-Players All-America honors a man must play consistently good football every week during the season. If he falls below par against one of his opponents, the returns will show it. Also the player may have played good football every week, but one of the opposing teams, or the majority of the players on that team, may have played against a better player—again the returns will show it.

The fight for the halfback berths was won by Robert Hamilton of Stanford and Millard Howell, the Dixie flash from Alabama—the Stanford man coming first with the exceptionally high composite percentage of 94.71. This was the highest recorded for any player on the team this year. It is interesting to note how the yardstick compares with the players' opinions. In the 146 times Hamilton carried the ball, he accounted for a total gain of 530 yards, or an average of 3.6 yards. He participated in every one of his team's ten games, playing about fifty minutes in each.

Hamilton's ball-carrying ability sent him across his football enemies' goal lines six times during the season. With forty-two points to his credit, he tied for second place among the Pacific Coast Conference scorers. By their returns Stanford's opponents signified that he was the greatest blocker and finest interference runner they had played against. On defense his efforts were recorded as exceptional. Every team he played against placed votes and rating to his credit.

"Dixie" Howell, Alabama's great ball carrier, was second only to Hamilton as a player. Had his percentage for blocking and running interference been consistently above 85, he might have nosed out the Stanford man, his ball-carrying and kicking ability earning for him the right to be Hamilton's teammate. Defensively Howell is rated on a par with Hamilton.

Berwanger of Chicago, Simons of Tulane, Lindberg of Illinois, and Shepherd of Western Maryland followed in that order.

Lund, Minnesota's ball-packing representative, led Grayson, Stanford's other ace, to the fullback finish line. Although Grayson

(Continued on page twenty-two)

"I ADORE YOU"...

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SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

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Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

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Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

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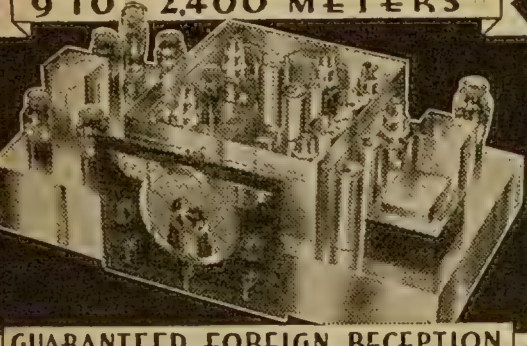

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(Continued from page twenty)

recorded a greater number of votes than any other backfield man, his fundamental percentages lowered his average and brought him into the second position. The All-Players forms revealed that in ball-carrying the two men were even. Each averaged about 95 per cent. When blocking, running interference, and defense against forward passes fundamentals were added up, Lund forged ahead. He is the only man on this year's All-Players All-America who was on last year's.

Smukler, Temple's candidate for fullback honors, received a better fundamental percentage than Grayson did, but his voting average brought his composite figures just below the Stanford fullback's. Indiana was a decided factor in the fullback race between Lund and Smukler. As the Hoosiers played Minnesota and Temple, their returns told an interesting story. More than 80 per cent of the players favored Lund as fullback, with Smukler named as fullback and halfback by a few more than half. In fundamental percentages Lund also led.

Stanford and Alabama were again represented when the ends were chosen. And again Stanford won first honors when James Moscrip beat out Donald Hutson for first place. It was Moscrip's unusual ability as a place and drop kicker that gave him the advantage.

He had kicked five field goals, one of them winning the game against the University of San Francisco. He also scored eighteen points after touchdown out of nineteen tries; the nineteenth was blocked because of a bad pass from center. Like Hutson, Moscrip is one of the fastest men in moleskins. Hutson is a six-footer who weighs around 183 pounds and has played his last year of intercollegiate football. Moscrip has one more year to go.

JAMES STEEN of Syracuse and William Lee, Alabama's captain, were the players' choices as All-America tackles. Steen, a twenty-year-old boy who stands six feet two inches and weighs over 198 pounds, has played his last game for his Alma Mater. This former New Rochelle High School player is rated by the men who have opposed him as the surest tackler they have met this year. They particularly rated him extraordinary on his charging, defensive ability, and aggressiveness. His speed fundamental was the only one that was just average.

Bill Lee is this year's heftiest member. His well proportioned six-foot-one-inch frame carries his 220 pounds admirably. He captained the Alabama team, and is its third member to make the All-Players All-America. His performance at tackle has made his the stoutest part of the Southerners' line.

The runners-up to Lee and Steen were Barber of San Francisco University and Cutter of Navy. Bengtson of Minnesota and Reynolds of Stanford were the other tackles to land within the first three teams. Brooke of Colgate, Harvey of Holy Cross, Theodoratos of Washington State, and Hamrick of Ohio State followed in that order.

The East and the Midwest gave the All-Players All-America team its guards. Pittsburgh's representative is Hartwig; Minnesota's, Bevan. Hartwig's playing ability as attested on the players' forms from Notre Dame, Navy, Nebraska, Southern California, etc., sent him to the fore as the country's leading guard. But his lead over Bevan was only a fraction. Barclay of North Carolina and Monahan of Ohio State gave the leaders a tough battle for the honors. Marr of Alabama and Dunlap of Duke were followed by Bennie of Illinois, Savich of Utah, Mucha of Washington, and Kahn of North Carolina.

INDIANA again became a factor in the final choice, as did Michigan. Both teams played Minnesota and Ohio State. The players from these schools decided as between Bevan and Monahan. Bevan in both instances was their choice. He was unanimously selected.

Nebraska proved the dividing point between Hartwig and Bevan. The Cornhuskers gave the Pittsburgh guard the greater percentage in votes, thus enabling him to nose out the Minnesotan.

The battle for center was the hottest. The three leading players were so close together that fundamental and voting percentages were tabulated a number of times to make sure that no mistake favored any one. After checking and double-checking, the composite results signified that Ellmore Patterson of Chicago was the winner.

The final count stood: Patterson, 91.78; Shotwell, Pittsburgh, 91.47; and Simering, San Francisco, 91.03.

There was one-third-per-cent difference in fundamental percentages between the three men. It was the voting percentages that decided the winner. Had Southern California and Navy given the Pittsburgh center a bigger vote it would have carried victory for him. Simering held his own until the St. Mary's returns were compiled. Santa Clara also considered him.

Robinson of Tulane gave the leaders a fight but had to be content with fourth. The showing of Robinson of Notre Dame in the Southern California and Northwestern games gave him a setback. Army and Navy rated him high. He was placed in fifth position. Lester of Texas Christian was not rated high by Centenary and Baylor.

Patterson, the Chicago University player who comes from Long Beach, California, is the tallest man on the team. His 186 pounds towers to the height of six feet four inches. This eighteen-year-old boy has another year of football competition before he graduates.

Shotwell, the Pittsburgh pivot man, was the lightest candidate for the center honors. This 163-pound boy made up in aggressiveness what he lacked in weight.

And that is this year's All-Players All-America Team as sponsored by Liberty.

And may we repeat that all these selections—the All-America and All-Sectional teams—are exclusively the players' own—players who tested each other's worth in action on the football field.

NORMAN L. SPER *originated Liberty's All-Players All-America selection system. He was Theodore Roosevelt's youngest campaign speaker in 1912; was the youngest American World War correspondent; served in the A. E. F. He started the "silent plea" Armistice Day observance.*

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where and when was Nathan Hale born?

2—Where do the so-called *precious opals* come from?

3—On what island is Prince Rupert, British Columbia?

4—Where occurs the saying " Great men are not always wise "?

5—Where were windows formerly taxed?

6—How many acres comprise the White House grounds?

7—What does the O. in A.W.O.L. stand for?

8—By what name was Toronto formerly known?

9—What is the *intrinsic* value of a Victoria Cross, the highest award for valor in the British Empire?

10—Where is " the street which is called Straight "?

11—A genethliacon is what?

12—What Prime Minister of England was born in Canada?

13—What European prince lived most of his life, was married, died, and was buried in the United States?

14—When and where was New Year's Day formerly celebrated on March 25?

15—What instrument is largely used in determining the height of mountains?

16—Satsuma is what?

17—What provinces originally comprised the Dominion of Canada?

18—Who was the author of the poem beginning " Why so pale and wan, fond lover? "?

19—What are the natives of Ceylon called?

20—What is the motto of the Boy Scouts of America?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT
SHIPPING PORT
STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

STATESMAN: "Shipping Port? *There's* a rich, mellow oldtime whiskey. I certainly do like it!"
WAITER: "And it's sold at a price *I* can afford!"

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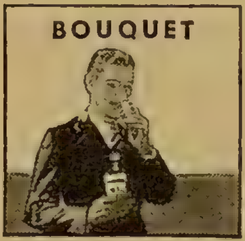

JUDGE Shipping Port the way experts judge whiskey. Gauge its color—its cheering *natural* glow. Savor its rich fragrance—the bouquet of Kentucky limestone water and plump, selected grain. Then sip—and relish its hearty, old-fashioned flavor—for Shipping Port is made the slow, costly, old-fashioned way, and ripened to velvet-smoothness by Nature herself.

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A fine, pure *straight* Maryland Rye at a low price!

Three other Frankfort straight whiskies:
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Getaway

A Sparkling Novel of Things as They Are in 1935—The Lively Adventures of a Once-Rich Girl in Search of a Still-Rich Husband

It was a hell of a way to spend your time in Miami.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

THE scene is Miami; time, the winter season. Norman Johnson, a newcomer, overhears a pretty girl remark to her man companion that a " big Swede " once told her she knew nothing of values. Chagrined, Norman withdraws. He was the big Swede, and the girl is Mildred Burgee, one of the Kentucky Burgees, whom he used to teach in an exclusive girls' finishing school.

Norman recalls that he kissed Mildred and she kissed him back. For this he lost his job, and in New York later she laughed at him. Moreover, her Uncle Pinckney, the Burgee black sheep, telephoned him for what Norman believed was an appointment to horsewhip him.

So now, four years later, he hears her still laughing at the big Swede. It rankles in his heart. His impression is that her family is still as rich as it is aristocratic, and he wonders why she tolerates Clifford Speke, the man she is with. He decides she should be warned against him. Meantime, Mildred and Speke discuss a love tryst they had held the evening before. She explains it away as merely an " electrochemical disturbance," but regards Speke speculatively. Mildred's parents have died, and the family fortune is gone. She studied stenography, but couldn't get a job in New York.

Then the rich Mrs. Penelope Eier, aunt of one of Mildred's classmates, gives her a job as her secretary in a movement for peace, and brings her down to Florida. With her last dollar, almost, Mildred buys an ultrafashionable wardrobe, and is out to catch a rich husband. In behalf of the peace movement, she goes to see old Senator Medwick, who is in Miami ostensibly for his health but actually to dodge voting on the important Funding Bill in Washington. The hotel clerk refers her to Dr. Johnson, a Brain Truster, and she recognizes in him the big Swede.

PART TWO — THE MAN SHE'D DECIDED SHE WANTED

MILDRED'S eyes, fresh from the sunlight, were blurred in the shadows; she had come right up to him before she recognized him—and stood still, staring. For a moment she hardly saw him as a person; he was a symbol and a reminder—of what she used to be, and why she was that way. But he had changed; he was roughhewn and serious still, but he dressed better than he used to; and in his somberness, now, there was a touch of authority.

" Norman Johnson! Before "—her voice was unsteady but not her eyes—" before I say anything else, I want to apologize."

He grinned but his eyes were wary. Well, she couldn't blame him.

" For trying to lend me money? I let off some rather sophomoric oratory about that, didn't I? After all, I needed money just then—"

" But not from me! Uncle Pink was furious. Where did you ever get the idea that he wanted to horsewhip you? He was only going to buy you a drink, if you'd let him. He said it was the only reparation he could make for the way you'd been treated by the women of the family. But it's all right now, isn't it? I mean, if you're staying at the Minaret—"

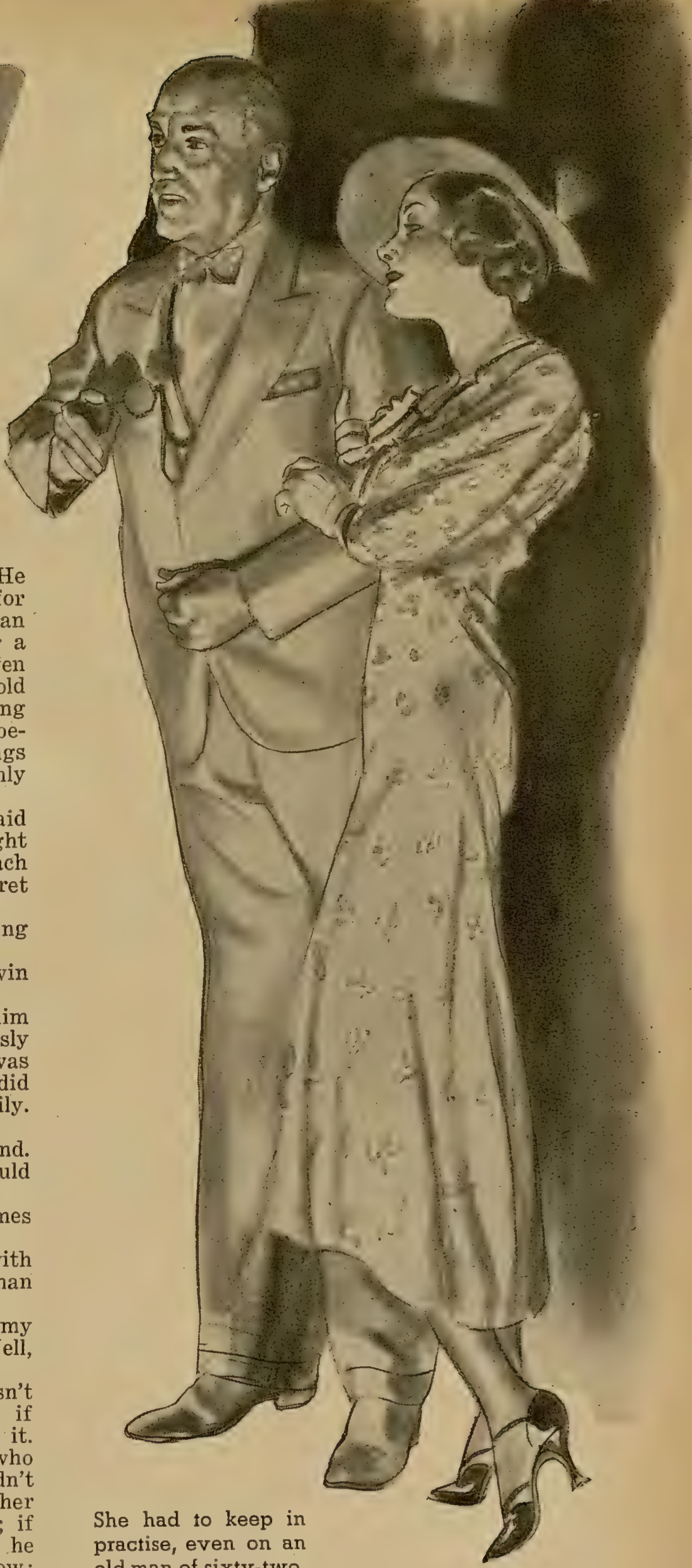
" Is that still your criterion of success? " he asked dryly. Her eyes blazed, but she controlled herself.

" I don't blame you for thinking so, after the way I acted four years ago; but that was in a different world—and after all, here you are."

" On an expense account. I'm not one of the people who like to go home and brag about how they were overcharged. But my chief is staying here—"

Money

by ELMER DAVIS



She had to keep in practise, even on an old man of sixty-two.

"Your chief? Who's that? I heard you were a Brain Truster—"

"Not quite. I'm economic consultant to Senator Medwick."

"Oh! Well, that sounds important—and I'm so glad! After I—"

"After you ruined me as a teacher?" He grinned. "It happened that the one commodity for which there was a market four years ago was an expert knowledge of economics. I worked for a bank a while, and then got this job. I could even get a teaching job now; nobody remembers old scandals after four years like these. But—teaching hasn't much attraction," he said, "compared to being in Washington and—and helping to get things done. So your conscience can be at rest. You only kicked me upstairs."

"You'll never forgive me, will you?" she said helplessly. "Not that I blame you, but we might as well be polite to each other. We'll be seeing each other every day. I'm staying at the Minaret too."

"I know. I saw you on the terrace this morning —with Cliff Speke."

"Oh! Do you know him? You came from Twin City too, didn't you?"

"We weren't in the same set; but I've seen him and—and heard about him." He seemed curiously constrained; she thought it was silly, if he was ashamed of not belonging to Cliff's clubs. What did that sort of thing matter? He eyed her uneasily. "Mildred, I—I asked for your mother—"

"She died last year. I'm here with—a friend. Mrs. Eier, the peace advocate. I was hoping I could see Senator Medwick—"

"You can," said Norman. "Here he comes now."

The Senator was tall and grave and stately, with tired eyes that brightened a little when Norman introduced him to Miss Burgee of Kentucky.

"Burgee?" said the Senator. "Related to my old friend Dick Burgee? A granddaughter? Well, well!"

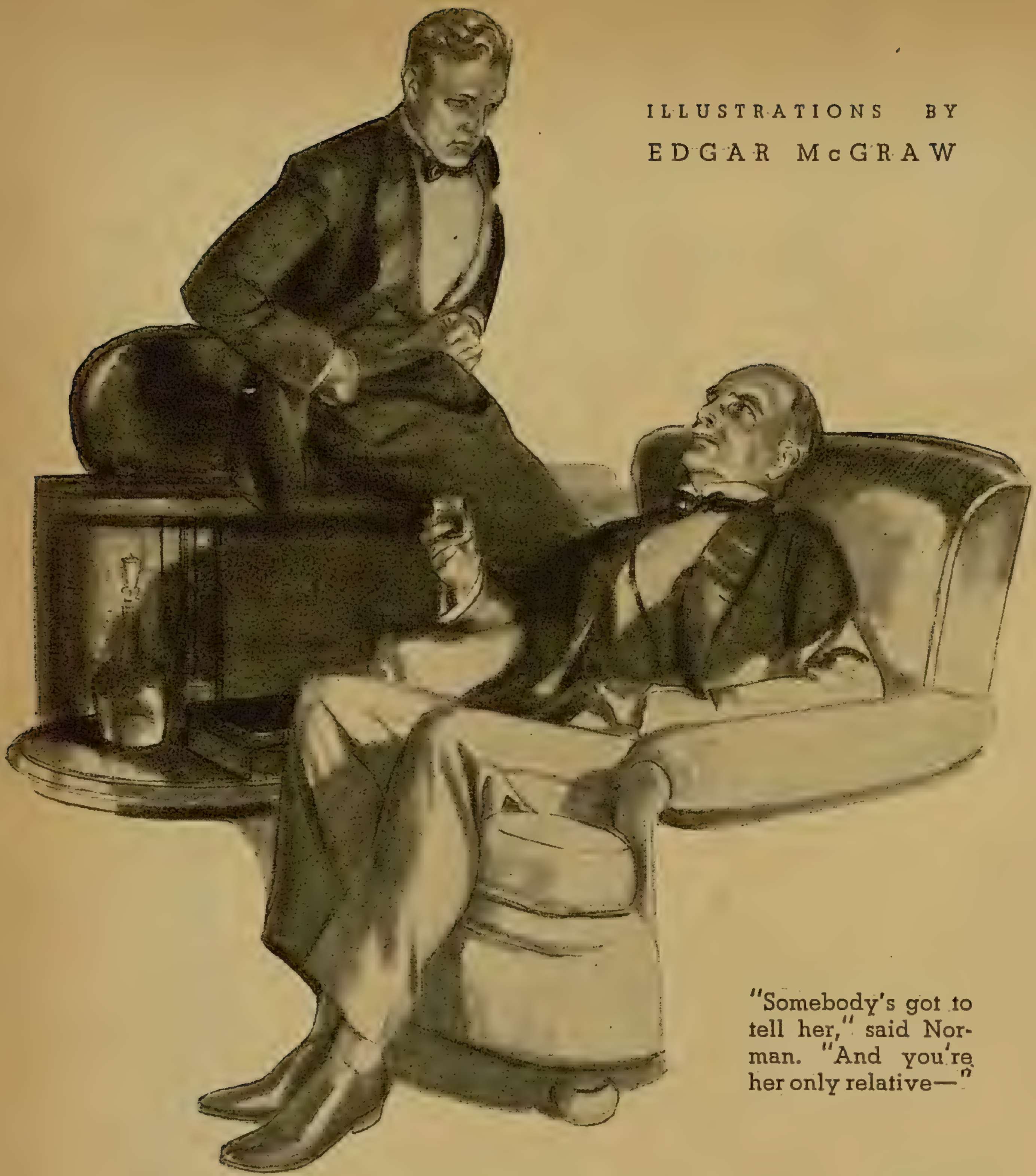
He started on reminiscences, but Norman wasn't listening. Mildred didn't know about Speke; if she'd known, she couldn't have helped showing it. And he couldn't tell her. Under her code a man who had once wanted her, however absurdly, couldn't tell tales on a man who wanted her now. And her mother was dead. He might tell the Senator; if he'd been a friend of her grandfather— But he wasn't acting like a friend of her grandfather now; he was talking, laughing, with an exhilaration he hadn't displayed since his wife died a year ago. And Mildred was listening, bright-eyed, as if he were the only man on earth. She had to keep in practise, even on an old man of sixty-two.

"You aren't engaged for lunch, Miss Burgee?" the Senator was saying. "Then, if I may have the pleasure—Johnson, you'd better have lunch sent upstairs, so you can get to work right away on your study of the background of the Funding Bill." He turned toward the dining room; but Mildred hung back.

"Just a moment, Senator. Norman, can you forgive me? I really am terribly ashamed." He shrugged.

"I'm the one who owes apologies. Not to you; but

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR McGRAW



"Somebody's got to tell her," said Norman. "And you're her only relative—"

some things I said to your uncle. I'd like to square myself if I ever see him again."

"Uncle Pink? That's easy; he's at the Ponce de Leon, across the bay. Yes, Senator, I'm coming right along."

In the parlor of Suite 1207 Norman Johnson scowled at the litter of books and papers around his portable typewriter on the desk. Half past six; he'd been working five solid hours on the biggest job of his life. Medwick was a man who took expert advice; the fate of the Funding Bill would be determined by Norman's report—and more than that: The political future of Roscoe Medwick; perhaps even the fate of an administration, the destiny of the United States. University teaching would never have given him the thrill he got out of this feeling that he had his hands on the wheel and his foot on the accelerator. A big job—but it was a hell of a way to have to spend your time in Miami.

HE strode to the window, looked down at the palm garden where a dance orchestra had been playing for two hours past. Beyond that the terrace—brown bodies, bright bathing suits, a glittering pool; and then the white ranks of the surf, the endless blue of the sea. That was what people came to Miami for—not to sweat over a job of work in a hotel room. But working for Roscoe Medwick you could respect yourself, feel that you were of some service to the country. It sounded important, Mildred had said; and it was important.

But it hadn't sounded important when the Senator gave him those orders while she stood by—"have your lunch sent upstairs and get to work." She must think—But never mind what she thought; a man with work to do couldn't afford to worry about her.

A key clicked in the lock and the Senator came in. His eyes were brighter, his face pinked by the sun; he was brisk, almost jaunty.

"Hello, Johnson! How's the job going?" Then, without waiting for an answer: "I've been coming to Florida for thirty years, and I never saw it look so good as it does this season. After lunch I persuaded Miss Burgee to go for a drive with me, and then we came back and had tea in the palm garden. I—I find I haven't forgotten how to dance—"

"DANCE?" Norman exploded. "You?" This evoked senatorial dignity.

"I think, Johnson, you must let me be the judge of my own proprieties. I was devoted to Mary, as you know; but after a year— Young people find it hard to realize that life goes on; a man can't be in mourning forever."

"I didn't mean that, Senator. But you're down here for your health."

"Dancing won't hurt me. In fact I feel years younger already."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Norman. "The White House called up a while ago to ask how you felt. The President wanted to talk to you himself. I didn't know where you were, of course. I had to say you were asleep."

"The devil! Well, so long as nobody knows I was out dancing—"

"The hotel press agent knows. Tomorrow it will be on the society page of every New York paper—yes, and of the Washington Post too."

"My God!" said the Senator, paling. "I never thought of that. I'll call the White House now and fix up some sort of story—covering you, of course. But, by George, Johnson, it was worth it! To find out that you're not dead yet, at sixty-two—"

He went to his room to put in the call. Yes, thought Norman, he'll cover me. Some politicians would blame the man who answered the telephone, but not Medwick. All the same, it's indecent that a man like Medwick should have to make up lies on account of her. There must be forty men in Miami who'd like to take her to a tea dance, and she had to pick on him. She never counts the cost to anybody else.

But worse than that was a suspicion that had come to him for the first time: Had the Senator really come down here to get rid of his cold?

Roscoe Medwick, who had never been afraid to stand up and be counted—was he only stalling, like any other politician?

The Senator emerged from his bedroom with a satisfied smile.

"Well, I think I covered that. Any plans for tonight, Johnson? I'd hoped that Miss Burgee could dine with me; but she said she was afraid that after taking the afternoon off, she'd have to work this evening."

"Work?" Norman laughed. "Why should she have to work?"

"Why, didn't you know she's Mrs. Eier's secretary? Her money's gone—"

Norman listened blankly as the Senator told him the story. She told him, he reflected—a man she'd never met before; but she wouldn't tell me. Must have thought I'd be glad. The telephone rang, he heard her voice—but she didn't want to talk to him, of course; she wanted the Senator.

As it happened, she didn't have to work that evening. What Penelope had for her to do seldom took more than an hour or two a day. But tonight Cliff would want to see her. As she came back to the suite she shared with Penelope, she wondered if he'd been looking for her this afternoon. And she'd been out with the Senator. He was an old dear, but— For years she had been reading about Roscoe Medwick, elderly statesman and bulwark of the Constitution. But when you were dancing with Roscoe Medwick, when you discovered that he expected you to treat him as if he were nearer your age than his own, it made you feel as if you were dancing with one of the statues in the Capitol rotunda.

ALL the more reason for seeing Cliff and getting things settled. She didn't know much about him; but she could tell from his looks, his actions, that he was the sort of man she wanted. Probably he'd been trying to get her on the telephone for an hour—

"Hello, Penelope!" she called as Mrs. Eier came in. "Any calls for me?"

"Not a thing," came Penelope's voice from her bedroom door. Queer. Queerer still to find that Penelope was dressing up elaborately.

"What's all the excitement?" Mildred asked. "A party?"

"I'm going to a night club, my dear—with your friend Cliff." Penelope smiled archly. "But under the circumstances, I'm sure you won't mind."

"Why should I mind?" But Mildred knew she was looking at Penelope not as a secretary at her employer but as a woman at a woman.

"Well, I told him," said Mrs. Eier, "that I felt like your sister, and wanted to get acquainted with your friends. So he said, Why not?"

"Why not?" Mildred agreed with more relief than she would have acknowledged. Penelope was in a way her chaperon; and Cliff, when she'd said she didn't know him well enough, had felt that he ought to let her chaperon look him over. It left her at a loose end for the evening, of course; but that could easily be remedied. So she called up the Senator; and presently he put up the telephone in unconcealable delight.

"Well, Johnson, I've got a dinner date after all. You've put in a hard afternoon's work; go out and amuse yourself this evening. A fellow of

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your age ought to have some fun on his first trip to Miami."

Norman, while the Senator telephoned, had been thinking. Maybe she wasn't so deeply involved with Speke as he'd thought; but—

"Don't worry about me, Senator," he said. "After dinner I'm going to look up a man across the bay."

Mr. Pinckney Burgee, lighting his after-dinner cigar in the Ponce de Leon dining room, was worried. Worried about Mildred. Her position, her plans were not such as the family tradition could approve; and even if she laughed at the family tradition, she had no idea how much trouble she might be letting herself in for—and letting other people in for too.

Also, Mr. Burgee was worried about himself. He'd dropped eight hundred dollars at Tropical Park that afternoon, and as it had always been his practise to spend it when he had it, he had considerably less than eight hundred left. Another ten days and his monthly check would come in, but he'd owe the hotel most of it by that time. The trained judgment was going to have to vindicate itself pretty promptly if he was to have getaway money to take him North when the season was over.

He had just risen to leave the dining room when a bell boy came in, paging him; he took the card off the tray, read the name with a grunt.

"That fellow! What the devil! Tell him I'm not in. No—wait." (I've owed him a drink for four years, his conscience reminded him.) "All right, boy. Where is he?"

Norman had expected that this would be an awkward encounter; but before he knew it he found Mr. Burgee taking him upstairs, giving him some excellent bourbon. Black sheep? thought Norman. Why, this was a gentleman of the old school, whose imperturbable affability smoothed out all embarrassments. When he learned that Norman was at the Minaret, they could even discuss Mildred and her changed circumstances without constraint.

"VERY unfortunate," Mr. Burgee concluded. "But she seems to have a very comfortable job, so I reckon nobody needs to worry about her."

"No?" said Norman grimly. "That's what I wanted to see you about."

The watery blue eyes hardened, and Norman never suspected that this was only the alert defensiveness of a man who had learned to recognize the symptoms when somebody was going to try to get him to do something.

"I know this is none of my business, Mr. Burgee, but I can't believe she knows— Did you know that she's playing around, and—and apparently in love with a fellow named Cliff Speke who's at the Minaret?"

"Speke?" Mr. Burgee ruminated. "Oh, yes, I know him—by sight. I've seen him at the races. What about him?"

"Well, he was a broker in Twin City, and his firm failed— Plenty of firms have failed these last four years," Norman conceded; "but this was bad. They were all indicted. His partners stood trial and got four years each. But Speke pleaded guilty and got off with a suspended sentence."

"Now, son, you can't be too pharisaical in times like these. I bet you Miami's full of people who are out on suspended sentence. If there's anything serious between them he'd certainly tell her all about it; and she'd certainly want to stand by him."

"Do you know how he got his suspended sentence? He squealed on his partners—turned state's evidence and sent them to jail, while he went free."

"Good God!" Mr. Burgee wheezed. "Johnson, are you sure?"

"Look it up in the newspaper files, if you don't believe me. The whole Northwest knows about it."

"We'd better have another drink," said Mr. Burgee. "I certainly can't believe Mildred knows that."

EVEN as he spoke, doubt smote him. He hadn't seen much of her since she'd grown up; and these modern young people— Only this morning she'd laughed at traditions and scruples that she had been taught to respect; she might laugh at this, too. But her uncle didn't propose to admit it.

"Then somebody's got to tell her," said Norman; and a wild look appeared in Mr. Burgee's eye. "And you're her only relative—"

"Not me," said Mr. Burgee. "She wouldn't pay any attention to it. The fact is, Johnson, I was practically thrown out of the family thirty years ago. I've remained friendly with Mildred—till this morning, when we had a devil of a row about her—her attitude toward things in general. But if I started interfering with her now, she'd only laugh. I don't believe in interference, anyway. People interfered with me so damn' much when I was young, trying to make me do this and that—"

"Well, I can't tell her. Not," Norman explained carefully, "that I have the slightest interest in her any more. I don't care what she does so long as she knows what she's getting into. But when she doesn't— Mr. Burgee, it's up to you!"

"Ever tell a woman anything she didn't want to hear? I did once, when I was young," said Uncle Pinckney reminiscently. "Just once. Anyway, I hate responsibility! It's the curse of the world—people trying to manage other people's lives. Let everybody stand on their own feet, is my motto; if they haven't got any feet to stand on, it's just too bad. But she has—maybe not quite so firm as she thinks, but—"

"I should say not," said Norman bitterly. "When she doesn't know— If you won't tell her, I will! I know what she'll think of me for doing it; it's not the sort of thing her kind of people do. But I've got nothing to lose. I'm only a big Swede. If nobody else will do it—"

"My God," Uncle Pinckney wailed, "you are the most persistent fellow! I certainly couldn't permit the interference of an outsider in a case like this. The matter might right itself if we gave it time. Mildred's always been changeable about things like this—as you ought to know," he added pointedly. "But rather than have you bull in with the story, I'll tell her myself. And now, son, we'd better have another drink. I always find a moral decision goes down a little easier with a shot of bourbon on top of it." . . .

To feel low before breakfast is the common lot of mankind; but to feel low after breakfast in Miami, when you're only twenty-one—

Mildred had finished breakfast in the parlor of their suite, while Penelope still slept; and now, over her first cigarette, she was wondering if she were really so very clever after all. When you made up your mind to marry for a job you took it for granted that you could get the man you wanted. Three days ago—the day she met the Senator—she'd decided to marry Cliff; and since then she'd never been alone with him. Bad luck, partly—Penelope had had an unexpected amount of work for her to do; but bad management too. She'd been with him—in the pool, at dinner—but always Penelope had been with them; and yesterday afternoon he'd taken Penelope to the races while Mildred stayed in her room getting out some long statement about Penelope's peace movement.

Of course he was only taking her at her word, giving her time to get acquainted, going through the routine of an old-fashioned courtship. She ought to be grateful to him for not trying to take her by storm; but women of the Burgees weren't used to being taken so literally when they told a man to keep away from them. And he hadn't kept away from Penelope.

THAT was nothing to worry about, Mildred told herself impatiently. Penelope was too good a sportsman to try to take her man away from her. Penelope wasn't interested in men anyway. Or was it that men, aside from the most obvious fortune hunters, weren't interested in Penelope? No, Penelope wouldn't do that. All the same, it felt queer to be the woman Cliff left behind when he took another woman to the races. And the other evening, when Penelope asked him to dine with her and Mildred downstairs—his suavity made no distinction between the two women. He danced with them in turn; but Mildred couldn't help feeling like the odd member of the party—Mrs. Eier's secretary, dining with her employer and her employer's man.

Overhead she could hear the steady pounding of a typewriter. That was the Senator's suite, so it must be Norman who was working so hard. Poor Norman; it was no way to spend your time in Miami. All the same, it must be a nice feeling to earn your living at a job of some importance.

She was grateful to Norman. If she felt like anything but Mrs. Eier's secretary just now, it was due to him. The Senator had been fussing around her, trying to get her to play golf with him, to go to the races; and she'd been grateful for the excuse her work gave her. Not that she didn't like him—he was an old dear; but evidently that was one kind of dear he didn't want to be. Mildred had had plenty of experience in handling sentimental old men; but when the sentimental old man happened also to be a distinguished statesman, you didn't know quite where you were.

BUT Norman— She'd talked to him beside the pool. At dinner in the restaurant downstairs, he and the Senator had danced with her and Penelope. Norman danced far better than he used to, and she wondered what woman had been teaching him. He was reticent about his bachelor life in Washington, but somebody had certainly smoothed off the rough edges. With her he was still wary, but she couldn't blame him; and it was undeniably reassuring to know one man who still considered her a dangerous woman.

Dangerous!—when she couldn't get the man she'd decided she wanted; when some lethargy kept her from even trying. She liked Cliff; she supposed she'd like it when he kissed her again; she was willing to spend her life with him; but she couldn't seem to make up her mind to do anything about it. Maybe a swim would ease her nerves—a long hard swim, far out beyond the surf. And maybe she'd meet Cliff on the terrace—while Penelope still slept.

Dressing hurriedly, she didn't notice that the typewriter in the suite above was silent now. She wasn't the only one who had felt, that morning, that a swim might relax the nerves.

The terrace was crowded; but as Cliff Speke, lean and bronzed in his bathing trunks, came up from the locker room his eyes passed by the people who were drinking at tables or sunning themselves in deck chairs, to focus unerringly on a spot of yellow and golden brown—a girl in scarf and shorts, just starting down the steps that led to the beach. And he had a date to meet Penelope here as soon as she got herself organized after breakfast.

Silently and thoroughly Mr. Speke damned himself. Why, in that moment of despair when he learned that Mildred was broke, had he told Penelope that he couldn't be seriously interested in a girl of twenty-one? That was what had started all this. He knew now that he could marry Penelope, and Eier Food Products with her, if he wanted to; but she left him cold. He liked her; she was adequately attractive, almost pathetically eager for excitement as well as love, and love as well as excitement, before she was too old for either. Mildred was the woman he wanted. And he could get her too, if he went for her; she'd almost said yes the other day.

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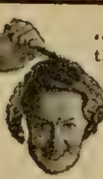

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Swiftly he started toward her, threading his way among the tables on the terrace. But he was too late. By the time he reached the water she was out beyond the ropes, swimming on and on—and he couldn't swim fast enough or far enough to catch up with her. He grinned wryly. It looked as if Destiny were trying to throw him into Penelope's arms. Still, if he hung around the beach, waited for Mildred to come back—

She swam out and out, over the gentle swells; and as she went on, her taut nerves relaxed, she could give herself up to a purely physical content. Far out beyond the last bather she lay floating—and presently heard a splash, saw a pair of shoulders lifting themselves alternately from the water. Pale Nordic shoulders, only faintly pinked by the sun.

MIXED DOUBLES

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

Four men and their wives happened to be week-ending at a hotel which boasted two tennis courts. They were making a three-day stay, and as all were enthusiastic players, they arranged a tournament of mixed doubles. One match per day was to be played on each court—a man and a lady always playing against a man and a lady—and they managed matters so that no person ever played twice either with or against any other person.

If you had been on the committee arranging these six matches, could you have arrived at such a result? This puzzle may have a practical value if you should ever find yourself required to make a similar arrangement for tennis, bridge, or any partnership game.

(The answer will be found on page 58)

“Norman!” she said. “It's a small ocean, after all.” Grinning, he came up, floated beside her; irony was wasted on him. “Didn't it occur to you,” she said irritably, “that if I came out this far it might have been because I didn't want company?”

“It did. But you're not safe alone, so far out. If a barracuda—”

“Who appointed you my guardian?” Then, suddenly, she relaxed into lazy laughter. “It's much too nice a morning for quarreling,” she sighed. “Only just remember, Norman, that I don't like to be taken care of. It's bad enough when Uncle Pink tries to do that, but—”

“You've seen him?” he broke in, his heart pounding. For three days he'd been wondering what she'd do when her uncle broke the news about Speke. He'd seen her with the fellow since then, but always with Mrs. Eier—

“Not lately,” she said. “But the last time I saw him he tried to give me some quite unnecessary advice. All the same, I'm terribly fond of Uncle Pink, even if he isn't worth the powder to blow him up. Did you ever go over to see him?”

“Oh, yes. I—I called on him one evening. Liked him very much.”

But inwardly Norman was seething. The damned old jellyfish hadn't seen her since then, hadn't told her! And if he hadn't told her, somebody ought to. But it was hard to think of what people ought to do out here on the sunlit sea. They swam lazily shoreward.

“This is why people come to Florida,” he told her.

“YES. Ashore, we all clutter ourselves up with so much that doesn't matter. But when you can take off your clothes and let the sun and salt soak into you—I'm sick of places like the Minaret, where everybody has to show off! A mile or two farther south you can get everything Florida has to offer for three dollars a day—if you've got three dollars a day.”

“I'd have thought you'd like the Minaret,” he said.

“I would have, once. But I've had a little sense knocked into me since I left Tantamount Hall. Not enough, at that,” she went on after a pause. “For, after all, here I am at the Minaret on an expense account, like you; but not doing a real job like you. I wish Penelope paid me thirty dollars a week, cash in hand, and I had to live on it!”

“Well, she might do it if you asked her.”

She laughed. “Called my bluff, didn't you, Norman? It's a habit of yours.”

“Now why the devil,” he demanded, glowering, “do you have to spoil a perfectly good morning by going in for reminiscences?” She wondered herself, avoiding his sullen eyes.

“Let's go in,” she said abruptly. “I'll race you to the shore.”

She was off, with long swift strokes that carried her yards away before he even started. But he gained on her. He knew his swimming looked clumsy beside her easy grace; knew it was clumsy, wasting his power. But if you didn't have the grace inborn in a Burgee you had to make your way by main strength and awkwardness. He threshed on, passed her as she surface-dived under the ropes. She came in behind him, breathlessly laughing.

“You're good, Norman. Now, if I only had a cigarette—”

He retrieved the pack he had left beside a jetty; he gave her a light, dropped on the sand beside her. If they could only stay like this—two primitive uncomplicated creatures, content with the sun and salt and sand and each other's nearness.

“I REALLY thought I could beat you,” she sighed. “But you called my bluff again.” He sat up, furious.

“Listen!” he said. “What happened four years ago is ancient history, but we might as well keep the record straight. You know perfectly well that I wasn't just calling a bluff—”

“I know you didn't mean to—but you did. I'd started it out of pure deviltry, but—That day the head mistress walked in on us and sent me to my room and told you to get out as soon as you could pack—if you'd said then, ‘Come along where I'm going,’ I'd have come.”

“You—you would?” he stammered. “But—but afterward—”

She flushed.

“Yes—afterward, when I thought it over, I realized that it was only—”

“An electrochemical disturbance?” he recalled.

“Just that; and I was rather ashamed. I thought you'd feel that way too, after you'd cooled off. That's why I was so stupid about it when I saw you again. All the same, that did something to me, Norman.”

“It seems to have done something to me too,” he said thickly. “I hated you, afterward—but I never could get much excited about any other woman. And now—you're so different—”

“Norman! You mustn't let this climate get you,” she said desperately. “It might get anybody, but— I'll tell you what our flurry of four years ago taught me: that I can't trust the way I feel. That sort of thing's so impersonal—especially in Florida. You've got to have it to start you off, but in itself it doesn't mean much. I like you, but—I don't know you. And if you knew me you probably wouldn't like me at all.”

“Why not?” he demanded.

“I'm too practical—cold-blooded, if you like. I want to earn my way, be of some use to somebody. I admit I'm not worth what Penelope spends on me; but I could run a big house and a corps of servants; I have tact and manners; I'd be a useful wife to a man who's going somewhere—and I came down to Miami to find him.” She laughed at his horror. “That shocks you, doesn't it?” she said. “But I wouldn't get married just for an emotion. I get over things like that. But if I put it to work for a man I respected, I wouldn't get over it.”

“And have you found him—this man you respect,” he said bitterly, “who's going somewhere?” (As evidently she thought he wasn't.)

“Well, I—I think I have, Norman.” But she displayed some confusion.

“Cliff Speke?” he demanded.

“Yes—not that it's any business of yours, is it?”

“That depends. Are you in love with him?” That wasn't what he had meant to say.

“As much as I ever was with—with anybody else.” That wasn't what she had meant to say, either; but the defiant “Yes” she had tried to give him had stuck in her throat. “And I like him; I respect him—”

He laughed harshly.

“A man you like and respect! How much do you know about him?”

“Not much, but— Norman! What do you mean?” Her eyes held his—the Burgee eyes that in other days had sighted with that same resolute glitter along the barrel of a dueling pistol. “You meant something,” she said, “and you're going to tell me what it was.” Then, glancing up the beach, “Here comes Cliff,” she announced. “You'll tell us both.”

“Yes, I'll tell you both. But just remember one thing, Mildred—I didn't ask for this. It's not the sort of thing your kind of people do; but since nobody else will do it—” Now Speke had come up. Norman cut off his easy greeting.

“Speke!” he said. “I'm from Twin City. I know what the whole Northwest knows about you. Does Mildred know it?”

There was cold venom in Speke's eyes; but his suavity remained quite unruffled.

“If you mean that I failed in business, of course she knows it.”

“Does she know that you're out on suspended sentence—and why?”

“Not yet. That's a story I don't care to broadcast. Naturally I'd have told her if—if there'd ever been any occasion for it.”

“This looks to me like an occasion,” Norman observed. “Tell her now.” But Speke was silent. “All right,” said Norman, “I'll tell her!” Curtly, savagely, he told her—and Speke could still smile.

“Mildred,” he said, “as he tells it, it sounds bad.”

“Then suppose you tell it.” That was peremptory. “Tell me—you needn't explain to Norman. He's spoken his piece.”

“Quite so,” Norman agreed. “I've spoken my piece. If you want to do anything about it, Speke, you'll find me on the terrace.”

BUT Speke ignored that; and as Norman walked away he could appreciate the figure the other man made—a gentleman in misfortune abused by a narrow-minded fanatic. Speke would have had to tell her sooner or later. To fling the story at her like this was the surest way to throw her sympathy on Speke's side. Bull in a china shop! thought Norman miserably; and halted on the steps, waiting in case Speke had anything to say about it. . . .

“Well?” Mildred demanded. “Is this true, Cliff?”

“In a way—but not the way he told it.”

His suavity was gone now. “Mildred, I'd have told you all about this if—if we'd ever—”

“Well, we didn't—but you'd better tell me now.”

“Well, my partners and I, like most people in those days, were all right while the money was rolling in. But when hard times came we had to cut some corners, like everybody else. You don't realize how it was, Mildred. We kept thinking that if we could only pull through this jam somehow—and the next jam, and the next—why, then some morning the market would go bouncing up and we'd be in the clear. But it never did; and when we failed— We were all in the same boat, and my partners wanted to brazen it out. But it seemed to me that the only thing to do was to come clean, admit they had us cold, and help the authorities to straighten up the mess.”

“So you turned state's evidence on the others?”

HE shrugged. “I turned it on myself too—told the prosecutor what I knew about the firm's affairs. The others could have done that too, if they'd wanted to. If I got off and they didn't, it was only because I tried to coöperate.”

“Coöperate! Well, I suppose you could call it that.”

“But, Mildred! Be reasonable. What else could I have done under the circumstances?”

“You could have stood up and taken it; that's what the others did. But you preferred the line of least resistance. Oh, I see how you explained it to yourself,” she admitted. “But—I suppose some of my scruples are old-fashioned—but I couldn't quite swallow that.” She smiled. “And, after all, you never exactly asked me to swallow it, did you? Not in so many words. So it really doesn't matter.”

Suddenly she turned away, walked up the beach. Speke stared after her, past her. There was Johnson, waiting on the steps. As Mildred came up she paused beside him. Speke grinned; he'd like to break the fellow's neck, but he had an idea that Mildred would say all that needed saying.

She looked at Norman, her eyes blazing—just a little lovelier than he had ever seen her before.

“You got a lot of fun out of that, didn't you?” she said bitterly. “If ever I humiliated you, you've certainly got even. It might interest you to know that Cliff hadn't asked me to marry him; if he ever had, he'd probably have told me. But you had to interfere—” He tried to interrupt her. “Don't talk to me!” she blazed. “Never speak to me again!”

Should Johnson have told Mildred about Speke? That would depend, perhaps, on his personal feeling for her. However, if he had any sneaking love for the girl, he certainly seems to have wrecked his chances now. And unless the old Senator can be classed as a prospect, Mildred is farther from her goal of a rich husband than ever. Watch for fresh complications to develop in next week's installment.

. . . and there'll be no headaches tomorrow!

Mr. & Mrs. Neil are having the time of their lives at the Browns' party. But you won't catch them feeling a bit groggy in the morning. Not with Bromo-Seltzer to rely on. One Bromo-Seltzer tonight... another in the morning...and they'll both feel fine. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer, you know, quickly build up a low alkaline reserve.

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Rawlins Remembers

Another of Those Fascinating Mystery Stories in Which the Reader Is Really the Detective: Follow It Carefully and Give Yourself a Test

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE author of this story, an eminent psychologist and former member of the faculties of Columbia University and several other institutions, is widely known in police circles as the discoverer of the systolic blood-pressure deception test (popularly known as the "lie detector"), which is used in more than twenty-five police departments throughout the United States. He has created a fictional amateur detective who solves a mystery by keeping his eyes and ears open and then using his observations and his knowledge of psychology. Read carefully what follows, and when you have finished page 34 see how well you would have done in the same situation.

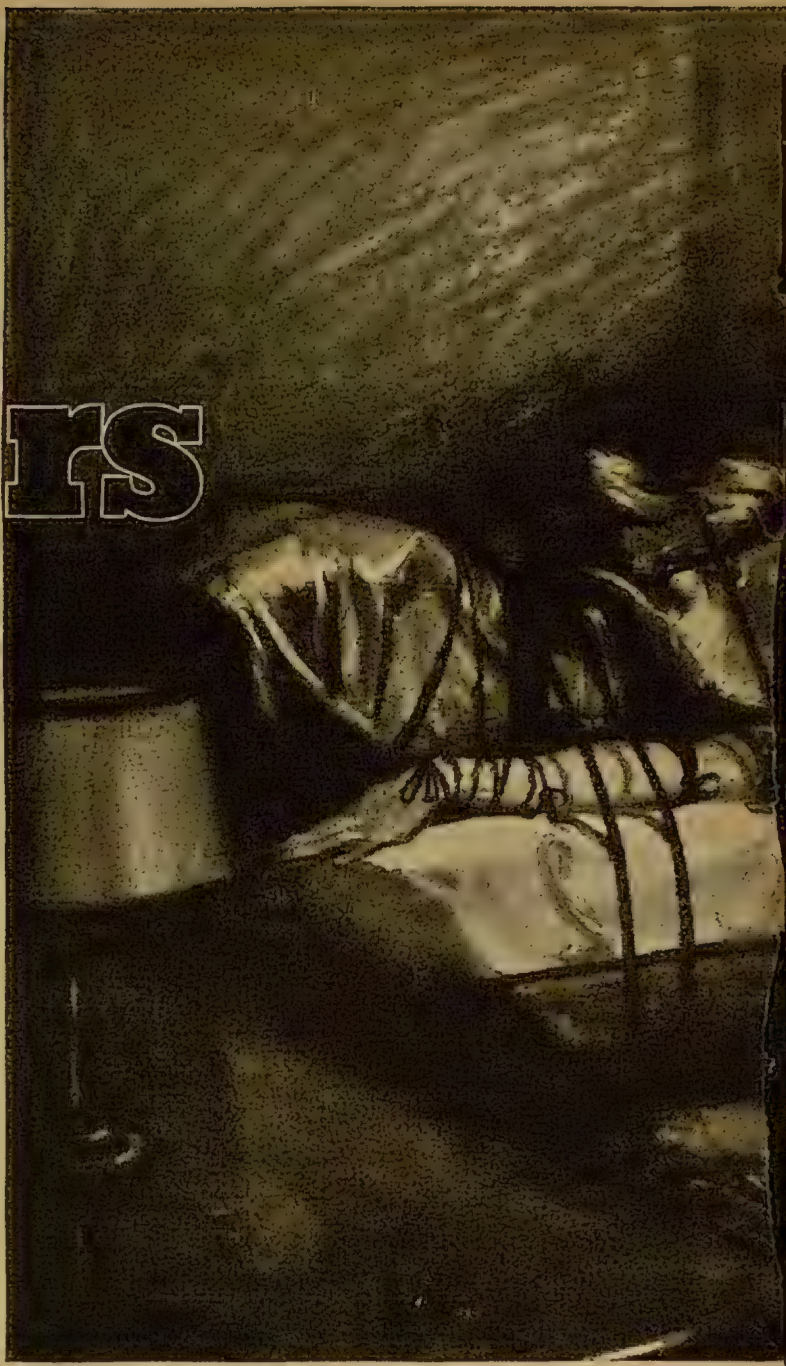


ILLUSTRATION
BY
HARRY T. FISK

It was Rawlins who finally broke in the door.

by WILLIAM

CLYDE RAWLINS stamped up and down his studio. The big room was littered with painting paraphernalia of all sorts: half-completed drawings, paintings leaning at tipsy angles against chairs, fat velvet cushions which Rawlins kicked savagely in passing, and a silk-draped model stand at one end of the room, underneath a perfect northern light. The model's chair was empty. Rawlins, a huge tousled man, internationally famous in the art world for the uncanny character analyses of his pictures, ran two enormous hands through his curly blond hair and snorted savagely.

"Great goddesses of Hades!" Rawlins was talking to his friend Professor Landstone, of the psychology department of Knickerbocker University, New York City. "Will that little devil of a Nina Corbarelli never come? She's always late, but never as late as this before. Great heavens! If I didn't *have* to have her for this picture—"

Professor Landstone smiled. It always amused him to see his old college mate in a temper which, he knew, would vanish like mist before the sun the moment pretty Nina the model appeared.

"Why do you have to have her, Rawlie?"

"Character, personality—she's what I need for my picture Revolt of Modern Youth. Innocent, but willful as Napoleon. Trouble is, she doesn't need to pose for me unless she wants to. Her people are wealthy Italians—richest family in this good old New England State of Connecticut. Nina's father is a wild one—Mrs. Corbarelli got a separation from him. He settled a million on her, I understand, and still she wouldn't let him take either one of their two children. Corbarelli is said to have gone off to Italy in a rage."

"Why don't you telephone Nina's house?"

"Just did. Maid says Nina isn't down yet. Chances are the kid has been out half the night with some boy friend at a dance. Mrs. Corbarelli is a strict Italian mother of the old school—tries to keep Nina shut up at home. Girl naturally sneaks out—"

Rawlins was interrupted by the sudden arrival of Nina herself, a slender graceful girl of seventeen with lovely olive-tinted skin, blue-black hair, and great sparkling brown eyes. She appeared tremendously excited.

"Oh, Mr. Rawlins!" she cried. "My little five-year-old sister Rosa has disappeared! It looks as though she'd been kidnaped! See—here's the note I found in Rosa's bed this morning."

The note was typewritten on thick white paper. Rawlins glanced quickly at a big drawing pad on a near-by table—it was the same sort of paper. The note read:

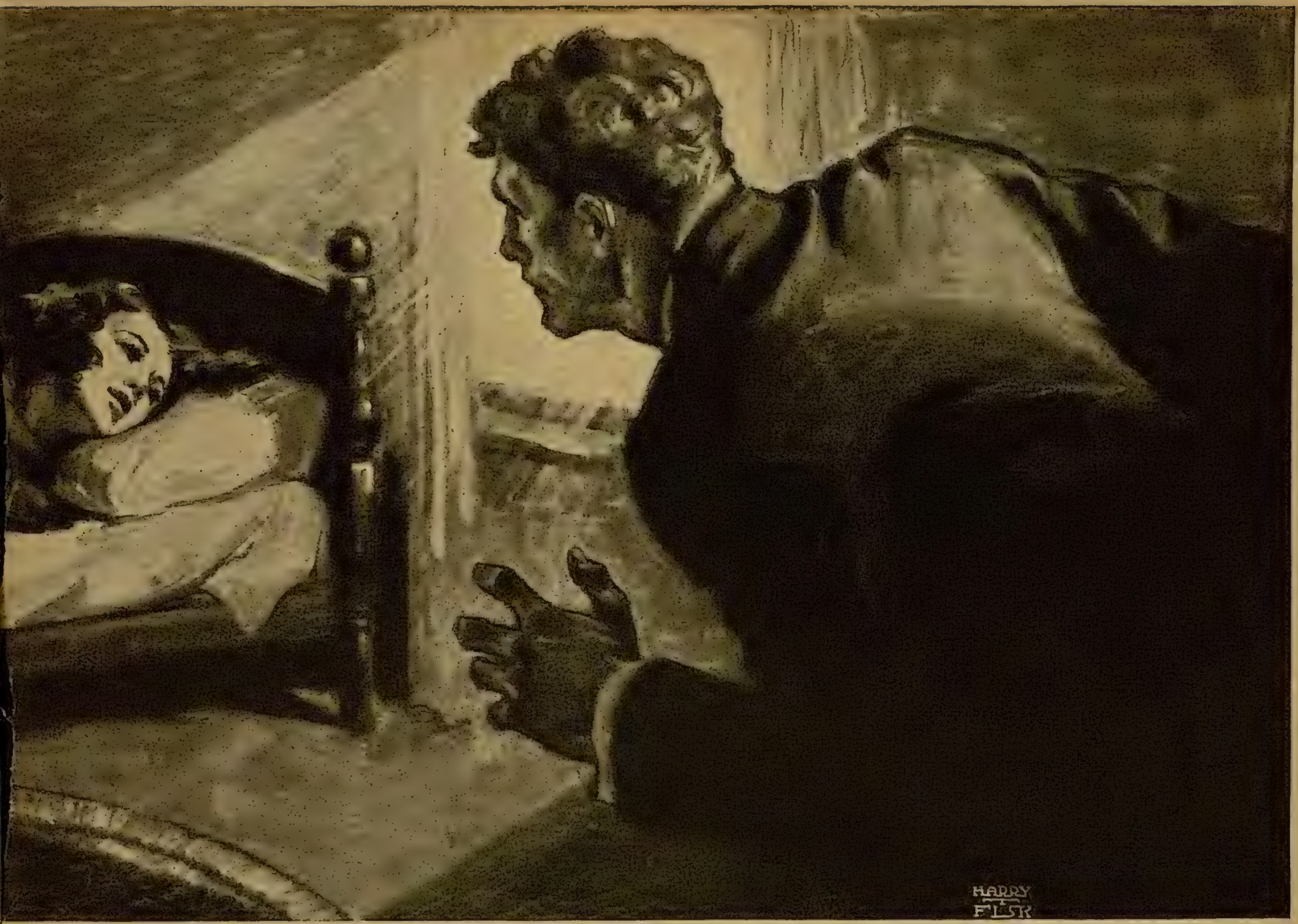
> We have Rosa. Be ready with $50,000 in small unmarked bills. Then advertise in the Darien Daily. We will instruct you what to do. If you tell any one outside the family you will never see Rosa again. You can be sure you are dealing with the real kidnapers by this secret signature.
>
> $$$* (I) $$$

"Written by a professional kidnaper," snapped Rawlins. "They always leave a note on the spot, with a secret signature to identify themselves by. Well"—he looked keenly at Nina—"why tell me about it? The kidnapers forbade you to tell any one outside the family."

"I know," said Nina frankly. "I didn't want to tell you. But my mother insisted. She read in the paper how you solved the Stanhope case by using psychology. So she made me come and show you the note."

"Mm-m," said Rawlins. "Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"That would be nothing at all for mother to pay," replied Nina scornfully. "I know she has more than that in the bank right now. I think she ought to be willing to pay it to get Rosa back, but I don't believe she will."



MOULTON MARSTON

"How did the kidnapers remove the child from her room?"

"How would I know, Rawlie?" Nina looked at him impertinently. "There are two windows and two doors to Rosa's room."

"Any ladder on the place?"

"Yes; but it's locked in the garage. Besides, the ground under Rosa's window has just been spaded up for flower beds, and there are no ladder marks or footprints on it. Mother looked."

"What rooms do the doors of Rosa's room open into?"

"Rosa's room is between mother's and mine. One door opens into my mother's bedroom and one into my own."

"Did you see or hear an intruder in the house last night?"

NINA hesitated a moment. Then she said: "No, Rawlie; and neither did mama."

"Did any one hear the little girl cry out or make any unusual sound during the night?"

"No."

"What time did you go to bed last night?"

"Ten o'clock. Mother always comes into my room at ten thirty to make sure I am in bed and asleep."

"I was out walking two nights ago," said Rawlins, with apparent irrelevance. "About midnight I saw a big roadster parked under the light at the corner of your street."

The girl flushed and looked daggers at the artist.

"All right," she said. "I'll break down and confess. I don't propose to have my whole youth spoiled by mother's absurd ideas of what a young girl should do. Mama won't ever let me go to dances. She won't buy me any dresses for parties. She won't let me have a car or see any boys. So I slipped out, the night you saw me, and went for a drive with a nice man I met in New York last winter."

"What's his name?"

"I—I don't really know. I just call him Jack."

"Describe this man." Rawlins's command was curt, almost savage.

"Well—he's just five feet ten inches tall. I know because we weighed and measured ourselves at—at an inn down the road the other night. He weighs one hundred and fifty-two pounds. He has dark smooth hair and greenish eyes. Jack is very handsome—firm chin, straight nose, and a little three-cornered scar right under his left ear. It's awfully cute!"

"What roadhouse did you go to with him to dance?"

"Honest, Rawlie, I don't know its name. You drive down the Post Road about two miles toward Boston. Then you turn left, and take the second turn on your right, and there it is. There's a big red-and-green sign on the place in electric lights."

The telephone rang insistently. Nina ran to it quickly and put the receiver to her ear.

"I've got to go, Rawlie," the girl said hurriedly, giving Rawlins an odd look. "It's all right—that call was not from the person you think—"

She ran out the door.

"Well, what do you make of this case?" asked Professor Landstone. "Do you think Nina told you the truth?"

"I'm sure she did."

"Do you suppose," persisted Landstone, "that Nina's friend Jack had anything to do with the affair?"

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NRA CODE

"Undoubtedly," muttered Rawlins, pacing up and down the room. "Jack may well be a professional crook in the kidnaping racket. It would be damned awkward, wouldn't it, if Nina disappeared now, before she could identify the fellow! The police will want to show her rogues' gallery pictures of New York gangsters to see if Jack is among them. Then there's this roadhouse that ought to be located immediately. Nina is the only one who could lead the police to it. Moreover, Nina has the kidnaper's letter with her—the only real clue in the whole case. I shouldn't have let her leave the house alone."

"Oh, I don't know, Rawlie," said the professor comfortably. "You and I heard Nina's story. We could describe Jack, the roadhouse, and the kidnaper's letter—couldn't we?"

"And you're a psychologist!" snorted Rawlie. "Don't you know that witnesses remember less than a third of what they see or hear? And only about seventy-five per cent of their report is accurate?"

"You mean the Aussage or 'fidelity of report' tests," said Landstone. "Of course I know about them. I've tried them on my classes. The students witness an unexpected incident performed in the classroom and then try to report all the details accurately—description of the people, what they did, and all that. Another form of the test is to let the subjects read a written account of something. After they have read the description through once, they put the paper away and try to remember as many details as possible of what they read."

"Which way do they remember best?" inquired Rawlins. "Reading an account of something or actually watching it happen?"

"It's a toss-up," said the professor. "Some people remember better one way and some the other. But it averages about the same. Women usually remember more details than men, but men are likely to be more accurate in what they report. I find that an average student remembers twenty-seven per cent of what he reads or observes, and that about seventy-five per cent of his account is correct. So you see his final report represents only about twenty per cent of what actually happened."

"In short," said Rawlins dryly, "if you and I try to tell the police what we have just learned from Nina, we will only be able to report accurately one fifth of the information just given us. Right?"

"Huh!" scoffed Professor Landstone. "I can do better than that—I'm a trained psychologist."

"Trained pig's whistle!" snapped Rawlins. "A good artist is worth a dozen psychologists when it comes to remembering what he has observed. An artist has to depend upon his senses, and his senses have to be extraordinarily good to start with or he couldn't be an artist. If anything happens to Nina I'll show you what artistic training will do—"

The telephone rang harshly. Both men were startled. Rawlins grabbed the instrument. Over the wire came a gasping, frightened voice—Nina's:

"Rawlie—they've got me—"

There were sounds of a struggle, and the connection was broken.

"Come on, professor!" roared Rawlins. "Here's our chance to prove how good we are at reporting remembered facts to the police! We're the only ones who can give them a description of this Jack, tell them the way to the roadhouse where Jack and his gang operate, and describe the kidnaper's letter—"

Rawlins and Landstone rushed to the garage, jumped into Rawlins's powerful car, and drove madly toward police headquarters.

DETECTIVE TEST

Before you read Rawlins's solution of the two kidnapings, try to solve the case yourself. Put down your own answers to the following questions:

1 Who got up the plan of kidnaping Rosa?
2 What was the motive behind this plan?
3 Who wrote the letter found in Rosa's bed?
4 How was Rosa carried out of the house?
5 What was the motive behind this act?
6 Who called Nina on the telephone at Rawlins's studio?
7 Who kidnaped Nina?
8, 9, 10 What three objects did Nina's kidnaper or kidnapers hope to accomplish?

There is no trick or catch to these questions. Clues giving all the answers are to be found in the part of the story which you have already read. Record your answers to the ten questions above before turning to the conclusion of the story on page 47 for the right answers.

Score yourself ten points for each correct answer. If you have a total of sixty points you pass the test. A score of eighty or above shows you have unusual detective talents.

AUSSAGE TEST

[Aussage is a German word which means to remember and report what you have observed. The psychological test of the accuracy and completeness of a witness's testimony is called the Aussage Test.]

Put yourself in the shoes of Rawlins and Landstone when they went to give the police crucial information. Suppose you are trying to tell the authorities what you have learned from young Nina Corbarelli. Close your magazine without rereading the story so far. Take a pencil and paper and note down every detail you remember concerning three important things:

1 The kidnaper's note found in Rosa's bed.
2 The mysterious Jack, Nina's unknown boy friend.
3 The roadhouse where she and Jack danced.

Now turn to page 48 and compare your list of remembered details with the complete list given on that page. Score yourself one point for each correctly remembered item. Then compare your total score with Rawlins's and Landstone's, which you will find in the conclusion of this story, beginning on page 47.

Artist, Archduke, Athlete

Miss Harding Paints and Has a Past; Mr. Novarro Is Torn 'Twixt Royalty and Romance, and Mr. (Four Horsemen) Stuhldreher Emerges as an Author for the Screen

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ½ BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Edward Everett Horton, Edward Arnold, Una Merkel, Charles Richman, Greta Meyer. Directed by E. H. Griffith. From the play by S. N. Behrman.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL, taken from Biography, the Broadway play hit of a few seasons ago, is a smart articulate exposé of an artist's love life which would have been a better picture had it been less faithful to its source. For, as it now stands, the film is no more than a photographed play. It is stiff in movement, confined in limited settings, and takes no advantage of the fluency which the camera could have given it.

Still, anything written by S. N. Behrman, whose pungent crisp dialogue is among the most brilliant turned out today, is bound to have its spots of entertainment. Then, too, Biography of a Bachelor Girl has Robert Montgomery giving what may well be his finest performance. In this he is less "sure-fire," less given to scene-stealing and face-making, than he has been; but he has a sure grip on his character—that of a poor boy who rises to editorship—and in his speech against tolerance for crooked politicians and capitalists he captures something that has always just eluded his playing before.

As the editor of a sensational magazine, Montgomery sets about to get the biography of a painter more famous for her amours than her art. The complacent Ann Harding is miscast as the frivolous heart-snatching artist, and though she does well enough in this she never fully realizes her part.

When she and Montgomery get to work on the biography, they endanger the reputations of several people, among them a candidate for Congress (Edward Everett Horton) whose career is financed by his fiancée's father. Montgomery is all for publishing the work and exploding the reputations of all concerned. Miss Harding is stricken with pity and wants to kill the story.

Around that situation Behrman has fashioned a story which at its best will appeal only to a limited audience. But Biography of a Bachelor Girl has some sharp comments on things at large, and sound performances by Montgomery, E. E. Horton, and Charles Richman, which help to disguise the fact that the film just sits and talks.

VITAL STATISTICS: S. N. Behrman is a meteorically brilliant playwright with a mystico-humorous-social talent—all of which translates: he's sophisticated. He is a George Pierce Baker-Harvard Workshop product. He has long been the pet darling of the New York theater critics, a whimsical crew with hearts cut from pure rock. . . . Kriemhild-like Ann Harding was born in San Antonio, Texas, dotter to the late General George Grant Gatley. She also knits (or is it crochets?) like mad to relax. She finished a clean dozen doilies and a tablecloth while girl-baching it. She does a pretty fair Garbo in private life, living on a hilltop near Hollywood in a house that almost rubs the sky. She is supposed to be unchanged by all her five years on the Gold Coast—except that husband Harry Bannister (New York producer of The Drunkard) has left her to her ivory tower—alone: which means she is still sweetly unaffectedly stolid, fighting what she calls a prop bogeyman. . . . Bob Montgomery wears cheaters for the first time in his screen career in this one. Thinks Hollywood actors need dignity. Yet I like him best as a slightly stewed young man about town. Dislikes actors who are dither-brained morons or hopeless exhibitionists and devotes three nights a week to improving the lot of suchlike. As chairman of the Actors-Producers Relations Committee, I would like to see him begin improving the producers who hover about the twelve-year-old edge. He ate onions before an important love scene with Ann Harding (with whom he had not been co-starred since When Ladies Meet); but everybody else on the set ate them and it all came out even. . . . Edward Everett Horton claims he (Everett, not Bob) has no sense of humor. That he is always consciously playing the heavy but that it comes out funny on the screen. That it takes brains to play a dumb part. That he is a sane man with an overdeveloped sense of logic and decorum.

★ ★ ½ THE NIGHT IS YOUNG

THE PLAYERS: Ramon Novarro, Evelyn Laye, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Edward Everett Horton, Donald Cook, Henry Stephenson, Rosalind Russell, Herman Bing. Directed by Dudley Murphy. Story by Vicki Baum.

LAID in the gay pre-war Vienna, The Night Is Young is another of those beer-drinking waltzing pieces

Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding (at the left) in Biography of a Bachelor Girl.

Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro in the romantic musical picture, The Night Is Young.

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Russell Hardie, Robert Young, Betty Furness, Stuart Erwin, and William Tannen in Harry (Four Horsemen) Stuhldreher's story, The Band Plays On.

about a handsome young archduke and his lovely commoner. The dark and Latin Ramon Novarro and the blonde and English Evelyn Laye both creak at the joints a bit in their display of the puppy love of the royalist and ballet girl whose romance is blasted by politics. But the film has Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel cavorting about, and it has Sigmund Romberg's fetching music and some decorative sets. All in all, it provides a fairly pleasing cinema evening, though one which leaves you with the feeling of having seen it many times before.

Told with a rather heavy grace, the story opens with the archduke's engagement to a neighbor princess. As an excuse for staying in his beloved Vienna for a short while longer, the archduke pleads being in love with a ballet girl. Forced then to choose a girl, he picks one at random and proceeds really to fall in love with her. That's about all there is to the story, though the film is handled with a certain simplicity and charm.

Butterworth and Una Merkel give the picture its best moments. Butterworth, as a horse-car driver in love with his horse, seems funnier than ever before, and along with Miss Merkel, Herman Bing, and Edward Everett Horton he contrives many delightful moments. There is not another comedian on the screen quite like Butterworth. In The Night Is Young he is at last given material ideally suited to his unique talents and wastes no time at all in taking advantage of it.

Latest, but certainly not the last, of the love-vs.-kingly-duties pictures, The Night Is Young is a standard model, well dressed and played, which will be favored for its supporting actors and melodic adornment rather than any story or emotional appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ramon Novarro is probably the purest young man in Hollywood. Born in Durango, on the February 6th of a year his press agents coyly refuse to divulge, he is the son of a once prosperous dentist. His father backing the wrong horse in one of the standard Mexican revolutions (1913), the family was forced to flee for the United States border. They left little Ramon and a brother Marianne behind at a miltiary school—of all places. Such being the vicissitudes of Mexican sentiment or something, the brothers were allowed to finish their courses and proceed unharmed through rebel lines to join their fambly. His father's eyesight suddenly failing botched Ramon's gentle plans and drove him into the world of commerce to earn a livelihood for a multitudinous family. He ushered in theaters, bus-boyed at the stylish Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel, sang in restaurants, and danced with a vodvil dance troupe on the road: anything to earn tamales and frijoles for his people. His break came when he took the lead in an artistic production of Omar Khayyám for a share of the profits. Rex Ingram caught a glimpse of the thing, and picked Ramon for the lead in A Prisoner of Zenda. Money came in torrents when Ramon became Ben-Hur, in a play which lasted in silent films for four years in Paris alone. Ramon educated every one of his ten brothers and sisters. Three girls are nuns in Spanish and Mexican convents. Marianne teaches Spanish at California's Loyola College. Sister Carmen is a noted dancer. Three brothers are engineers. Ramon travels for relaxation. Recently he took a flier to Mexico City to open an opera house. It was his first trip there in nearly twenty years, and they gave him the place. They even made him an honorary police chief! A curious contrast to his family's earlier political sufferings. When not traveling he still lives quietly with his family. He has lived through practically every Hollywood phase, including the sin era; has kissed several dozens of lovely women on the screen; has seen hundreds of beautiful gals from every angle—yet never has been known to be involved in a love affair nor taint of scandal. He probably gets about $3,500 a week and once he was numbered among those who crowd $10,000 a week.

★ ★ THE BAND PLAYS ON

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo, Betty Furness, Ted Healy, Preston Foster, Russell Hardie, Henry Kolker, William Tannen. Directed by Russell Mack. Story by Harry Stuhldreher.

QUITE some time ago, as football history is measured, Harry Stuhldreher was quarterback on the Notre Dame football team which is famous in pigskin history as the eleven with the Four Horsemen. Not the greatest backfield of all time, nor even the best turned out by Notre Dame, the Four Horsemen had a precision, rhythm, and smoothness in their gridiron maneuvers that remains unsurpassed. They played together as one.

In The Band Plays On, Mr. Stuhldreher has written a football story of some good moments and inside peeks at collegiate workings based on the exploits of the Four Horsemen. Called the Four Bombers in the film, these young men are shown as little hoodlums who are sent up before a judge for stealing a car. Instead of sending them to reform school, the judge ships them off to a playground where the toughies try to push the other kids around at football. They soon learn, however, that mere roughness isn't enough for football fame, and under the guidance of the playground coach they gradually acquire the skill and self-sacrificing attitude needed for a smooth functioning backfield.

The Band Plays On follows their careers through playground, grammar school, and high school as they beat everything in sight with their one-for-all and all-for-the-coach spirit. But by the time the athletes find themselves in college the picture loses much of its unity, both in story and feeling.

One member is lost to the team by

injuries; one wants to turn professional; two, as always happens in the movies, are in love with the same girl. All feel the coach is using them as a means to his personal success.

The Band Plays On, aside from some colorful football sequences, is freshened by Robert Young, Ted Healy, Stuart Erwin, and Preston Foster. We think, though, that you'll prefer the young actors who portray the Four Bombers' childhood.

VITAL STATISTICS: Football stories, now that gangsterinos have disappeared, seem to be Public Movie Plot Enemy No. 1. . . . The Gravy Game, by W. T. Martin and Harry Stuhldreher, and Backfield, an origie by a couple of other fellows, each story inspired by the exploits of the famous Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, inspired this little number. . . . The famous Four Horsemen were Rip Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, and Mr. Stuhldreher, and all are coaches here and there. Curious their exploits weren't celluloided before this time, as they have become slightly outmoded and excelled. . . . With Hollywood crammed with ex-pigskin heroes, the producers saw fit to cast Robert Young, Stuart Erwin, Russell Hardie, and William Tannen, none of whom ever played football, as the Four Equestrians. . . . Robert Young, who played the ace appleflinger of Death on the Diamond and looks as if he did his athletic training in a poolroom, is a Chicago lad educated in Los Angeles. A car breakdown made him an actor instead of a bank clerk. . . . William Tannen, a six-foot chip off the old block, Julius Tannen, the Jewish Will Rogers, makes his début in this film. He is an ex-M.C., like his dad. . . . Robert Livingston also makes his début. Was once a budding Scripps-Howarder and quite an athlete in his military-school days. . . . Betty Furness became the piktsch's pulkertood when Maureen O'Sullivan took sick, eve of production. Betty's an ex-tooth-paste-ad model. Keeps her figure by eating substantially at meals and not at all between them. Wore a pigskin ensemble (from head to foot) as a picture costume. It's expected to influence modom's fashions. . . . Ted Healy, shorn of stooges, plays his first heavy rôle in this one. . . . Preston Foster believes you've got to have the stuff to deliver to be an actor, but you've also got to have the luck to get a chance to deliver it. He began life in Ocean City, New Jersey, escaping its blue laws to become a newspaperman in Philadelphia, only to wake up in time and leave for a Hollywood career. . . . Leo Carrillo can speak all the Romance languages and fifteen dialects.

OVER THERE

LAST week we ran a list of the American box-office champions as rated by the independent exhibitors. Since the laurels are being passed around, it might be of interest to know which stars are winning in England. Here is the vote of 124,837 English fans. In America, Will Rogers cut Clark Gable out of first place, and in England—well, look who beats him there. Which shows you can't do a thing about sex appeal.

English Champions of 1934

1. George Arliss.
2. Clark Gable.
3. Wallace Beery.
4. Clive Brook.
5. Robert Montgomery.
6. Ronald Colman.

Women

1. Norma Shearer.
2. Marie Dressler.
3. Greta Garbo.
4. Kay Francis.
5. Marlene Dietrich.
6. Katharine Hepburn.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **FROM GALILEO TO COSMIC RAYS** by Harvey Brace Lemon, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press.

The fundamentals of physics simply but authoritatively stated and explained by familiar illustrations rather than by mathematical equations. Should give the interested layman a speaking if not a working knowledge of the science. With each volume are included special lenses with which to view the several stereoscopic, or three-dimensional, plates which are a feature of the book.

★ ★ ★ **THE NARROW LAND** by Elizabeth Reynard. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A collection of the lore and legend of Cape Cod—a fine contribution to the folk tales of America and one of the best books ever written on Cape Cod.

★ ★ **THADDEUS STEVENS** by Thomas Frederick Woodley. The Telegraph Press.

A documented and detailed account of the career of "the Old Commoner" who raised the money for the Civil War and impeached Andrew Johnson. The author assumes the reader knows his history and can supply his own imaginative background.

★ **THE WORLD WENT MAD** by John Brophy. The Macmillan Company.

Thirty-nine scenes of certain characters bound up with a British family in the World War. Kinetoscopic, realistic, disillusioned. True enough but not too important.

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MOSCOW

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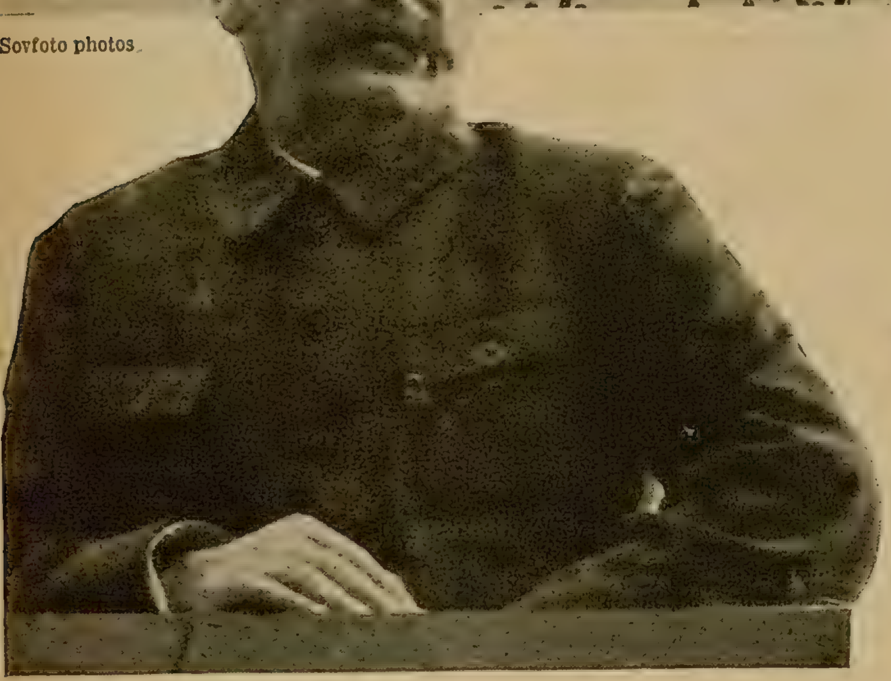
The Startling Facts About the Reds' New "Struggle for Power" and What It Means to the United States

by MATTHEW WOLL

Third Vice President of the American Federation of Labor

as told to

EARL REEVES



Stalin, whose official organ avers he will lead in "revolution throughout the world."

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN Liberty for January 19 Mr. Woll charged the Communist Party with "design to annex the United States to a world hegemony under the dictatorship of Moscow." He warned his countrymen that the small Communist enrollment was no gauge of the Red menace; that actually between one and two millions in America "can be ordered, led, or duped by the Reds into action designed to advance revolution." He quoted the secret Communist Party membership book and cited Communist participation in recent strikes.

In Liberty last week Mr. H. L. Mencken derided the Red menace as a mere bugaboo employed by conventional politicians. He declared that recognition by the United States had moved Moscow to "sell out" the American Communists.

Mr. Woll now reiterates his warning and presents further evidence in support of his charge.

LONG live the Comintern [Communist International] and its leader of genius, Joseph Stalin!"

This resolution was proclaimed to the world from Moscow on September 28, the seventeenth birthday of the Communist International.

Pravda—official organ of the Communist Party of Russia, and dominated by Stalin—proclaimed editorially that in "a second period of wars and revolution Lenin's Communist International, *under Comrade Stalin's leadership*, will lead the proletariat of *all* countries to Socialist revolution *throughout the world.*"

These declarations constitute a slap in the face for every chancellery of Europe. Also for the State Department of the United States. At a stroke, the very foundations of Soviet diplomacy, the bases of Soviet contact with the world, were swept rudely away.

For nearly a decade the representations had been:

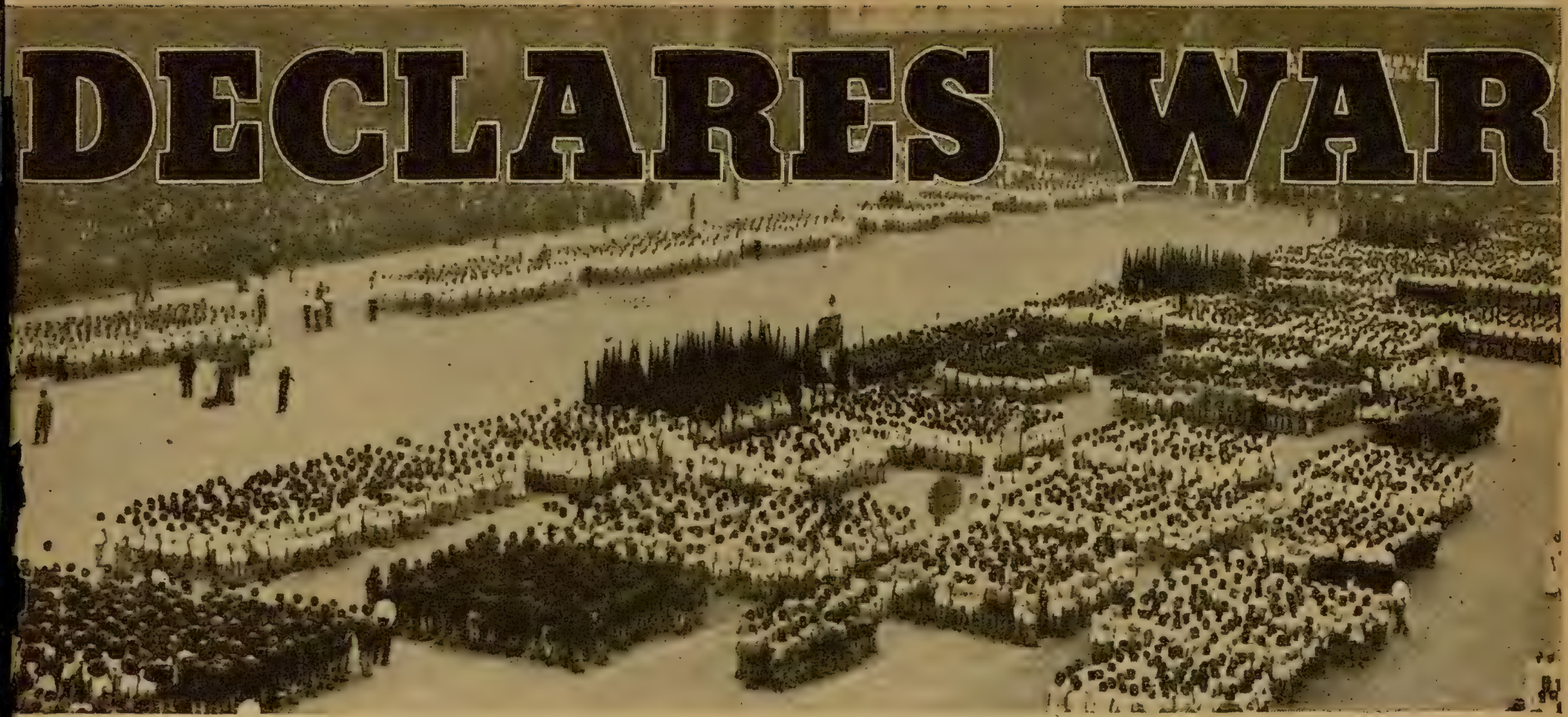
"The Soviet desires friendship with the world. It is concerned solely with internal reconstruction. It is not pressing for world revolution. The Third International is a propaganda organization only, headed by Radek. The presence of its headquarters in Moscow is even an embarrassment. It has little influence. Stalin resigned from the office he held in it several years ago. We wish to live as good neighbors with the world."

Through such representations Russia obtained trade and diplomatic contacts. The Soviet government also obtained credits, machine tools, heavy machinery, vital raw materials, foreign engineers and experts. It built strong basic industries—those vital to war. It also built the world's largest army and what a French official, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies recently, called the world's foremost air fleet.

Two years ago the Executive Committee of the Communist International reassured its parties and agents throughout the world. In a statement this ruling committee said that Communists of the world must not be confused and bewildered—as were the statesmen of the "imperialist chancelleries"—by Soviet gestures of friendship toward the rest of the world. Communists would understand that this was a necessary and temporary expedient, a "breathing spell," which would end.

From Moscow, in January, 1934, issued a document bristling with commands for Moscow agents—and "subjects"—throughout the world. Communists must prepare for *"the impending struggle for power."* They were told, in infinite detail, how to do so.

DECLARES WAR



Russian youth on parade: These are 100,000 athletes—and potential shock troops—assembled in Moscow's Red Square.

After nine months of such preparations—and it is readily provable that they have been very intensive within the United States—we had the amazing Moscow declarations of September 28.

Dictator Stalin already could say, "I am the state." He now said, "I am also world revolution."

The Soviet, the Communist Party of Russia, and the Third International—for so long portrayed as separate—were now openly and arrogantly revealed as *one*, under a single "leader of genius."

Soviet need for outside aid had ended. The "breathing spell" had ended.

The dominant policy now was the often expressed conviction of Red leadership that Communism and non-Communism cannot exist side by side upon this earth. One or the other must perish.

This could only be a signal. The "struggle for power" was beginning.

WITHIN a fortnight many strange and significant events occurred throughout the world.

Revolution broke throughout Spain. A "Spanish Lenin" appeared. Red flags flew.

Several hundred Reds were arrested in Italy. Mussolini made a speaking tour northward to allay unrest.

The French premier warned of the danger of armed revolt.

President Roosevelt found it necessary to plead for industrial peace.

The Estonian government fell in a crisis caused by Left pressure.

Coded Red revolution plans were seized in Austria, detailed down to machine-gun emplacements. There were arrests, bombings.

The British Labor Party veered sharply to the Left. Also voted sympathetic support of Spanish revolution.

A separatist revolutionary movement appeared in French Algeria.

Revolution spread in Spanish North Africa.

General strike, many riots, terrorist bombings in Cuba.

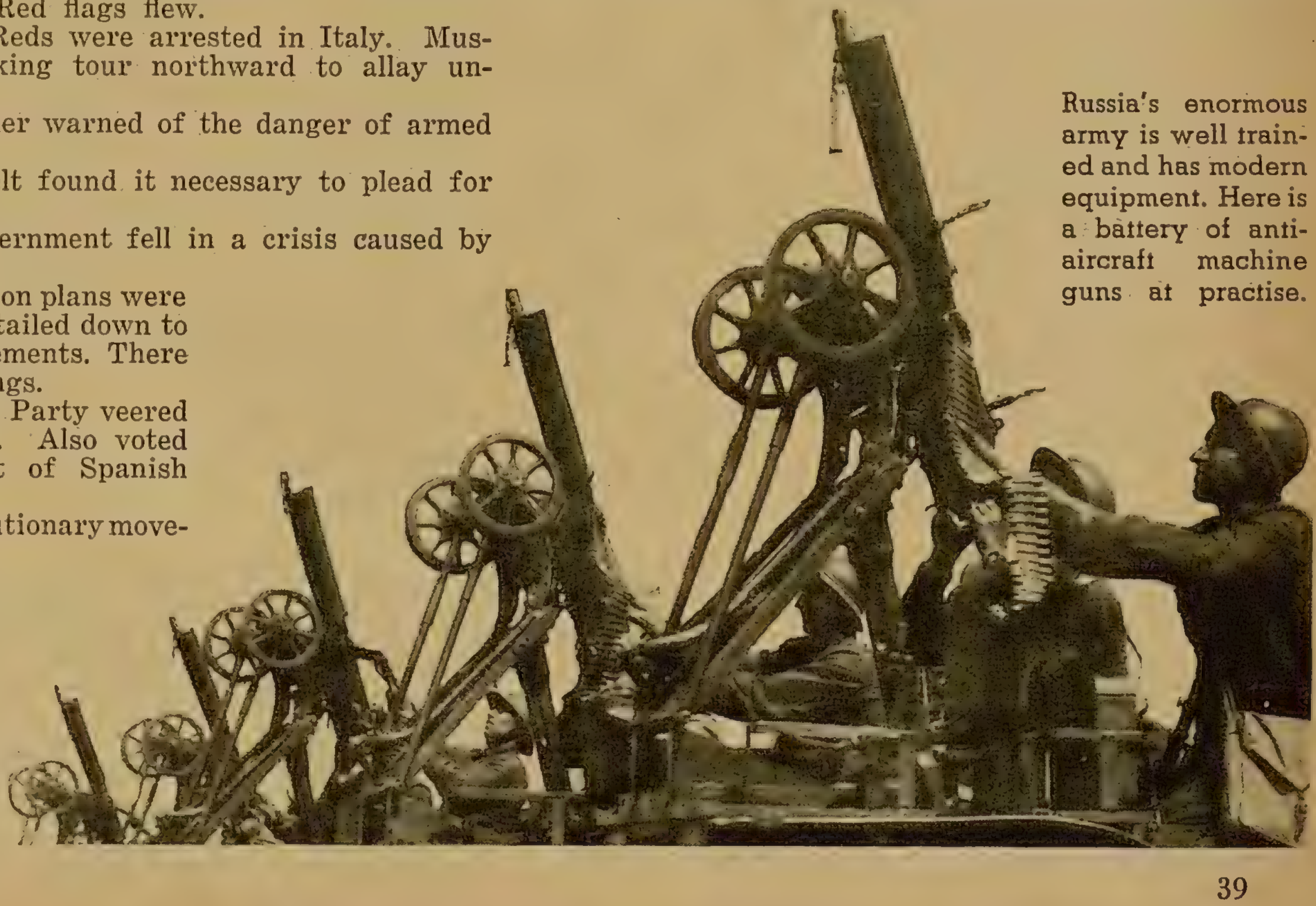
The United States navy put officers aboard merchantmen following reports of half a dozen fires aboard ships touching Havana.

Documentary proof was seized showing Red instigation of a series of strikes in Brazil.

During this period also there were two minor Red riots in New York City; disorder and a killing in Gastonia, North Carolina, where Communism is strong; the textile strike was being renewed in Paterson, New Jersey, despite national settlement; and Communists were trying to tie up Atlantic coast and Gulf shipping through port strikes.

Three days after Stalin openly headed world revolution it was announced that the Soviet ambassador in Washington was returning to Moscow on a visit; and that Ambassador Bullitt shortly would return to America on a visit.

To those who know anything about world Communism, such "timing" as is indicated is not in the least sur-



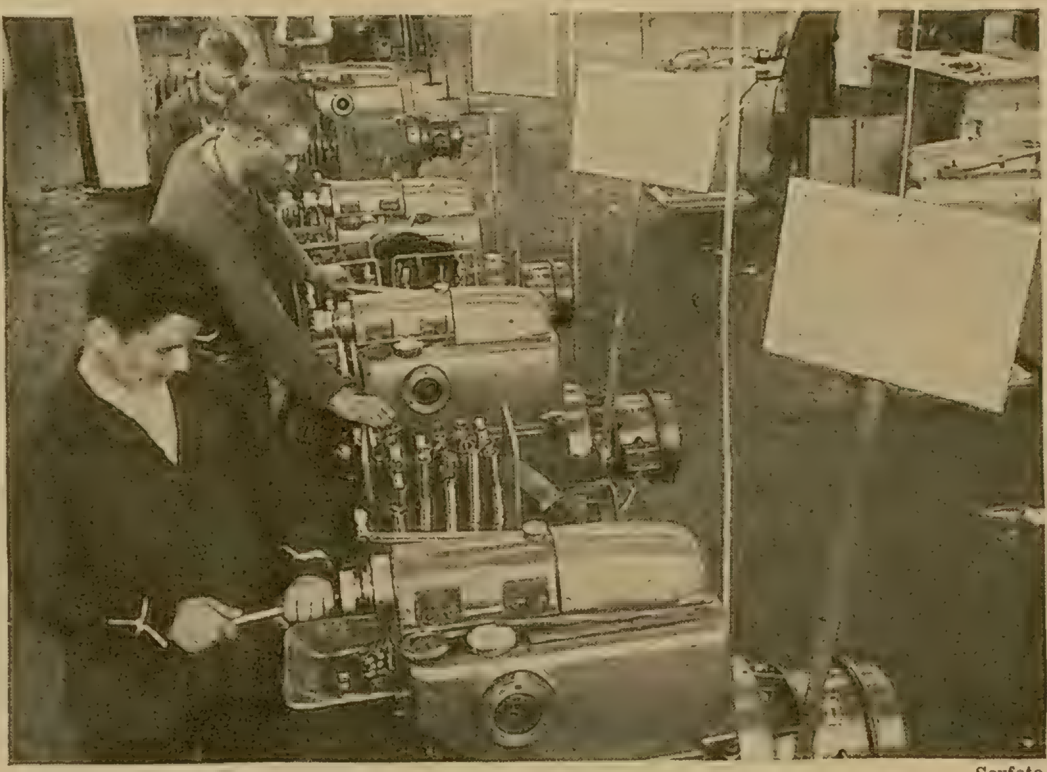
Russia's enormous army is well trained and has modern equipment. Here is a battery of anti-aircraft machine guns at practise.

prising. The Comintern of Moscow and its subsections, including the Communist Party of the United States, work in disciplined unity.

Moscow can *order* disorder, riots, or rebellion at any point upon the map at which—as shown by records in Moscow—secret, underground preparations have “ripened” conditions for action.

Through recognition we opened the door to agents sent by Moscow to supervise and direct revolutionary effort here. Since in Russia all industry is state owned, the Soviet claims diplomatic privileges not alone for diplomatic and consular representatives but for all who travel on trade missions as well.

It is not by accident that there have been more “lightning” strikes, “mystery” strikes, and “outlaw” strikes — contrary to the sound traditions of American trade-unionism—and more riots and disorders and Red demonstrations since the Soviet was recognized as a friendly nation. There is documentary evidence that Moscow ordered a speeded “tempo” in revolutionary work here—and we have accorded to her agents facility in directing it.



Sovfoto

Mass production of Red airplane motors in Moscow. Russia has the world's foremost air fleet, according to a French official.

A “Special Bureau” is soon to be established by Moscow in Washington for the still more intensive direction of Red revolution in the United States. (Or it may have been established by the time this article appears in print.)

A secret document which reached this country in early November brought news of a new-type “General Staff” for the United States. The Executive Committee of the Communist International had appointed a “special expert” to take charge of American affairs.

He had traveled to Geneva, where he attached himself temporarily to the Soviet League of Nations delegation. He was to proceed to Washington as a minor commercial attaché of the embassy. Once there, his assigned task was to be starting a revolutionary organization on new and *broader* lines.

FROM Geneva he had relayed his “special instructions” to the existing secret Communist organization in this country. The exact text of these instructions follows:

1. Formation of a fighting organization from well proven Party members.

2. Formation of special Intelligence Organization having the following tasks:

(a) The abodes and the conditions of life of the following are to be obtained: the officers, leading police officials, leaders of “Citizens” and “Fascist” parties, organizations and their Press; Social-opportunists, that is to say, Socialists, liberal workers and leaders of prominence; higher Federal, county, etc., officials; leading officials of railways, post and telegraph offices, airdromes, steamships; the heads of electricity, gas and waterworks; leaders of all farmers' organizations; leaders of coast guards and all coast-supervision organs.

(b) Exact plans of all bigger towns (especially mining and industrial centers) to be submitted, with written comments, special emphasis being attached to services of vital importance—military barracks—police stations—banks—railway stations—postal and telegraph offices. Names of leading citizens — curriculum vitæ of same, as accurate as possible — connections with government, if any—habits—weak spots.

(c) The forces of all the organizations antagonistic to the local Communist Party and to the Third International to be ascertained as exactly as possible.

(d) All the important roads leading into the larger towns are to be indicated with the aid of maps—these to be absolutely reliable.

(e) The extent of the dislocation of coast supervision — especially the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco—to be ascertained and indicated in minutest detail.

3. In the course of the work, should it be necessary to enter into close contact with the various central offices of the Communist Party of America, the greatest discretion must be exercised, and in no case should such centers be taken into the organization's full confidence.

4. A comprehensive *mobilization scheme* to be worked out for all Communist immigrants in America—of whatever nationality.

5. No other measure besides above, until the “Special Bureau” is constituted in Washington, and further instructions sent out from the EKKI [Executive Committee, Communist International—ruler over all Communist parties].

Stalin, newly acclaimed “leader of genius” of world revolution, has appointed a *viceroy* for the United States.

There is confirmation of the fact that such work as this document demands is being done.

At Moscow command, approximately a year has been spent in perfecting the “underground” or so-called “illegal” organization of Communism in the United States.

The secret or “underground” revolutionists, by order, are unknown to the recognized and visible officials of the party.

By order, they avoid all contact with established headquarters and the staffs of identified Communists.

Of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, only about half the members are known, even to party members. They are the heads of the “legal” party. The remainder belong to the “illegal” or “underground” organization.

The agents directed by them have headquarters in

secret hide-outs, often changed. Records and important documents are in triplicate, lodged in different places. Units move swiftly on revolutionary assignments, largely by automobile and highway.

One important recent assignment has been the perfecting of the " flying squadron " technique of introducing destructive and terroristic methods into labor disputes. Such squadrons were active in Minneapolis, San Francisco, and in Cleveland. The nucleus of such a " flying squadron " organization was sent from the Communist School in New York into the Carolinas during the textile strike. Another such group sped by motor from Boston to incite the Rhode Island riots.

Of still greater significance, it is known through the admissions of one such " underground " agent that these recently *" have been devoting much time to the study of military tactics,"* and that they have been *" mapping certain areas."* They also engage in " Intelligence Organization " work.

Very few of the plans and projects of the Red " underground " organization ever come under official surveillance in any way in the United States.

Two such agents were arrested near a California town during the San Francisco strike. One managed to tear up and cast into the winds papers he was carrying. Fragments, collected along the highway and subsequently pieced together, revealed credentials for the two men and a " strictly registered " confidential document of nine pages.

THIS was a detailed plan for Red revolutionary work within the National Guard. Objectives and benefits outlined were:

> To make guardsmen lose confidence in their officers, and generally to disintegrate and lower the morale of the National Guard. . . .
>
> To benefit by the military training given in the National Guard. This gives our comrades special training in arms which can be used by them also to train other workers. . . .
>
> To secure information concerning the movement of troops, improvement in equipment and technique of warfare, war preparations, etc. . . .
>
> When war starts, this immediately places a number of our comrades in strategic positions. . . .
>
> Certain armories control important industrial areas or are in working-class sections.

It is pointed out that this work is " illegal." " Only the best comrades " can be used in this " very important and responsible " work. They must report to a " private address." They may not even tell " other comrades " they are working within the National Guard.

In great detail they are instructed how to arouse grievances, build up resentment, incite a spirit of insubordination—while themselves never appearing openly as instigators. They are instructed how to spread Communist propaganda; and particular stress is laid on the devious methods by which dissatisfaction over service in civil disorders can be spread among guardsmen.

They are to report also—to their superiors in the party organization—when drill for riot duty begins. And give notice when any call for such duty impends.

A special paragraph is devoted to the need for explaining to guardsmen that a war with Japan would be a war " for the imperialists " and that guardsmen should not be " cannon fodder for the interests of Wall Street."

The immediate aim of this program is honeycombing the National Guard with " secret fraction " organizations of trained Communist agents. Ultimate objectives are:

1. By the undermining of morale, to make it more difficult to use the National Guard in the event of Red-instigated armed revolt.
2. To prepare, as Moscow orders, " to turn Imperialist War [any war] into Civil War."

That command has been interpreted very thoroughly in the Red press. But never more tersely nor truthfully than by the Red who told a so-called " antiwar " meeting in Oakland, California, that if war comes soldiers should turn their guns against their officers and against their " class enemies."

Similar seditious propaganda is carried in a little Red sheet called The Soldiers' Voice—such as that " soldiers must organize and prepare now . . . to fight for our class—the working class." " Boring from within " likewise is attempted in the navy, among Navy Yard workers, and in CCC camps.

SUCH things as these are listed in the Communist organizational set-up as " antiwar " work. Other phases of that include:

Opposition to all defense expenditures.

Red-instigated agitation in colleges and elsewhere against the R. O. T. C.

Attacks upon the CCC projects as " militaristic."

Intensive concentration on organizing unions or establishing secret cells within war industries—so these may be crippled.

Why is a newly-painted fence like EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES?
Because both have "signs" to show THEY'RE FRESH!
LOOK FOR THE "DATE-LINE!"
Nº 950
EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
UNION CARBIDE and CARBON CORP.
MADE IN U. S. A.
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE NOV. 1935

Batteries are apt to "go dead" on dealers' shelves—but the "Date-Line" guarantees the FRESHNESS of all Eveready Batteries. Fresh batteries give long, dependable service . . . National Carbon Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

The exacting of pledges against support of any war, or to " stop munition shipments."

Organization of so-called " Antiwar Congresses "—usually including students and well meaning liberals—the resolutions of which are written by Communists and through which Red propaganda is spread. Reds have organized every important conference of this sort.

Instigation among pacifist elements within churches, or among religious social-service bodies, of the passing of resounding pronouncements against support of war, against preparedness, and for " peace."

The motivation behind this phase of Communist activity was made clear by Alexei Rykoff when, as chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, he sent a message to Chinese Communists in which he said:

> It is our duty to inculcate in the minds of all nations the theories of international friendship, pacifism and disarmament, encouraging resistance to military appropriations and training; at the same time, however, never for one moment relaxing our efforts in the upbuilding of our own military establishment.

Nor has Soviet Russia ever for a moment relaxed efforts at building up her own military establishment. Now that she has built it—including the strongest air fleet—with all the mechanical and technical aid non-Communist nations could provide, it would seem that the time for " inculcation of theories of international friendship " has passed.

Stalin permits himself to be hailed as the " leader of genius " who will bring about revolution in " *all* countries throughout the world."

It is a tacit declaration of war.

In Liberty for January 19 concrete proof *from Communist sources* was given, showing how the Reds, Moscow-directed, attack American industry.

It was shown, moreover, that every Communist Party member in the United States is a subject of and obedient to Moscow.

It has been shown here that Moscow now contemplates—as a part of an accelerated world revolutionary effort—broader activity here, taking the form of an attack upon the nation itself.

MEANWHILE the offensive in the industrial field continues. The public should have knowledge of the forms which this takes.

These are:

1. Agitations, strikes, demonstrations, and riots through the militant Red unions, the " industrial " unions, nearly thirty in number, each affiliated with the Red International of Labor Unions.
2. All Party members ordered to join standard American trade-unions, to work within them secretly.
3. Among the independent unions, a primary objective is to bring about " amalgamations " in industrial groups and geographic areas—Communists to hold the key positions in each new group; and these to be merged finally into an " Independent Federation of Labor," Communist-controlled.
4. An attempt to spread dissent within the American Federation of Labor, discredit elected leaders, oust it where possible; to instigate strikes in defiance of contracts, introduce sabotage and terrorism into labor disputes, block settlements. In short, to fight at every turn against the sound traditional principles of American trade-unionism.

" Rank-and-file " agitation has become a standard form of Communist operation within labor unions. Without question, many loyal trade-unionists—who are good citizens and have no intention of playing into the hands of revolutionists—have been militant in " rank-and-file " organizations in recent months. So secretly and cautiously do the Reds operate that these men do not know—would deny vehemently and in good faith—that they are playing revolution's game.

It may therefore be worth noting here that the Communist Party records carefully—and sometimes openly in certain publications — its progress in setting up " rank-and-file " groups. The very phrase itself has become as Red, almost, as " Onward to world revolution."

The American Federation of Labor has been the strongest opponent of Communism in America. Sometimes—so great has been public indifference—it has seemed as if the A. F. of L. was the only militant opponent. Again and again we have met Red attacks with education and with action. We are meeting this newest challenge.

DURING October there was being distributed among four million A. F. of L. members a decision of the Executive Council, as voiced by our president, William Green, from which excerpts follow:

> It is the officially declared purpose of the Russian Third International to gain control of the American Federation of Labor as the primary requisite of world revolution.
>
> While the Communist members who make up the " cells " of local organizations are few in number, yet they are adroit and skilled in Communistic propaganda, in that while they condemn and denounce the organized-labor movement and its leaders, yet they avoid going so far as to make it clear that they are Communists and engaged in furthering Communistic propaganda.
>
> The American Federation of Labor seeks to increase wages, improve conditions of employment, and raise standards of life and living in the United States to a higher level. It seeks to do this through organized efforts, mediation, collective bargaining, and through resort to strike when necessary.
>
> Communism is organized for the purpose of promoting political revolution. It sees in every strike an opportunity to overthrow the existing order, to promote revolution, to destroy capitalism and establish sovietism.
>
> There can be no harmony and coöperation between Communism and trade-unionism. The time has arrived for drastic definite action.
>
> Therefore the purpose of this special communication is to call upon all affiliated organizations . . . to ferret out all Communistic members, all Communistic " cells," and to expel all such members or groups.

It is equally true to say that there can be no harmony or coöperation between Communism and American citizenship.

We need on a national scale some such policy as this—a determination to ferret out and bring into the light all the dark plans and programs and activities of these enemies who work in tireless secrecy for the violent overthrow of our nation.

The Reds say it will take time to perfect an organization capable of seizing—and then ruling, through a ruthless minority dictatorship—the United States of America. We have been giving them time as well as full freedom to build their Red Juggernaut with which to crush us and subject us to the planned Moscow superstate.

The time has come for drastic, definite action. We have been somnolent too long.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—At Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755.

2—Mostly from Hungary and Australia.

3—Kaien Island.

4—In the Bible. See Job 32: 9.

5—In England. The tax was abolished in 1851.

6—Seventy-five acres.

7—Official.

8—York. It was named by General Simcoe, who in 1794 founded the city and made it the capital of Upper Canada.

9—Less than one dime.

10—In Damascus, Syria.

11—A birthday ode.

12—Andrew Bonar Law, born in New Brunswick, 1858.

13—Napoleon Achille Murat, Prince of the Two Sicilies, son of Joachim Murat, former King of Naples. Born in Paris, 1801, he married a grandniece of George Washington in 1826 and died at Wasceissa, Florida, in 1847.

14—In the Middle Ages in most Christian countries. Many European countries changed it to January 1 in the sixteenth century.

15—The aneroid barometer.

16—A province in the island of Kiusuhu, Japan.

17—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

18—Sir John Suckling.

19—Singhalese.

20—Be Prepared.

The Two Blind Women of Arcon

IN a "wee hoose" in the rugged Highlands of Scotland Helen Keller, the deaf and blind genius, is exchanging rôles with her great teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy.

It is now "Teacher," old, tired, ill, and blind, who is being helped and taught and loved by her own beloved pupil, who is fourteen years her junior.

With them is a third who for almost twenty years has been their inseparable companion—Polly Thompson, Secretary Extraordinary. They call themselves "the Three Buccaneers."

A year and a half ago it was decided to leave their little house on Long Island and seek peace and quiet in the mountains and glens of northern Scotland.

There was tragedy to meet head on. "Teacher" was going blind: "Teacher," who for almost fifty years had led by the hand the deaf, blind, and originally speechless Helen.

It was Polly Thompson who chose the hidden farmhouse a dozen miles north of Inverness. Here it was now Helen's turn to be teacher and leader.

Hours on end she sits in the warm sunshine and, holding Teacher's hand, talks to her. Again she brings out her books in Braille and reads to the one who for so many years read to her.

Despite everything there is much laughter in the little house. Here are three people endowed with that most precious of all gifts—an unfailing sense of humor. It makes a visit to this home something to be remembered all your life.

The morning that I arrived in Inverness from London I had thought that possibly Polly alone might meet me. But there on the platform were the three of them. Even Teacher was determined to make the motor trip from the farmhouse, and Helen was as happy as a girl home from school. We had a long and joyous breakfast at the station hotel and then we started off over the moors.

It was June. Helen would clap her hands and beaming with happiness would say, "The golden gorse—it is beautiful." Her keen nostrils caught the delicate scent of the Highland flowering bush even before my eyes could find the spot.

"It is so beautiful here in the hills," she would say slowly, but in words you could clearly understand. "Oh, the mountain broom!"—and she would breathe deeply of the strange fragrance.

Now and again Polly would tap out in her hands bits of description of the distant snow-clad mountains or of the near-by rolling hills along the Scottish lakes. Helen's face would light up. Hers was a poet's world. No world of reality could be half so beautiful.

"Teacher," Mr. Hunt, and Helen Keller at the house in Scotland.

How Helen Keller and Her Famous Teacher Have Strangely Reversed Their Roles

by FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

It was almost two in the afternoon when we drove through the little village of South Arcon, in the Muir of Ord, then down a country lane, across a tiny creek, and then up a winding hill, and stopped in front of a century-old two-story stone farmhouse.

NO house in all the world is comparable to this simple home. I am prouder to have been a guest there than to have lunched at the White House, or dined with the Prince of Wales, or sat at the feet of Gandhi.

Polly rustled a high tea, and one of the two little Scotch maids brought out sheepskins and we laid them on the grass and stretched out in the sun.

After a long silence Teacher said: "None of us can ever think of living in a flat country again after these lovely mountains."

Polly translated it to Helen's palm, and Helen nodded. "These hills are so restful," she pronounced slowly.

Two blind women so conscious of the beautiful hills and mountains that they had never seen!

After tea Helen and I went for a walk. Polly had had a rope stretched for some two hundred yards along a winding country lane. With one hand on the rope Helen could make good speed. For an hour each morning and evening she walked there.

I took her arm and every few score of feet we would stop and I would take her free hand and place it on my face. Her second finger would rest just below my nostrils; her first and third fingers at the corners of my lips, and her thumb and small finger on the larynx. I would form my words carefully and distinctly and Helen would answer eagerly.

In a short time it was no more difficult to carry on a conversation with her than, say, with one who is slightly hard of hearing.

To her all nature is beautiful and kindly. But not to Teacher. I recall Teacher saying: "This worship of Nature is foolish beyond words. Where Nature does one good thing it does a thousand cruel things."

To Helen the ratio was exactly the opposite. But Teacher, genius though she is, is an Irish realist, while Helen is an irreconcilable poet and humanist. Altogether, there are few close companions whose theories and ideas are farther apart than Helen Keller's and Teacher's.

It is sad to know that some day this great woman, Anne Sullivan Macy, must go the way of all flesh. It will be a lonely and broken Helen she will leave behind. To Helen, Teacher has meant life itself. She feels deeply that the world has paid her far too much honor, while it has neglected her other half, Teacher. And in the long Scottish twilight, when even in the summer the sweet smell of the peat block rises from the little open fireplace, she will speak of this woman she loves with tears welling in her sightless eyes. . . .

"We've all been invited to go to Japan," Teacher told me with all the enthusiasm of youth. "I'm sure we could do a great deal of good there toward breaking down much of the present misunderstanding that exists between the two countries. We'd be a Helen Keller Peace Mission. We're coming back to New York early this fall, and then we could start to the Far East. Don't you think we should try it?"

"My dear Teacher," I said, "there is nothing in the world that you two cannot do—if you want to do it badly enough. You have proved that a hundred times."

And I believe that as much as I believe in the eternal miracle of night following day.

THE END

Vox

THE BOOTLEGGER IS STILL WITH US

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Former Governor Alfred E. Smith's analysis of the liquor industry of today in One Year of Repeal—Has It Worked? (December 8 Liberty) reflected the situation admirably. That personal liberty has been restored to our countrymen is an established fact; but we must all put our shoulders to the wheel to develop a public consciousness of the importance of drinking moderately, and the fact that liquor is not a luxury.

To obtain a quality drink it is no longer necessary to indulge in the luxury of buying imported whiskies, gins, wines, and cordials. American liquors are good and the consumption of American products will promote the welfare of the American farmer, manufacturer, and supplier.

The elimination of the bootlegger will come only when Congress and the legislatures of the various states realize the necessity of reducing the present high taxes. For instance: the federal and state tax on a case of quart-size bottles of 100-proof whisky totals nine dollars in New Jersey and New York; in Indiana it is eighteen dollars per case. The bootlegger, who does not pay these taxes and large license fees, is still able to thrive.

Enforcement against the bootlegger and lower taxes will provide increased revenues for federal and state governments, encourage the production of better products, reduce prices to the consumer, and destroy the bootlegging industry.—*Samuel Ungerleider, President Distillers and Brewers Corporation of America.*

MUD ON THEIR TAILS

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—Referring to that Vox Popper in November 10 Liberty who had a scheme for making money from the government by not raising hogs:

We tried to raise hogs on Texas black lands, and the mud balled up on their tails until it pulled the skin from their eyes and they died for want of sleep. My claim for not raising hogs has not been acted upon yet.—*C. A. R.*

17,000 EMPTIES

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I heartily agree with F. Scott McBride's article in December 15 Liberty, Repeal Is Already a Failure. After a big football game here last fall the local press carried a story that 17,000 empty whisky bottles were removed from the stadium.—*Samuel C. Todd.*

PORTLAND, ORE. — F. Scott McBride backs up his argument that Repeal Is Already a Failure by claiming the church bodies denounce it. In a South Carolina town recently I asked a native if liquor could be bought there. "Can liquor be bought here?" he repeated. "See that church over there? That's the only place you can't buy it."—*Elton W. Lillie.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA. — Mr. McBride stated, "In Jackson, Mississippi, arrests for drunkenness show a 70-per-cent increase for the first six months of 1934 compared with the first six months of 1933." But Mississippi, along with Alabama, has never had repeal; so why talk of their drunkards? — *Daniel Thomas.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I was a deputy sheriff attached to the Bay County jail, Michigan, during 1932, and of the 200 prisoners there 98 per cent were serving time as prohibition violators. Yet every one of them was as good a citizen as F. Scott McBride, whose organization helped put them there. Why should Liberty waste precious space on such nonsense of bigotry and deceit?—*C. Poulaki.*

JON OF FINLAND

ATLANTA, GA.—

The Finn's a funny fellow.
Though living far away,
He don't know any better
Than to come across and pay.
We hardly know your country;
We don't know what's its plan;
But we hail you, Jon of Finland,
Square-shooting, honest man!
—*C. A. Alexander.*

HE MIGHT WRITE A BOOK

SAN MARINO, CALIF. — That letter from One of the Snowshoers of Ottawa, Ontario, in December 29 Vox Pop, threatening to write a book on the ignorance of Americans concerning Canadian life, gave me a severe pain in the neck.

I might write a book on the ignorance of Canadians concerning American life. Hundreds of thousands of Americans have crossed the border and traveled from one coast of the Dominion to the other. They know as much about Canadian life as does the dyed-in-the-wool Canadian.—*Clarence M. Fink.*

THAT FARLEY EDITORIAL

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—I have very much enjoyed Bernarr Macfadden's editorials; but the one in December 15 Liberty, The Post Office Department Now a Profitable Business, indicates that Postmaster-General Farley put one over. As the whole country now knows, that supposed profit of $12,000,000 which Farley claimed was actually a deficit of $52,000,000.—*Harvey F. Smith, Attorney at Law.*

DEMING, N. M.—Even if Farley's reported profit in the Post Office Department had been true, he could not have claimed the credit for it. This rightfully would have gone to some civil-service man who has had years of experience in post-office work.—*H. Louis Boggs.*

ROSEBUD, MO.—B. M.'s eulogy of Big Jim Farley provoked the first hearty chuckle many Missouri Republicans have enjoyed since Santa Claus stacked the cards against them last November. We cannot rid ourselves of a suspicion that Mr. Macfadden wrote the editorial with his tongue in his cheek.—*Owell Hohum.*

SARGENT, NEB.—I should like to know the real truth concerning the savings—if any—which Farley netted in the Post Office Department.—*Harold I. Perrin.*

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.—Jim Farley's figures were good examples of how the taxpayers are being hoodwinked by politicians.—*E. E. Magee.*

HONOR ROLL FOR THESE

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—If man's best animal friend, the dog, has instincts, thoughts, and impulses, Sewell Peaslee Wright certainly translated them interestingly, understandingly, and accurately in Family Tradition (December 29 Liberty).

This story did honor to the best of magazines.—*Earl B. Searcy, State Senator, Forty-fifth District.*

LAKE VILLAGE, ARK.—Sewell Peaslee Wright's Family Tradition reflected credit on both the author and the editor who chose it for Liberty.—*W. T. Person.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on Rebellion in Crestwood, by Taylor Bynum (December 22 Liberty). It was one of the best stories you've ever published.—*Marion B.*

STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN

DANVILLE, VA.—The Rev. C. C. Crawford of the Metropolitan Christian Church, St. Louis, wrote in December 29 Vox Pop challenging the reputed statement of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, New York pastor, that he would not lend moral or physical support to any kind of war.

I question the possibility of Dr. Fosdick's refusal to aid his country in the event of another war. Doubtless he and the rest of the D.D.s would do as they did in the last war—start preaching the cream of the nation's young men into battle and telling them that if they died fighting, their souls would go straight to heaven.—*S. D. Rickman, Accountant and Auditor.*

ARAB WOULD SPIT FOR A WEEK

GRIMSHAW, ALTA.—Hell Riders, by W. J. Blackledge (beginning in November 17 Liberty), was especially interesting to me, since I spent three years with armored car patrols on the Irak desert. But when Blackledge said he was able to see two golden domes outside the North Gate at Bagdad, he was mistaken. The North Gate is on the left bank of the Tigris, which flows through the city, while the golden domes are on the right bank and several miles upstream from the North Gate.

Again Blackledge spoke of a pigskin in which to hang the Ameer. Where did they get the pig? An Arab would spit for a week if he even saw pork. We convoyed a supply train to Ramadi once, and Arabs ambuscaded us from the sand hills. Their bullets smashed the engine of a truck loaded with bacon

Pop

and we had to leave it behind. We confidently expected when we returned for the truck to find it looted; but the lid of only one case had been ripped open. When the Arabs saw it contained bacon, they wouldn't touch it. They're probably still spitting from remembrance of their contact with the despised pork. —*J. McKie.*

CAN BEVERLY BE RIGHT?

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—Kirby Brooks in December 22 Vox Pop corrects Beverly Hills about the projection speed of film. Mr. Brooks also is mistaken. The correct projection speed is ninety feet per minute.—*A Dakota Projectionist.*

SHARING GUILT

READING, PA. — When a citizen has knowledge of a crime and does not report it to the police he is considered as aiding and abetting and therefore is punishable by law. By the same token, a worker who knows that his employer is violating the NRA code and does not report it is guilty of practically the same offense.—*Richard S. Allebach.*

MORE ABOUT RED FLANNELS AND SILK UNDIES

OAK PARK, ILL.—Hail to Mrs. Lydia Reynolds, who in December 22 Vox Pop wrote that silk underwear would weaken her moral restraint. She also said that silk underwear was "one of the very evils undermining all moral fiber today."

I agree that such garments would have been dangerous to the morals of a woman of the last generation. But we of the present generation have a stronger sense of morals. — *Ruth M. Zimmerman.*

KEARNY, N. J.—Red flannels were all right for grandma when she was a girl, because they were cheaper than silk undies. But silk is cheaper than flannel now, so why should a modern girl waste her hard-earned money just to please somebody like Mrs. Reynolds, who hasn't kept pace with time?

Better leave red flannels to firemen and ball players, who have real use for them.—*J. W. Morgan.*

OMAHA, NEB. — There are many old "strait-lacers" like Mrs. Lydia Reynolds who hate to see the younger generation enjoy itself.—*Gladys H.*

VISTA, CALIF.—It takes all kinds of people to make up the world; but I, for one, hope times will never get too tough to prevent us from buying pink panties for our wives, daughters, and sweethearts.—*Raymond W. Strawn.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Off with the "longies," on with the "scanties," and nuts to Mrs. Lydia Reynolds! She ought to put on her old gray bustle and go up to Alaska, where red flannels are still in style.—*M. E. B.*

[Other Vox Poppers who wrote in answer to Mrs. Reynolds's letter included: Dolores McKaye, Kenmore, N. Y.; John E. Hinant, Gas City, Ind.; Ellis Mathson, New York, N. Y.; Leora B. Shaw, Groton, N. Y.; An Indignant Young Female, Chokio, Minn.; Eda Mereen Meader, Randolph, Me.; Angie Clegg, Birmingham, Ala.; Harold Lemley, Huntington, W. Va.; Billie Birn Baum, Chicago, Ill.; Gerald W. Creele, Baltimore, Md.; William Wieser, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. B. V. D., Dallas, Tex.; Thomas P. Rogers, Sheboygan, Wis.; R. W. Hahn, San Diego, Calif.; Lloyd Tyson, Coldwater, Mich.; Amused, Woodstock, Vt.; A Subscriber, Denver, Colo.; Hester Stuart, Waynoka, Okla.; Bette Brounly, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. A. F. A. S., Lebanon, Pa.; and Edna Lynch, Reno, Nev. That ought to hold her.]

"DEAR, PRICELESS ELSIE—"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am a bit late, but here are some opinions I compiled on Elsie Robinson's Is This the American Girl? in November 3 Liberty:

From a socially prominent girl of twenty-one, as modern as next week's newspaper: "Poor Elsie was trying to act as a bleacher coach at a game she doesn't fully understand."

My elder sister, twenty-two, and also active socially: "Would you hire a guide to show you Europe if he had not been there for thirty years or more?"

My kid sister, a nineteen-year-old collegian, popular to an amazing extent and not exactly a Camp Fire Girl: "Dear, priceless Elsie Robinson! Still walking around to save burial trouble and expense."

My own comment: Miss Robinson overlooked the fact that the male population has a grapevine system that furnishes accurate information on any and all girls, so that the old "grease" they try on the lads can be detected inside of five minutes from scratch.

The above gals are expert cooks and would make swell fraus any day.—*Steve S. Green.*

A REVELATION OF HUMAN UNSELFISHNESS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Love," writes a woman in Liberty, "is a beautiful sweetness and sunshine." Exactly. That's why we bachelors refrain from marrying one woman and make love to many of them. We want to scatter the sweetness and sunshine.

A bachelor is a small island of independence surrounded by hostile and tricky powers, including mercenary flappers, marriage-lust spinsters, man-crazy widows, and treasonous married men.—*The Bachelors' Generalissimo.*

WHOSE OX?

BOSTON, MASS.—In the second installment of The Amazing Career of Father Coughlin (December 22 Liberty) Edward Doherty recalls an attack made by the radio priest on Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President in 1932, and states that Thomas was refused an opportunity to answer over the air. Also it was said that Father Coughlin was told to tone down his sermon on the Treaty of Versailles, and asked his listeners to help fight for free speech.

Holding briefs for neither Father Coughlin nor Mr. Thomas, I ask if free speech is then an issue that comes to the fore only when a certain ox is being gored?—*W. I. Harrison.*

PEEWEES?

TRENTON, N. J.—I suppose this will raise a yell from the navy, but when I was in Philadelphia a few weeks ago the town was crammed with sailors and, believe it or not, they were all peewees. Such a bunch of tiny little sawed-off hammered-down men I never saw.

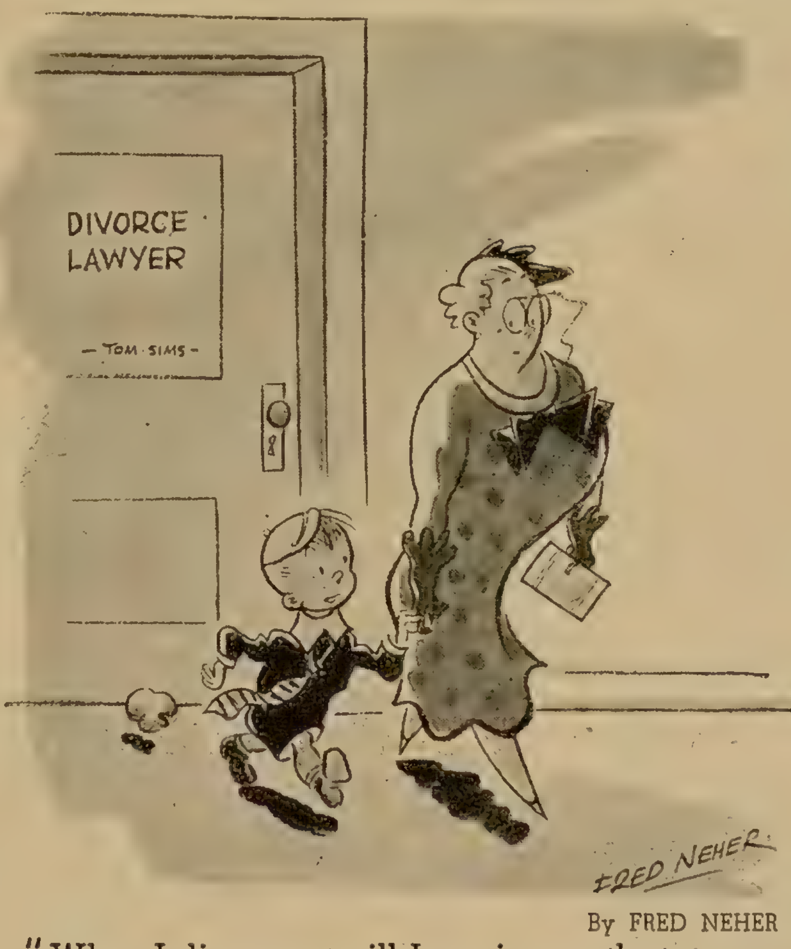
What in the world has happened to the navy? Ten or twelve years ago I believe its sailors were much bigger. Has the salt air shrunk them? Even the officers have hardly an edge on the rest.

Something drastic must have caused this catastrophe, and it's a shame, because a girl admires big men, especially when they wear a uniform. Yours for a bigger and more handsome and swellelegant navy.—*Faye Morgan.*

WHY RETURN?

TORONTO, ONT.—My great respect and esteem for Liberty dwindled after I read Why Liberty Opposes the Sinclair Program, in the November 17 issue. It seemed incredible that a magazine in which is published so much otherwise excellent reading could take such a stand when we are all suffering so severely from what is called "sound business principles and open competition."

Why not let us have coöperation, for a change, instead of competition? When one thing has failed, why return to it? Why not try something else? —*Merv.*



By FRED NEHER

"When I die, mom, will I go six months to one place and six months to the other?"

TO THE LADIES!

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe, and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOUR bath cap is a vegetable. That doesn't mean you can eat it. The point is, your bath cap and all your rubber garments must be attended to, or they'll spoil like any other vegetables, because rubber is a vegetable product. Don't leave 'em lying around wet. Dry them off and dust them with talc.

I get this from George Kleinert Guinzburg, rubber style specialist, whose father and grandfather were rubber men before him.

"The rubber fabric turned out every year by our firm alone," said Mr. Guinzburg, "would make an inch-wide ribbon long enough to wrap three times around the world with three thousand yards left over to tie a pretty bow."

I marvel at the development of modern rubber goods. Rubber fabrics *five one-thousandths* of an inch thin. . . . Rubber that looks almost exactly like knitted wool. . . . Rubber flowers. . . . Rubber imitating satin. . . . Rubber wonderfully disguised as peasant linen.

Ear muffs (of all things!) started the rubber-fabric business on its way to these new triumphs. George Guinzburg's Grandfather Kleinert began making rubber fabric just to line ear muffs for extra warmth. In those days the rubber workers were not so keyed up by science. Grandpa Kleinert used to stop work every morning at eleven and have pails of beer carried into the factory on poles—beer for all hands!

Advertising the first rubber baby pants gave grandpa a good deal of trouble. New England puritans were shocked. Jokers still kid the rubber people about their baby pants.

GEORGE KLEINERT GUINZBURG

NEWSPAPERS recently reported the case of some one who got scared when informed that the basement was on fire—and jumped from a sixth-floor window, with fatal consequences. Talk of this led to an exchange of confessions among friends of mine. How much can any of us really depend upon our level-headedness? One time a fire broke out in my kitchen. I ran away and *locked the door behind me*, as though I could lock the fire in like a burglar! A gentleman of well known *sang-froid* in business affairs confessed that he once scampered from his burning home with a mirror clasped under one arm and a pair of Indian clubs hugged under the other arm. Sheer panic!

GIRLS with plain names often wish they had fancy names. Boys with fancy names wish their names were plainer.

I have been conducting a private investigation—asking people how they like their names—and lots of them don't. Although plain, old-fashioned names for girls are fashionable now, most of the Emmas, Janes, and Sarahs tell me they would rather be Patricias, Muriels, or Vivians. Among men I find the Elliots, the Wilburs, and the Emersons inwardly grumbling because they are not Henrys, Johns, or Williams. I found no William yearning to be a Wilbur—no Dolores aching to be a Dot.

On this subject the veteran theatrical producer, Winthrop (I wonder how *he* likes *his* name!) Ames has edited an excellent book called What Shall We Name the Baby? (Published by Simon & Schuster.) It gives you 2,500 names to choose from.

TIP to unemployed statisticians:

Social research could do with a survey of the reasons why engagements are broken off. Of course the girl nearly always is given the privilege of dictating the formal break, but is she genuinely the mind-changer—or is she jockeyed into it, and if so, why?

We might start the research right here on this page. All you readers have seen engagements broken among your young friends. You know why they were broken. Without mentioning names, let's compare the cases. Write to me about them.

AMERICAN advertising men should pay special tribute, I think, to the memory of old Eric the Red. Eric was the father of Leif Ericson who sailed over here from Greenland long before Columbus showed up. But that isn't the special reason why our publicity brotherhood ought to honor Eric. He seems to have been the founder of their profession. He discovered Greenland. It wasn't green—*you* wouldn't call it green. It was frozen white in winter; in summer bare and brown. Yet Eric wanted settlers to follow him there, so *he* called it green. He named it *Green*land. He knew people would go there more eagerly if they thought of the place as a lush green land. And they did. Eric seems to have been the first man who proved the efficiency of attractive advertising slogans.

TRY this *pineapple rarebit with sausage cakes* as a snack after late bridge or the theater. Here's how:

Use 1 pineapple ring per portion. Drain well. Cover each ring with a thin slice American cheese. Use equal number sausage cakes—same size as pineapple. While sausage cakes fry, lay pineapple and cheese in buttered dish and pop into oven until cheese gets thoroughly brown. Drain sausage on paper. Serve your pineapple rarebits and sausage cakes (both sprinkled with paprika) side by side on very hot plates.

Rawlins Remembers

Here Is the Rest of the Mystery Story Which Began on Page 32, and a Check-List to Test Your Powers of Observation and Memory

CLYDE RAWLINS arrived at local police headquarters just as the chief was leaving, but he turned back and greeted Rawlins cordially. The chief was very proud of his acquaintance with this celebrated artist whom he had met during the Stanhope case.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Rawlins? Not another murder, I hope?"

"Professor Landstone and I have some very important information to give you."

Going into separate rooms, at Rawlins's suggestion, the artist and Professor Landstone dictated individual accounts of what Nina had told them. Afterward the two men checked their scores. The artist made a score of seventy-eight per cent completeness.

"The highest score any of my students ever made was seventy-two per cent," said the professor; "and the fellow who made that was a reporter."

Rawlins's account was ninety-three per cent accurate, a very high rating, but not the highest attainable, by any means. Rawlins admitted that he sacrificed accuracy on points he considered unimportant to completeness of detail necessary to solve a case. Professor Landstone, true to academic tradition, reversed matters—his account was relatively more accurate than complete. Landstone reported only forty-two per cent of what Nina had told, but in his entire report he did not make a single error. Both men, of course, were experts at observation in their respective lines and all their scores were extraordinarily high.

With only two patrolmen on duty, the chief was obliged to send out an emergency call for reserve officers before starting to raid the suspected roadhouse. While waiting he discussed the case eagerly with Rawlins.

"If I were you," said Rawlins, "I would telephone the New York police commissioner immediately."

"I don't get you, Mr. Rawlins," said the chief in a puzzled tone. "It would take more than an hour to get men here from New York—"

"Why should you want policemen from New York?" Rawlins in his turn was puzzled. "I had in mind to intercept— But wait a minute! What is *your* theory of this case? Perhaps we're talking at cross-purposes."

"There can't be but one theory about this case," rasped the local chief, his New England twang grating decisively on Rawlins's ear. "But I'll summarize it if you want. In the first place, anybody that knows anything about kidnaping must see that this is an inside job. There was no ladder marks or footprints under the kid's window, though the ground there had been freshly spaded and was soft as mud. There's only two doors out of Rosa's room, one into the room where her mother was sleeping and one into the room where Nina was supposed to be in bed. There ain't a motive in the world for Mrs. Corbarelli to kidnap her own child. So Nina musta done it."

"You missed one point," interrupted Rawlins, "but it just goes to back up your conclusion. The child didn't yell or cry when she was picked up in the middle of the night and carried off. Of course she might have been rendered unconscious in some way, but the chances of her waking up before a stranger could get near her are very high. On the other hand, she's probably quite accustomed to being taken up by her mother or sister at night."

"Sure. Now, assuming you are right, Mr. Rawlins, in your idea that this Nina gal told you the truth about everything as far as she went. Nina told you she went to bed at 10 P. M. All right. Mama comes into Nina's room at ten thirty, and Nina plays like she's asleep. Then, say around midnight, Nina gets up and puts her clothes on again."

"I agree with you so far," grinned Rawlins. "Nina admitted that she had done that very same stunt the night before, when she went out to the roadhouse with her boy friend."

"I told you there is only one possible theory. Well, the gal grabs up little Rosa and sneaks out to meet this Jack—"

"Wait a minute!" Rawlins held up one huge hand in amazement. "Nina didn't see Jack at all last night—"

"You're pulling some gag on me, Mr. Rawlins," complained the local police head. "Lemme finish, will you? Nina wants to dance, she wants clothes, she wants a car. Her mother won't give 'em to her. Everybody knows Mrs. Corbarelli is tighter than the paper on the wall. Nina's sore about it, so she gets up this plan with some New York crook she met last winter. Nina probably thought he was just a nice lad who was willing to help a poor little rich gal fleece her mother. Anyway, Nina plans to leave the kid with Jack while she works on her mother to pay the ransom money. The two of 'em write a note at the roadhouse on paper pinched from your studio—"

"You're right on that point, anyhow," interjected Rawlins. "Jack wrote the letter demanding ransom, the paper undoubtedly came from my place, and you'll probably find the typewriter in Jack's room at the roadhouse."

"I'll find both Nina and Rosa there too," asserted the police chief. "Jack called Nina at your place today, Mr. Rawlins, and she beat it out, hotfoot, to meet him. When he got her to the roadhouse, he locked her up. He and his gang will try to collect another ransom from Mrs. Corbarelli for Nina—you see if they don't."

"May I use your phone?" asked Rawlins, who had been getting nervous as the chief talked.

"Why, of course, Mr. Rawlins."

"New York police commissioner's office, emergency!" snapped Rawlins. "Commissioner Bolton? A five-year-old child has been kidnaped. I'm speaking from the office of Chief Truston of the Darien, Connecticut, police. Can you please arrange to watch all liners sailing for Italy today or tomorrow—"

RAWLINS talked on for several minutes. Then he hung up and turned around to face a gaping police chief.

"I know you're smart as the devil, Mr. Rawlins," said the local police official. "But, honest, I think you're cuckoo this time!"

Rawlins lighted a cigarette. He said:

"Listen. Nina Corbarelli is a young minx, a stubborn very excitable young girl determined to have her own way. But she is loving, too. She adores her younger sister Rosa. Never in this world would she place Rosa in the hands of a man whose real name she admits she doesn't know. Nina might risk herself in Jack's company, trusting her own feminine powers to keep her out of danger. But she would not—*could* not psychologically —leave little Rosa in custody of a stranger."

"I don't get you," objected the police chief. "You ain't consistent. You agree that Nina and this guy Jack wrote the kidnaper's letter, and that Nina must have carried the kid out of the house—"

"To her father, Salvatore Corbarelli," snapped Rawlins. "Corbarelli is the one who hatched the whole plot for kidnaping Rosa. He adores both his girls, especially Rosa because she's still a bambina. When his wife separated from him he begged and pleaded for custody of one child at least. But Mrs. Corbarelli was adamant. She is strait-laced, conventional, and intensely jealous of her husband's women friends. She convinced herself and the court that Salvatore was utterly bad and immoral and she obtained custody of both girls. But you'll find that

Corbarelli kept in touch with Nina when he was supposed to have gone to Italy. Nina told him her troubles. He promised her all the money she wanted for gorgeous clothes and half a dozen cars if she would help him get Rosa. Nina saw no harm in that—in fact she probably thought little Rosa would be happier with their pleasure-loving father in sunny Italy. I'm rather sorry myself that we had to ask the New York authorities to intercept them at the dock—"

The telephone rang sharply. The chief's face broke into an expression of incredulous amazement as he listened. He hung up the receiver as though in a daze.

"You were right again, Mr. Rawlins," he muttered. "Corbarelli and a little girl—no doubt Rosa—sailed on the Conte di Savaroni, which went out of New York harbor on the early morning tide. She cleared American waters two hours ago. There's no way of stopping Corbarelli now without a lot of legal red tape. He's under the Italian flag."

"Good!" cried Rawlins more cheerfully. "Everything's clear, then, to bring Nina back home. Her mother never need know Nina's part in Rosa's disappearance. Enough for Mrs. Corbarelli to learn that the child is safe with her father—destination unknown. You see, Nina must have consulted this Jack person about writing a proper kidnap note in order to frighten Mrs. Corbarelli and give the father time to get away with Rosa. Nina admitted to me that she didn't want to tell any one outside the family about Rosa's disappearance, but her mother insisted that I be called into it. I half suspected the true situation from the very first and was reluctant to mix up in the affair. But when Mrs. Corbarelli called Nina on the phone at my studio—"

"Say, Mr. Rawlins, you're wrong on that point, anyhow. Didn't you tell me the girl looked at you kind of queerlike and said it wasn't who you thought it was on the phone?"

"Right. We had just been talking about Jack's taking Nina to the roadhouse. I thought, when the phone rang, that it was Jack, and I started to take the phone away from Nina. She knew what I thought and wanted to reassure me—she's really a good kid. Yet at the same time she wouldn't give me the satisfaction of explaining it was her mother. I know Nina. Mrs. Corbarelli was the only one who knew Nina was at my studio."

"Well, don't tell me that this gangster called Jack didn't kidnap Nina!"

"Oh, Jack got her all right—Jack and his gang. He probably waited for Nina in his car near her home. She trusted him enough to drive off with him for a talk. And he took her to his hide-out—I hope it's the roadhouse Nina described. Jack intends to keep Nina for himself, no doubt. But there are two other purposes to be accomplished. Jack got the whole story about Corbarelli's taking Rosa to Italy out of the unsuspecting Nina when she asked him to help her with the note. So Jack's gang plan to send one of their members over to Italy to blackmail Corbarelli. They will threaten to tell his wife where Rosa is unless he pays heavily. The New York mob meanwhile will carry through the fifty-thousand-dollar demand on Mrs. Corbarelli—giving her nothing at the final showdown, but getting away with the money. That's their plan, a three-way racket."

At this moment an officer notified the chief that eight policemen in two fast automobiles were ready to start for the roadhouse. The chief joined the raiding squad at once, and invited Rawlins and Landstone to accompany them. The artist accepted gleefully, but the professor declined; he had to get back to New York, he said.

There was quite a bit of gunplay, and it was Rawlins who finally broke in, with his 275-pound shoulder, the door to a room where Nina lay tied to the bed. When at last the chief had rounded up the whole gang, Rawlins took Nina to one side and forced her to look him straight in the eye.

"Nina," said the artist, "I want you to promise me something."

The girl nodded dumbly, tears running down her lovely cheeks.

"I want you to promise," said Rawlins, "that whenever you feel you've *got* to sneak out at midnight and dance, you will call me up."

Nina giggled, and the salty tears ran into her mouth. She buried her head on the big man's shoulder.

"I p-promise!" she said. "Rawlie, you're a d-darling!"

KEY TO DETECTIVE TEST

1 Mr. Corbarelli, father of Rosa and Nina.
2 Desire to regain custody of Rosa, which the court had refused Corbarelli when granting Mrs. Corbarelli a legal separation.
3 Jack, at Nina's request. The secret signature on the letter proved it had been written by a professional kidnaper.
4 By Nina, through Nina's room.
5 Nina's motive was to get money from her father for clothes and a car.
6 Her mother. She had sent Nina to tell Rawlins, and was the only one who knew Nina was in Rawlins's studio at that time.
7 Jack and his gang.
8 Jack planned to keep Nina for himself.
9 Jack had learned from Nina that her father intended to take Rosa to Italy to live. The gang planned to send one of their members to Italy to blackmail Corbarelli for large sums of money, under threat of telling Mrs. Corbarelli where Rosa was.
10 The gang in New York planned to collect the $50,000 already demanded in the kidnaper's note from Mrs. Corbarelli, on false promises to return Rosa. Jack of course knew the secret signature.

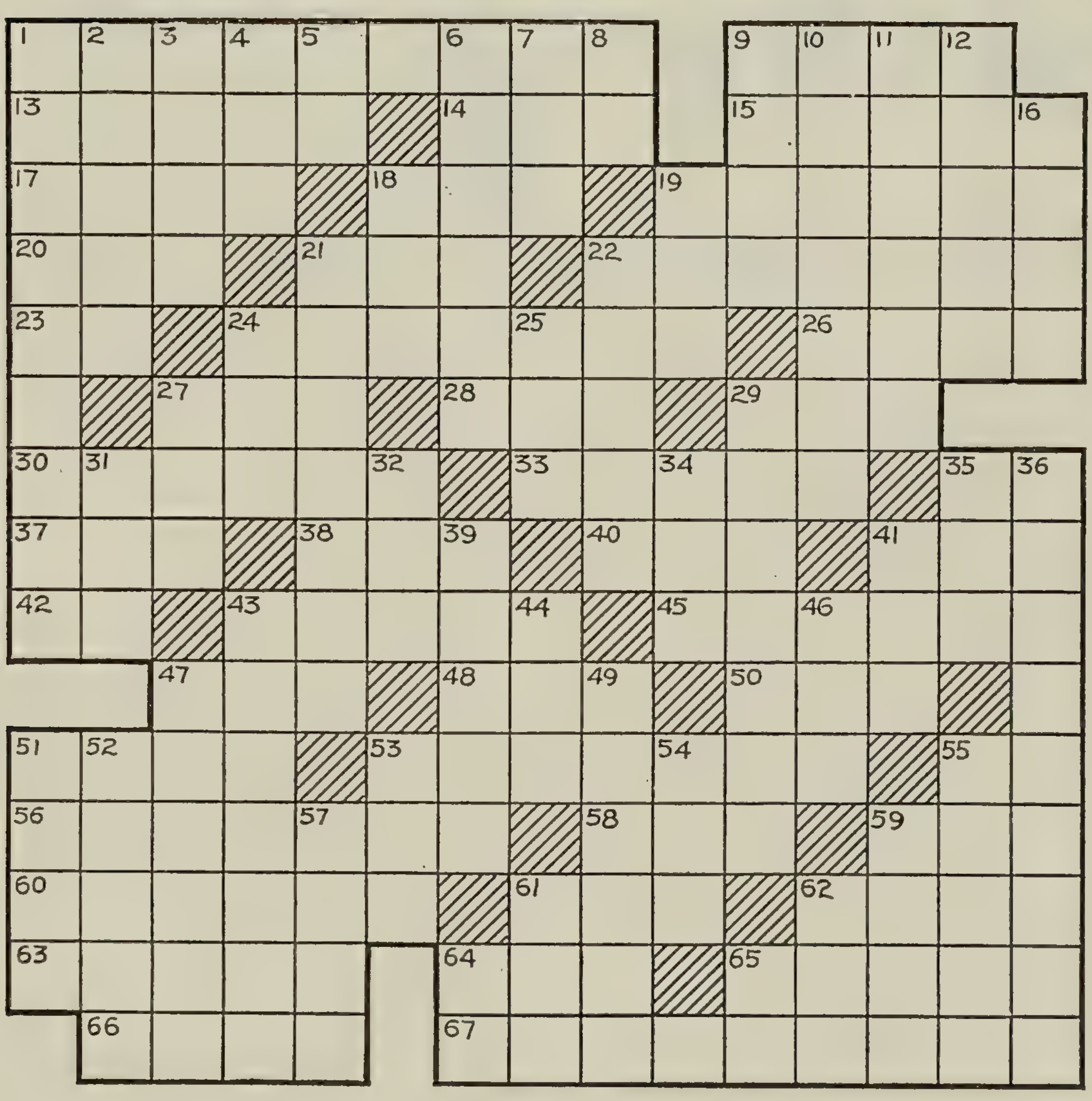
KEY TO AUSSAGE TEST

Description of the letter
1 The note was typewritten.
2 The note was on thick paper.
3 The note was on white paper.
4 The paper was the same sort that Rawlins had.
5 The note said "We have Rosa."
6 "Be ready with $50,000."
7 The money should be in "small bills."
8 The money should be in "unmarked bills."
9 The family should "advertise."
10 They should advertise in the Darien Daily.
11 No one "outside the family" should be told.
12 Warned that family would "never see Rosa again" if they disobeyed.
13 Kidnapers would be known by "this secret signature."
14 The secret signature was $$$*(I)$$$.
Description of Jack
15 He was five feet ten inches tall.
16 He weighed one hundred and fifty-two pounds.
17 His hair was dark.
18 His hair was smooth.
19 His eyes were greenish.
20 He was handsome.
21 Had a firm chin.
22 Had a straight nose.
23 Had a little three-cornered scar.
24 The scar was under his left ear.
Description of the roadhouse
25 It was down the Post Road.
26 About two miles.
27 It was toward Boston.
28 You took a left turn.
29 Then you took the second turn to the right.
30 There was a sign on the roadhouse.
31 It was a big sign.
32 It was partly red.
33 It was partly green.
34 The sign was in electric lights.
35 There was a weighing machine in the roadhouse.
36 It also measured height.

A fair average score for completeness, according to the experience of the writer, who has given many tests of this sort, would be ten items remembered, or a percentage score of twenty-eight per cent. (To translate your point score into percentage score, multiply your total number of items remembered by 2.8.) A fair score for accuracy would be six items out of ten correct, or sixty per cent accuracy. (To determine accuracy score in percentage, divide the total number of wrong items by the total number of correct items remembered.)

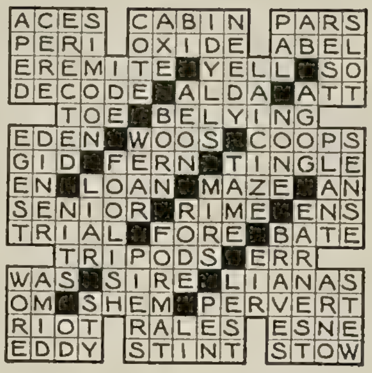
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Large pink things seen by hangover cave men
9 Shoot off the mug
13 To run for the preacher
14 Many a highball is reached for above this
15 Gosh darn; consarn; egad; drat; oh, piffle; and goodness gracious me! or word from a truck driver (plural)
17 This refuses to wait on anybody
18 Bottle carrier
19 What the medieval maiden gave the unsuccessful swain
20 Light-sounding gal's name
21 What false teeth come in
22 She was a scream on the radio
23 This poor fish is all wet
24 Yellow things to avoid
26 Chemical group CH_2NO (3 to 1 you don't get it!)
27 This has a big turnover at the race tracks
28 Cease
29 These are to be taken with downs
30 What no criminal has done to justice for long
33 Phony things Scotch boy friends give their gals for their birthdays
35 Two last letters from Goethals
37 Snortette
38 What a Scotch nut is covered with
40 0
41 Champion pitcher that tosses day or night
42 Note these two squares
43 Ne plus ultras
45 He often mates with a queen
47 Rug preservative
48 Did you ever see him saw a woman in two?
50 A hot time for the French
51 All wet



A	C	E	S		C	A	B	I	N		P	A	R	S
P	E	R	I		O	X	I	D	E		A	B	E	L
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E	D	E	N	■	W	O	O	S	■	C	O	O	P	S
G	I	D	■	F	E	R	N	■	T	I	N	G	L	E
E	N	■	L	O	A	N	■	M	A	Z	E	■	A	N
S	E	N	I	O	R	■	R	I	M	E	■	E	N	S
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W	A	S	■	S	I	R	E	■	L	I	A	N	A	S
O	M	■	S	H	E	M	■	P	E	R	V	E	R	T
R	I	O	T		R	A	L	E	S		E	S	N	E
E	D	D	Y		S	T	I	N	T		S	T	O	W

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 A musical Frenchman
55 Male pronoun
56 Empty-pop-bottle collectors
58 If you're in this you're in the hole
59 This makes old-fashioned necking
60 Peeper
61 Here's a sticker for you
62 The use for this is shortening
63 Whooshish
64 A lot of time
65 "She may be old, untrue, and toothless" said the dentist; "still I love her this!"
66 To go off on a tear
67 What the fast travel in (two words)

VERTICAL

1 This causes damage and loss
2 Something Homer batted out
3 Cold burg
4 What 'Arry never gives up
5 Society of Exhalers (abbr.)
6 All tied up
7 This is as others see us
8 A short highway
9 Miss Oopadoop's first name
10 Whangs
11 These have lots of scents
12 The latht name of the maker of thethe puththelth
16 Coin grabber
18 The other woman
19 Posterity's beginnings
21 A long sentence for a penman
22 The sight of this makes Grammaw darn like mad
24 Blue
25 A breather
27 Something to wear over the weakend
29 Muggiest
31 A Roman natural
32 Woman is a flood of lovellness, ——— her!
34 A sticker
35 A beastly fellow
36 Not too strong in the weak end
39 They believed that one man's Mede was another man's Persian
41 H. Rider Haggard's popular floozy
43 What some people take after solving one of these puzzles
44 A damp choker
46 An eyesore
47 This word should electrify you
49 Knitting together again
51 Gold-brick purchaser; stooge
52 This is all Indian
53 Put an ad to this and you'll get a stinger
54 Central heating system
55 This takes you for a ride
57 This waves at you from swamps
59 Large package from N'Orleans
61 A mess in Hawaii
62 An extra seat in the subway
64 "Come again, pliz?"
65 End of all oafs

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Stop a COLD the First Day!

Drive It Out of Your System —Roots and All!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

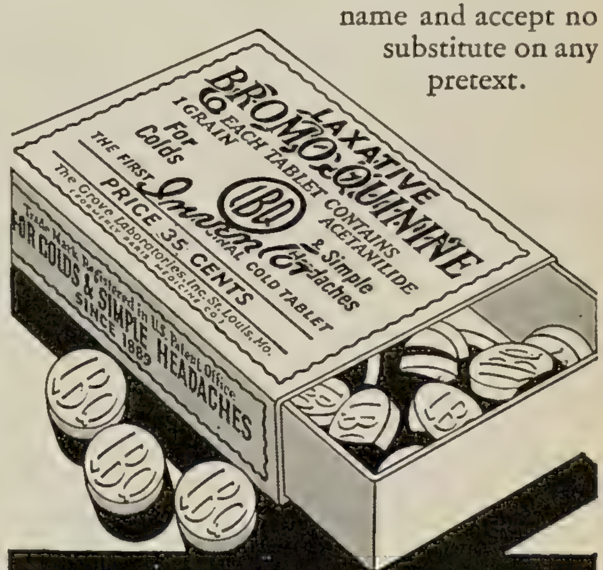
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxatixe Bromo Quinine supplies these four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

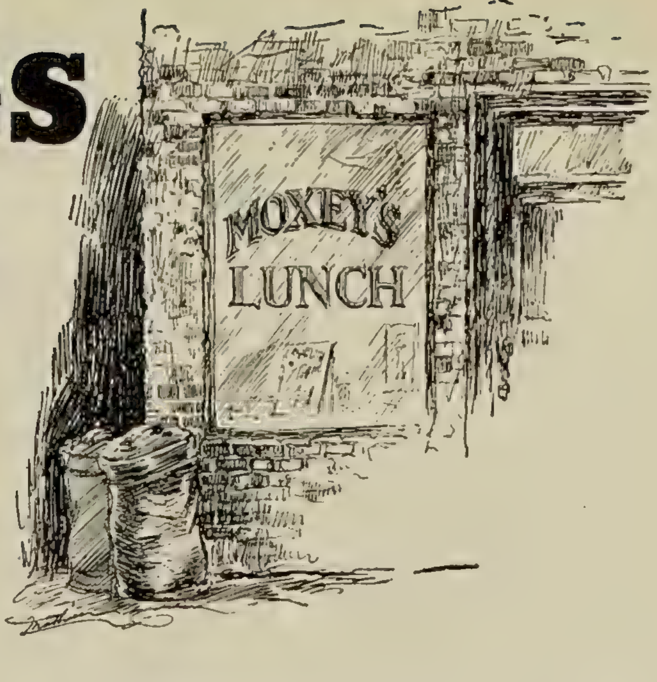
Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist. Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Seven Bottles of Whisky



A Short Short Story

by J. LANE LINKLATER

who began writing in 1927—mystery stories, for which he created the central character of Hugo Oakes. Oakes ran in every issue of one of the mystery-story magazines for two consecutive years. The author's non-mystery stories have appeared in most of the popular publications.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OLD John's daily life was simple. Watty, the night man, woke him up at six in the morning. At seven he was bending over the steaming sink in the kitchen of Moxey's Lunch Room. He stayed there until six in the evening. Shortly thereafter he drew a dollar from Moxey and walked through the alley to Mik's place. He exchanged the dollar for as much of Mik's liquor as he could get. Following that he found additional solace in the generosity of other convivial patrons.

At midnight he would stagger back down the alley. Sometimes he reached the kitchen door, sometimes he would collapse in the alley. In either case he would be found by Watty and gently escorted to his little room.

On this particular night John was drunk as usual. Business was slack. There were a few clients in Mik's place. John was paying attention to only one of them. That was a well dressed young man, blond and good-looking. The young man was Dick Harlock, the son of Richard M. Harlock, newspaper owner.

Old John had known young Dick only a few weeks. They had met first in Mik's place, and they had never met anywhere else. They had conceived a great friendship for each other which flowered most beautifully when they were both drunk.

Along toward midnight old John and young Dick were the only two patrons left in the place. Mik himself was there, of course. Presently he got up and came over to the table at which they were sitting.

"You're drunk," Mik said to John. "Beat it!"

John stared at him and shook his head. He indicated that he wanted to finish the bottle. It was, of course, a stall. He knew what Mik was after. Dick Harlock was a rich young man. He had a lot of money on his person tonight. Mik knew that. And so did John.

Mik reached down and grabbed John by the coat collar and jerked him up. Old John was quite helpless. Mik started dragging him toward the door.

"Stop that!" screamed Dick, and lurched to his feet. Mik turned around to sneer at Dick, but he stopped rather quickly. There was a gun in Dick's hand.

"You—you let John alone," Dick said childishly. "I want John to stay with me. He's my friend, John is."

He was teetering backward and forward. The gun was weaving crazily about in the air. Suddenly Dick sat down again. The gun went off. A peculiar look of bewilderment came over Mik's heavy face and he fell over and lay on the floor.

That was really all that happened. But Dick's father had been so outspoken, editorially, about the city police department that this was going to be a splendid opportunity for Captain of Detectives Masson.

John went back to the table and took the gun away from Dick.

"You go home," he said, "and keep your mouth shut."

Watty, the night man, found John in the alley a half hour later. He was stretched out on the cold ground, apparently dead drunk. In his hand was a revolver.

In the morning old John woke up in the police station.

"Certainly," old John told Captain Masson. "Certainly I killed Mik. I guess I was drunk. Mik wouldn't give me any more hooch, so I killed him."

Captain Masson smiled. He was a shrewd man.

"Yeah?" he said. "But it wasn't your gun."

"My gun? No," admitted John. "It belonged to a young fellow who was in Mik's place. He was drunk, and I stole his gun."

"Do you know who the young fellow was?"

John pondered a little while.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I guess I don't know that. You see, I was drunk too."

Captain Masson went away and left John alone.

"Young Dick Harlock killed Mik," Captain Masson told Sergeant Steffers afterward. "We know he was in Mik's place last night. We traced the gun, and it was Dick's gun. Still, we haven't got a case against him. We've got to get old John to talk."

He refused to book John, in spite of the confession. But he held him as a material witness. That was easy. He was very good to John. He put him in a hotel room; he had him supplied with excellent food.

And every evening for a week he arranged to have delivered to John a bottle of very good whisky. Once a day he called John on the phone and inquired very politely if John were ready to change his story and tell the truth. No, John said each time.

But each succeeding day John's protestations of guilt were getting perceptibly weaker. His voice, usually clear and firm even when drunk, was feeble by the end of the week, and trembled.

Captain Masson was confident. On the eighth day no bottle of whisky went to old John.

ON the morning of the ninth day Captain Masson took Steffers and they went around to see old John. The captain planned to go from the hotel directly to the home of Richard M. Harlock, there to take into custody young Dick Harlock. Captain Masson was naturally quite cheerful about it. There was nothing to it now but to take John's statement.

John would have missed that bottle of whisky. He wouldn't want to go through the torture of another night without it.

Captain Masson knocked on old John's door and walked in with Steffers without waiting for an invitation. John was lying on the bed.

Captain Masson walked up to the bed and felt John's hand. It was ice-cold. Old John was cold all over. He was just as cold as any dead man can be.

"What the hell do you know about that?" said Captain Masson, not at all gently.

"The old so-and-so," said Steffers, "just drank himself to death."

"Yeah?" said Captain Masson.

Captain Masson was a very shrewd man. He rummaged about the room. Presently he found, under the mattress, seven bottles of good whisky. Not one of them had been uncorked.

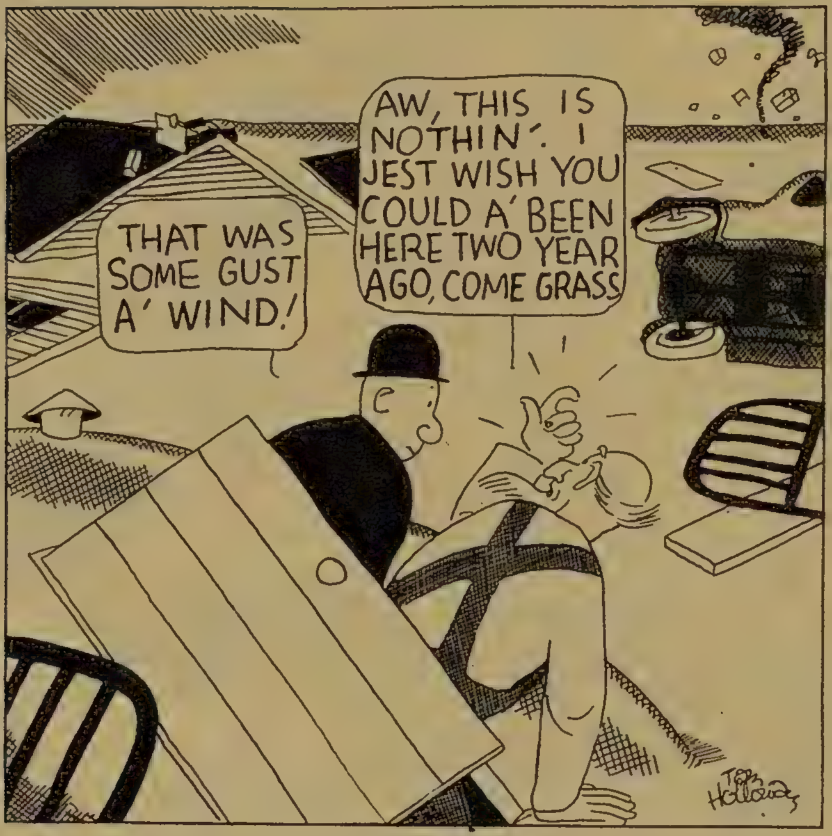
THE END

$2,000

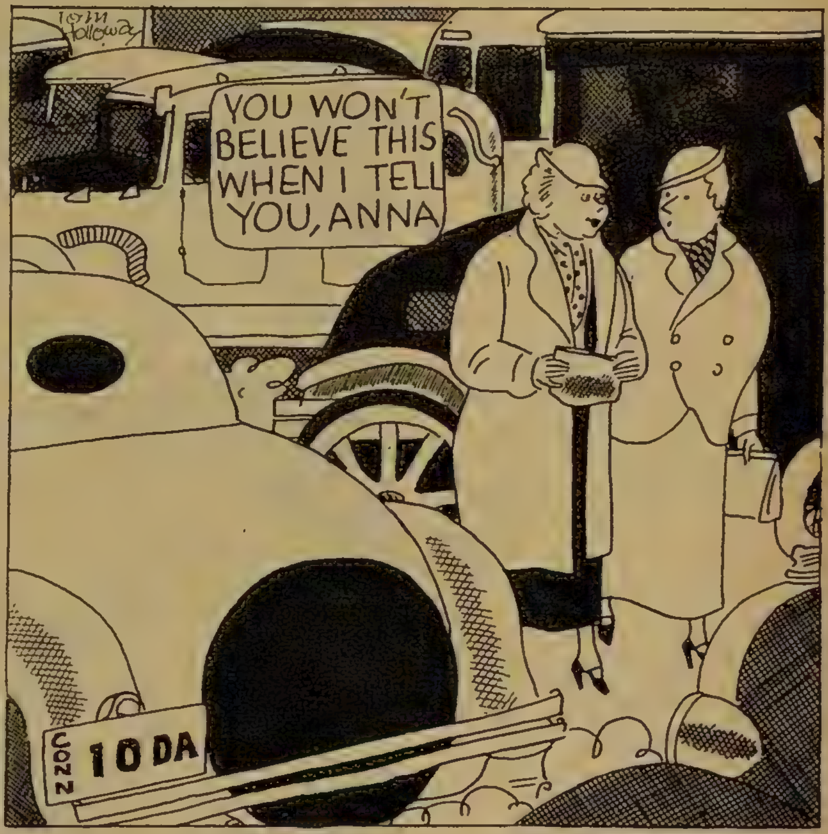
CASH PRIZE

GAME OF CITIES

DECIPHERING THIS WEEK'S NAMES WILL GIVE YOU SEVENTY PER CENT OF THE TOTAL NUMBER!


THAT WAS SOME GUST A' WIND!
AW, THIS IS NOTHIN'. I JEST WISH YOU COULD A' BEEN HERE TWO YEAR AGO, COME GRASS
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 13


Tom Holloway
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS WHEN I TELL YOU, ANNA
CONN
10 DA

PICTURE NO. 14

Name of City..................................

Name of City..................................

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

WHEN you have extracted the names hidden in this week's drawings you will be well into the home stretch of this $2,000 contest. Only six more drawings will stand between you and the prize money. So add your solutions of drawings 13 and 14 to those you have already accumulated and clear the decks for the final sprint.

Perhaps you are one of the forehanded persons who is already laying out an entry. If so, this word of warning is just in time: Do not expend time and money on elaboration and ornamentation when you put your contest material together. Simplicity is best. Fancy work, no matter how striking, will not be considered as a factor when the entries are studied and rated. No entries will be returned. Therefore there is neither reason nor excuse for needless outlay. Concentrate on accuracy instead.

TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Some of them crumpled at the knees and went down in a slack heap.

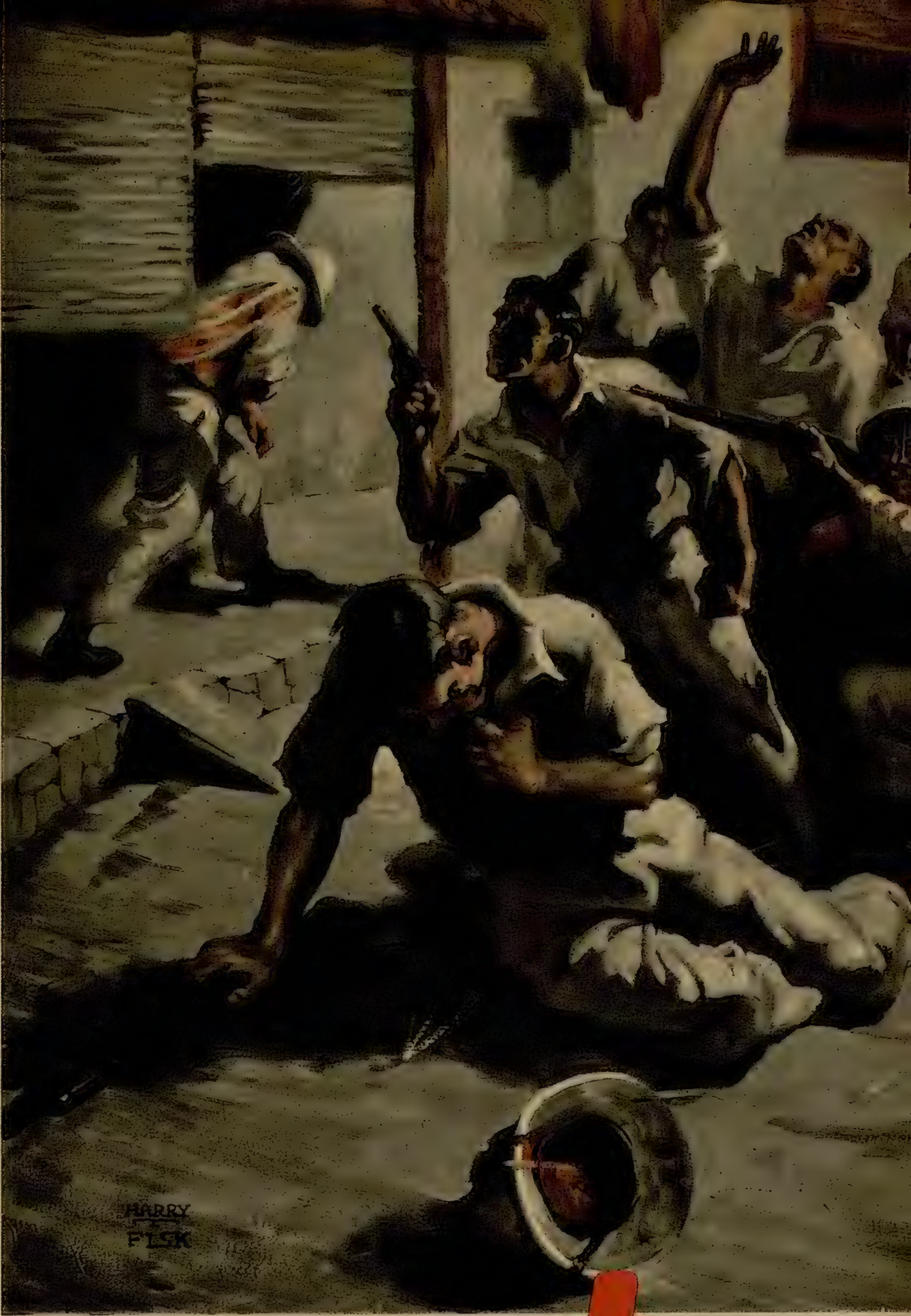
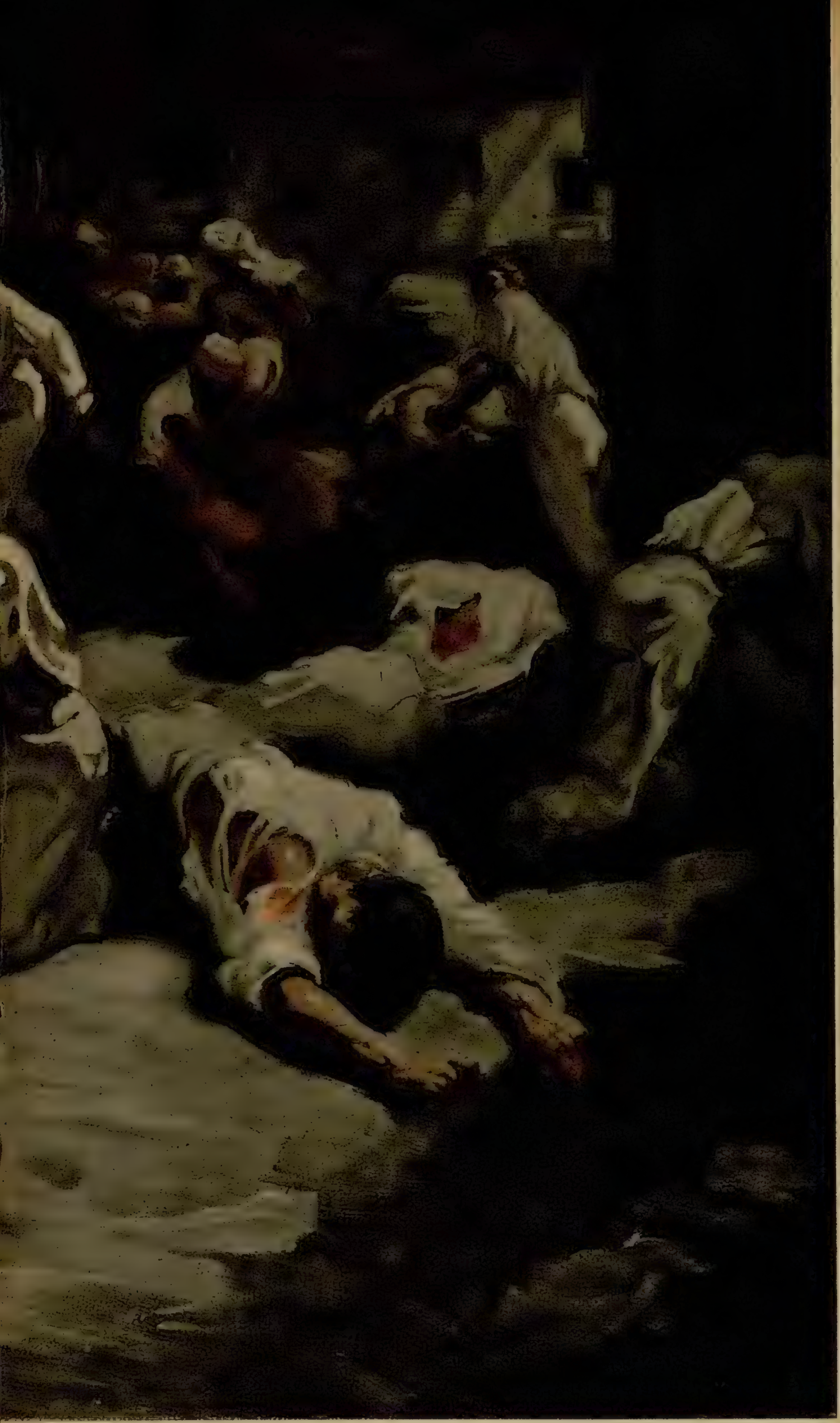


ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

Passport TO HELL



The Story of a Man Who Faced Death and Found Love in One of Earth's Far Corners

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

PART FOUR—BLOODY VICTORY

AS I look back on the days that followed I can believe they happened, because I am sane, fairly intelligent, and my eyes and memory are excellent. I saw it all, lived through it, and I know it wasn't just a moving-picture film of unusual ghastliness that slipped by the censor. If there is any one who doesn't believe me, I'm afraid it doesn't bother me. When a man has to see ugly purple welts on his body every day in his shower, he doesn't care to have his army discharges framed on his wall as further reminders of the parched and fevered suffering he endured at one stage of his life. His wounds are quite enough.

On the hotel balcony from which our Thompkins had opened the battle, Gerrity was jubilant.

"What'd I tell you? It took two shots to do it—but they fell for it! Get off that gun!" He shoved me to one side and threw his stubby leg over the tripod. "We'll get 'em right and settle 'em once and for all."

He was crouched like a prize fighter, with his shoulders hunched forward and his chin sunk on his chest, swinging the gun slowly from right to left. Then, as the first of the assault party reached the Ronda, he opened fire. The crowd broke at the same moment. They stopped as if they'd tripped on a taut wire, with the ones behind stumbling into the ones in front. Some of them crumpled at the knees and went down in a slack heap.

One man sprawled forward with his arms outstretched and slid a yard on his stomach, drawing his legs up under

AMERICA'S GIN LABEL

OLD
MR. BOSTON
1 PINT
90 PROOF
Distilled Dry Gin
"as smooth as old brandy"
DISTILLED BY
Ben Burk Inc.
BOSTON
MASS.
U.S.R-174
MASS.M-19

HERE'S the simple sincere label that graces mellow Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. It means every word it says. 90 PROOF. Holds its character in cocktails or fizzes. Just the right strength for a straight drink.

DISTILLED. That's important too. It means that the rare flavor is distilled IN — not merely mixed. AS SMOOTH AS OLD BRANDY. Called the smoothest gin in America. Crystal Clear, and 100% pure, too.

AND DON'T FORGET THE HANDY MEASURING CUP
OLD MR. BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
as smooth as old brandy
Ben Burk Inc.
BOSTON
MASS.

him like a child going to sleep. Another man slammed backward and rolled over and over, kicking his legs and trying to raise himself on his elbows. Then the men in back turned and fled, screaming and tripping over each other and yelling in cold fear. The hallway roared with the stuttering bark of the Thompkins.

"Keep your eye on that courtyard door!" Doc shouted over his shoulder.

Choking with the fumes in my throat, I stumbled backward against some one in the hallway behind.

Doug Hambro's gun was chattering gleefully from the window of his room. Whoever it was I banged into I grabbed hold of and dragged along with me, for some unknown reason, while I yanked at the back door and looked out.

Whether there was any one there, or not, I don't know to this day. I simply opened the door, looked down the stairs, closed it again and shot the bolt. Then I realized suddenly that it was Alayne's arm I had in a death grip and it was Alayne's warm breath on my cheek. I remember yanking her along without a word, kicking open a bedroom door, and shoving her halfway across the room in the direction of the bed. Then I slammed the door in her face and came out to Doc, barking my shins on the sacred second gun and cursing in agony with the pain.

Doc's gun stopped firing.

"Any one in the courtyard?" he called to me.

"No! I don't know—how the hell should I know?"

Doc was hoisting his gun to the parapet. "Come here," he said. "Hang on to the legs." I grabbed the duralumin supports, and he opened fire again, raking the street and smashing in the windows opposite, swerving the barrel downward and cutting up dust clouds along the sides of the buildings across the way. Meanwhile the gun jumped and vibrated in my hands like one of those electric gadgets a barber uses to smooth out the ruffles on your face the morning after the night before.

The rattle of it sang in my teeth until my mouth itched like the plague, and I seemed to be looking at everything through heat waves over baked concrete. There were half a dozen sprawled figures choking the roadway from the Ronda in front of us up to the corner of Ah Wing's yard. They lay like bundles of old clothing dropped from a pushcart. As I stared at them dry-mouthed, with the blasting chatter of the Thompkins knifing my eardrums, Doc lowered the muzzle and raked fifty rounds through them as a man would spray a flower bed.

Then he stopped and reached for a handkerchief to wipe his hands. "Pants are all wet," he said. "That water tube pulled off and it's been squirting all over my legs. Let her down—that's all for the present." He yanked out his six-gun, stuck two cartridges into the empty chambers, and put it back in his hip pocket. "Just hang around for a minute and keep your eye peeled. I'll be back."

I pulled out my own handkerchief and wiped my arms. They were running sweat from nerves and the excitement, and my shirt was soaked.

Then quite suddenly I started to laugh and stumbled into the chair. It went over and shot me forward toward the balcony rail. Some one groaned from a bundle of rags across the way—groaned and thrashed for a moment in frightful agony. I covered my face and hung there on the railing, trembling and cursing and giggling under my breath.

I don't believe Doc had fired six hundred rounds—less than a minute it had taken. Murder if you will—I don't know.

There were splinters still in tiny pulpy shreds under the gums of my lower jaw. I tried to get them out with my finger as I hung there curs-

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

JOHN SARGENT loses his job as an advertising copy writer in New York, and with $3,200 savings starts a tour of the world on tramp steamers to pass the time away until the depression lifts. By way of Yokohama, Hongkong, Singapore, and Bengan he lands at the Royal and Chaldean Hotel in Telik, capital of a small desert country, and finds himself in undreamed-of trouble.

Douglas Hambro, a disgraced Englishman, and Phil Greystone, an oil man, fugitive from American justice, are drilling for oil. Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, and Joe, the bartender at the hotel, are trying for a rival well, and steal Sargent's passport to bring in McGuire, a driller. Without his credentials Sargent can't leave, and Greystone's sister, Alayne, is the only person he can trust.

Greystone brings in a gusher, and a mob of gamblers and cutthroats from Sweeney's Hotel, leftovers from more prosperous days in Telik, rush the well, demanding to be cut in on the fortune it represents. Gerrity kills one, and with Joe joins Greystone and Hambro in preparing for an impending battle with the mob. Sargent also joins them, chiefly to defend Alayne, after the dead ruffian's woman stabs her brother.

King Furd of Telik dies, and to maintain the protectorate over the country and save the oil concession Hambro smuggles the dead ruler's small son into the Royal and Chaldean, and with Sidi and Adgidi, friendly native leaders, sets himself up as head of a regency. The mob at Sweeney's detects this coup too late, and plans an attack on the hotel that night to get the boy king by force. Gerrity produces twelve machine guns and posts them at vantage points about the hotel. With all lights cut off and the moon gone down, the ruffians attack. In the first fusillade Sargent is hit in the mouth by flying splinters of wood. Sargent is telling the story.

ing and laughing and drinking in the night air. The Spanish empire was wiped off the map in fifteen minutes of action at Santiago; but here on the balcony we had made a kingdom in something like sixty seconds—with a bartender, a fertilizer salesman, a remittance man, and an advertising copy writer on the team.

I think that's par for the course.

A hand tugged at my rolled-up sleeve and fingers closed around my arm.

" Don't be a fool! Come in off the balcony."

Alayne pulled at me again. I stumbled into the hallway after her, kicking the chair out of my way, and we stood there staring at each other in the darkness. I could hear Hambro and Doc arguing at the end of the hall; and I could hear the young king chattering to some one in his suite.

" There's brandy in Phil's room, on the table. Don't strike a light."

WITH her hand on my wrist, she pushed the door open and I groped inside. A cigarette end glowed in front of me, lighting up Greystone's face.

" Well," he growled, " what's it all about? "

" Lie down, Phil." She put the brandy bottle into my hands, and I took enough from the neck to choke a horse.

" The hell I will lie down! I'm going out," Greystone said. He was standing up beside his bed. " Doug," he called. " Doug Hambro! "

" He's all right. Every one's all right, Phil. Please believe me. You've got to lie down and be quiet."

" No," he said; " I'm going out and see for myself."

He pushed past her and made for the hallway. " Doug! "

Alayne caught hold of his good arm.

" Phil—do you hear me? If you don't stop it, I'll—"

" I told you to leave me alone, Bib! "

He jerked her hand off his arm and started down the passage, with both of us after him, his bathrobe streaming out behind. Then he grunted, his head pitched forward, and one of his bare heels thumped my wrist as he crashed down over the Thompkins that Doc had set up by the stairhead. The brandy bottle flew out of my hand and crashed on the steps below.

Gerrity came up the passage on the run. Together we lifted Greystone like a sack of meal and carried him back to his room.

Alayne closed the shutters and draped the curtains across them. Then she struck a match and lit the wick of the oil lamp on the table.

Greystone's arm and chest were bleeding again through the soaked bandages. Doc knelt down and wrapped his fingers around the arm above the elbow. He was the strangest mixture I've ever seen—that man.

" Miss Greystone," he said, " I can't stay but a minute. Give me that cord from his robe. I'm going to put this on for a tourniquet again. Leave it on till you change the dressings and

There are two ways of looking at Dentyne

as an aid to mouth health

Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods—but not today. Dentyne's extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing everyone needs . . . It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.

as a delicious gum

You can recommend Dentyne because of its delicious flavor, also. Everyone will agree that its delightful spiciness is completely satisfying. Its firm chewiness makes it still more enjoyable. Your friends will be delighted to learn of such a different, distinctive gum. Dentyne, you know, comes in a handy vest-pocket package — a shape that originated with Dentyne and has identified it for many years.

DENTYNE

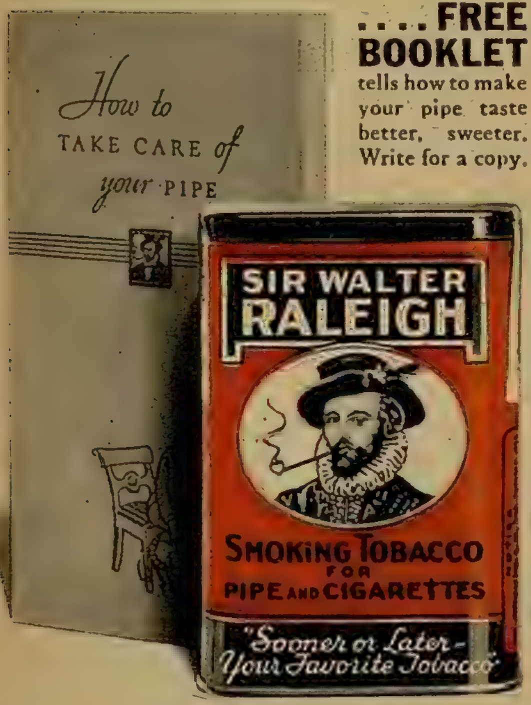
KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

"COME OUT, FIDO —FRED WON'T BITE YOU!"

FIDO'S no man's fool! He isn't afraid of Fred's teeth, but he IS leary of the heavy tear-gas that puffs out of Fred's never-cleaned briar.

They tell us Fred is a dog-lover, but they can't tell us he's a pipe-lover or he'd groom his briar now and then and switch to a pleasanter tobacco. Like Sir Walter Raleigh. This unusual blend of friendly Kentucky Burleys has trotted to the front rank in popularity because it really IS milder, cooler, delightfully fragrant. Try a tin . . . and hear your friends yelp for joy!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-52


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

. . . . FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

then ease it off very slowly. Watch it, and if it bleeds too much tighten it again. He's out from weakness—the bump wasn't enough—and he's not to lose any more blood." He took the cord and wrapped it around Greystone's arm. "You'll have to use cold water, 'cause we can't let you go below just now to heat any. Slosh on plenty of iodine, and get the light off as quick as you can. He won't try to get up again. I'm sorry, ma'am. I'll be back as soon as I can. Come along, Sargent."

Outside he turned on me. "When I told you to stay at the gun I meant *stay at the gun!* Get back there, and don't leave it for the Ten Commandments or Moses himself—and keep your eyes open." He sidled up to the balcony entrance and looked out in both directions. "The layout is this. Hambro and I think they've had enough, but with the moon gone we can't take no chances until daylight. If they was more of us, I'd say go down to Sweeney's and smoke up the lot of 'em; but there ain't, so we'll have to wait here till morning—it's healthier."

He cupped his hands and lit a cigarette; then he shoved the package toward me and offered me his butt to light mine.

"Sit down," he said; "they's plenty of time." He chuckled. "Funny, ain't it, what a fella thinks of? You always think of something when it's going on. We put into Port-au-Prince once years before the treaty, in the old Schenectady, and gave 'em the usual salute. Would you believe it? —it took their army four hours and a half to return it. One gun went off its carriage and another ripped from muzzle to breech and popped off the whole gun crew for a fare-thee-well. And when the President came aboard he was covered with medals. I was thinking of that all the time. One of the medals had 'National Baking Powder' engraved right across it in quarter-inch letters. The boat crew laughed in his face, and they all went on the carpet for it." He slapped his thigh. "You'd have thought that shine was the governor of New York State, the way the old man laid into those fellows. See anything?"

THE Lord only knows where the time went to, but it was almost 4 A. M. when I looked at my watch, and the shadows across the street seemed lighter as I looked out again. There was a sharper outline to the curbing and the corners of the buildings. I could see Doc's face quite plainly when he came back. He went down the stairs presently and opened the doors into the street. He called up from below.

Hambro stuck his head out between the blinds at the far end, screwing his eyeglass into place like a man at a play who would see better.

"We'll count up the score," called Doc.

He walked across to the nearest bundles on the pavement and stirred them with a foot.

It was very much lighter now, with a white streak in the sky to the eastward and a rustling dawn wind stirring the trash in the gutters—a nauseous breath of slime and rotten fish and corruption sweeping up from the foreshore.

"Here's Reinecke," Doc called. "That's a good number. And Joe Buckle, too. They must've been full of gin." He walked up the side street. "Dutch Fink. Nope—Gilivray and the Greek ain't here. They filled up the natives with grappa, that's what they did—a dirty trick. These other boys have gone to the wine and the houris of Allah—Sweeney's hangers-on. Sweeney ain't here himself."

He dusted his hands and came back into the Ronda.

HAMBRO pointed down the street. "Maybe that one you potted first is Gilivray."

Doc grinned. "No, sir—Gil was behind the pole, I guess. Well"—he spat and looked up and down the Ronda—"I guess the next move is breakfast and a little walk down the street for us." He crossed over to the entrance and came inside.

I needed company, and I needed it badly. Hambro was shaving when I walked into his room. He grinned through the lather.

"Trying it on," he said, "just to see how it feels once again."

He waved his razor from his washbowl to the gun on the table in the center of the room. He was shaving in the water the Thompkins had heated.

"Drink? Third drawer." I poured out bumpers for both of us. I sank mine in a hurry.

"Stuff for the troops," he said as he raised his glass and drained it. "My old company commander used to say, 'When you can't sleep, drink; and when you're drunk, eat.' He spent four days on the Somme with a brandy flask in every pocket. All he could remember afterwards was the final operation order sent up to us on the first day. I found him lying face down in a saphead finally, and we dragged him in for dead. Then he opened his eyes and said, 'England expects every man to do his duty. Steward! Double brandy, and drink the soda yourself.'"

We had breakfast on the roof, the four of us, and that was the craziest meal yet. We were dog-tired and dirty, but we managed to bring a certain jollity to the proceedings—a result, I suppose, of the relief of nerve tension.

We sat under a strip of awning—Joe, Doc, Douglas Hambro, and I—at the corner of the parapet which overlooked the Ronda and the lower end of town, with Mrs. Mumatz, still badly scared, serving us personally, and four machine guns lined up in a row beside us. Hambro insisted that we pour champagne on our canned peaches and brandy in our coffee. Joe wanted to know if he put gin on his pancakes. But he never found out.

"Hey—take a look!" Doc shouted.

Up the street, in a somewhat solemn procession, came about three dozen natives, with Sidi, the electric-light king, marching ahead of them carrying a scrap of white cloth on a broken walking stick.

Hambro stood up, and they stopped in the middle of the street. Sidi walked forward a few steps and started to address us with great formality.

He spoke, he said, for his friends and the good of Telik. He deplored the night that had passed, assuring us that he and his friends had had nothing to do with the outbreak. It was the work of madmen and drink-crazed minds. He commended us for putting it down with such a firm hand and for protecting the person of His Majesty King Furd III, and offered us a vote of thanks from all the native population that mattered.

He went further and declared that we were Telik's salvation in the time of need, and that we had but to call upon the town to have its loyalty laid at our and the young king's feet. The town, he said, was ready to accept us, and the night before had made no difference to the allegiance of the majority. All that was needed to prove his words was for us to call upon the people and have them respond.

Hambro rose to the occasion nobly.

"SIDI," he said, "you please me greatly by your words. There is to be order in Telik from now on, and no more trouble. We have kept our word given to you yesterday. You, Sidi, and Ahmet, and you, Saleh, will be responsible for the native population. You will come to me with any complaints, any advice that you see fit, and lay it before me for consideration."

"But—it is not for us; it is for you! My people must have something to cling to besides themselves. It is whispered that soldiers will come from Urfa soon. You must tell us what to do—what not to do."

Hambro nodded solemnly and leaned over the parapet. "Very well. Listen to me—all of you. No one is to be out of his house in Telik after eight o'clock at night, for the time being, without a written pass. No one is to go to Urfa or Bengan except by my permission. All guns and ammunition are to be brought to me here within the hour. And every day, beginning today, at nine o'clock sharp, all the men in Telik are to report here. Any one failing to report becomes a suspicious character, subject to arrest and detention. One thing more, Sidi. Disobedience to any of those orders will be punished severely."

Sidi bowed. "I will tell them—I will tell them, sir." Saleh Abdullah bowed. Adgidi bowed.

Hambro mopped his forehead. "We've made a nation, men! It may be moth-eaten and vermin-infected, and it may be odoriferous—but it's ours!"

Sidi's faith and the response of the native population seemed to appeal to something deep and fine in him.

When your head is stuffed up!

WHEN your head is stuffed up from a cold, Mistol Drops give quick soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you can't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Use MISTOL DROPS for your children . . . they'll like it!

Small 25¢ Large 65¢

Mistol Drops
Mistol Drops

Copr. 1935, Stanco Inc.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

“That's an end to drinking,” he said. He looked at Gerrity.

“Doc,” he said, “can you make me an army out of that material down there in the street?”

Gerrity looked over the parapet. “Sure,” he said. “I can make you an army out of it—but I can't tell you how it'll fight.”

Hambro said, “I appoint you Chief of Staff. Joe—you're G1. Come on; there is work to be done!”

When we came down into the lobby, the line-up was beginning to form, stretching from the entrance of the Royal and Chaldean down the Ronda—a line of silent men marshaled by Sidi and Saleh Abdullah, practically the entire population of Telik.

There is every blood strain in Telik that could possibly have been known to Babel. The centuries have done a ghastly bit of work, what with Greek colonies overlaid on Arab dregs, Egyptian sluggishness debauched by the Roman, and in later times an influx of stray Tamils, coolie Chinese, and drink-blinded none too particular white men. But that morning, for once in its whole history, a single idea pervaded the population. That the idea was self-preservation does not prove that it wasn't a thought process.

They were subdued and silent. And we let them stand there in the broiling sun, with the casualties of the night before in the gutter on the other side of them, for the moral effect of it.

Hambro posted one of old Furd's soldiers at the doorway, as he had the night before, and he had a table set up inside the door.

He took a large Paris-Lyon-Marseille Railway poster from the wall and turned it face downward on the table. “Write,” he commanded, and tossed me a stub of black crayon. I wish I had one of those first proclamations, so I could bring it out once in a while in a mellow mood and show it to a few choice cronies of an evening.

MANIFESTO

The King is dead—long live the King!

Due to the recent discovery of crude oil in the Realm, all lands outside of the municipal limits of the Town of Telik are hereby declared crownlands—all local royal subjects, regardless of race, color, or creed, to share therein in proportion to investment on the following basis:

A. Cash investments. Minimum of £1.0.0 sterling or its equivalent—no maximum. Any amount you have.

B. Two days' work to be considered equivalent to £1.0.0 sterling invested.

Loyal subjects, arise! Shall we let the Urfa gang steal this chance of a clean-up? No!

Back up the new King and the Regency!

Given under the hand and seal of the Regency this eighteenth day of November at Telik.

Douglas Wellesley Hambro
Premier.

Joe made an awful row for a moment about letting everybody in on the oil.

“That's Communism!” he growled. Then Gerrity showed him how it was less than a hundred dollars a month to a man, even if he worked every day.

Then we went out and started the line filing past the doorway—putting down each man's name on a roster, taking the weapons they handed in.

There were twenty rifles in the crowd and about two dozen revolvers and automatic pistols of assorted calibers and various stages of rust and verdigris. These the natives turned over to us willingly enough, for Sidi had put the fear of hot places into their hearts and they were eager to eat out of our hands. Gerrity stood by and appraised all the arms, and we added two dollars and a half to the credit of each man who turned over a weapon. On the strength of the bonus we got ten more rifles and six pistols, an assorted collection of knives, a rusty scimitar, and three ancient Mills hand grenades.

Hambro spoke again from the balcony. No murder was to be committed henceforth. Every man was to do at least two hours' work a day in cleaning up the town.

Doc Gerrity took twenty of the likeliest specimens into the army. Ten of the twenty commandeered rifles were Mausers, relics of the revolution of 1921. These were cleaned and issued to the new troops, and a corporal of Furd's bodyguard was set to drilling them. Their first fatigue was a burial detail.

ABOUT ten o'clock five white men presented themselves at the hotel. One of them was a Portuguese named Pinheiro, two of them were beached stokers from an Italian tramp, and the other two called themselves Hooton and Crooge—figure them out.

They swore they had had nothing to do with the rebellion and had only hesitated to throw their lot in with us until they had found out how to do it. Hambro talked to them, and sent them away to shave and wash themselves and come back for jobs if they meant it.

Hambro organized the first Street Cleaning Department Telik had enjoyed since 1908, and made Adgidi Commissioner of Public Works, which pleased the fat fellow immensely. He commandeered all the spirits at Sweeney's and brought them to our bar.

It sounds laughable to put all this down after what I have told you about Telik, but I do it to show you the good as well as the bad effects the regency had on the town; for there has been too much emphasis on the bad alone. Mind you, if it hadn't been for us there would have been neither bad nor good, and Telik would have baked on under its beaten-brass sun until it crumbled to dry dust and the desert took it to its bosom.

By mid-afternoon the place was in a state of theoretical order and decency that it hadn't known for twenty-seven years. We didn't fool ourselves for a moment. We knew that fear and cupidity were behind the native coöperation. But as long as we could use it and foster it to advantage, it was our velvet.

Doc Gerrity turned a room off the lounge into a guardroom and brought down four spare cots from the top floor. Then he posted a sentry on the roof and one in the street below our windows and one in the courtyard behind, and he had those sentries ticked up in no time as smartly as you please, taught them how to salute with the rifle and how to challenge, and told them to pass no one without orders. Then he and Joe went solemnly into the bar to celebrate the success of their enterprise.

By mid-afternoon Phil Greystone's arm was visibly worse. Alayne hadn't left his bedside, and Doc had done what he could in spare moments, which wasn't much. The cuts were festered badly at the lips, and the infection was creeping steadily up the arm toward the shoulder.

“Look here,” I told Alayne. “There must be some way of getting a doctor for him.”

“There is,” she said—“if any one will do it.”

“I'll do it,” I told her.

The night's bloody melee is over, and victory apparently has been won for the regency. Yet soldiers are reported marching on Telik from Urfa. What will this mean? Sargent isn't worried about soldiers, however. He is thinking of Alayne and her brother. Next week's installment finds him in far more peril for her sake than he met up with in the attack by Sweeney's mob.

Answer to Mixed Doubles Puzzle on Page 30

Call the men A, B, D, E, and their wives a, b, d, e. Then they may play as follows:

First Court	Second Court
1st day—A and d vs. B and e	D and a vs. E and b
2nd day—A and e vs. D and b	E and a vs. B and d
3rd day—a and b vs. E and d	B and a vs. D and e

Not only are the conditions fulfilled, but no man ever plays with or against his own wife—an ideal arrangement, you will agree.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GINGER ROGERS

A Close-Up of the Captivating Girl from Vaudeville Whose Latest Romance Began in an Earthquake and Whom They're Grooming to Fill the Golden Throne Left Vacant by Clara Bow

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

GINGER ROGERS is a redhead. Like everything else about her, good and bad, it's real: it's good honest Irish red. Disposition and complexion to match. At school her other nickname was Trouble. I won't go so far as to say Ginger looks for it, but she isn't altogether displeased when it comes along.

She and Lew Ayres, whom she married the other day, began their romance in an earthquake—a real California earthquake—and it continued in much the same vein. Since Lew is a quiet, serious young man who used to be a banjo player, you can draw your own conclusions.

Once, when they had been going together for some months, Lew decided it was time to teach the irrepressible Ginger a lesson. So he told her he was going to New York for a visit—and went. When he'd been there a week, Ginger telegraphed him as follows: "The only lesson I'm learning is how to get along without you. Come home." Lew didn't see much of New York that trip.

When first Colleen Moore and then Clara Bow faded from the heights of motion-picture popularity, there was a general scramble throughout the industry to fill the golden throne. Candidates were too numerous to mention.

But somehow that particular throne remained vacant.

Then one day the high moguls of Hollywood looked around, and there, perched on it, was Ginger Rogers, her red hair flying and her pug nose saucily atilt. Nobody seemed to know just how she got there, not even Ginger. But the fan mail was pouring in; high-school girls had formed Ginger Rogers clubs; college boys nominated her first in all popularity contests; exhibitors were featuring her name.

Along came The Gay Divorcee. It made two stars overnight—Fred Astaire, the dancing man, and Ginger Rogers.

But Ginger, with the general public, hit hardest.

Fred Astaire thinks so well of Ginger Rogers that he will talk for hours about her, either as a dancer or as a girl. And when you have worked together through all the trials and tribulations, the long hours and grinding labor of a musical picture, that *means* something.

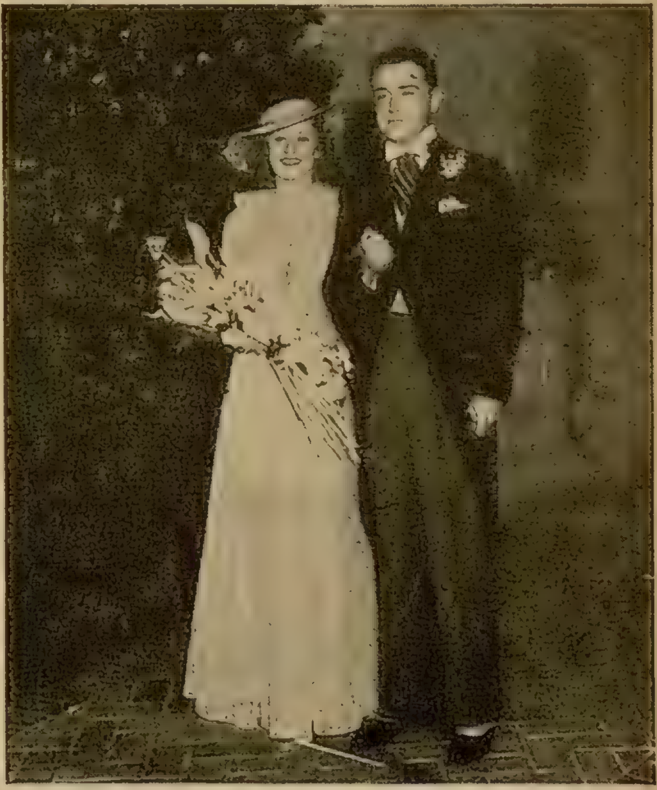
Ginger loves competition. Her career started in competition. Against the best dancers and most beautiful girls in Texas, fourteen-year-old Ginger Rogers won the Charleston state championship in Fort Worth.

She was tired of going to school anyhow, so she went into vaudeville.

"Where," says Ginger, with her frankest and

There are more beautiful girls—but what other girl has as good a time as Ginger?

This really is her mother! No wonder the two are frequently mistaken for sisters!



Lew Ayres and Ginger as newlyweds. He is Ginger's first real romance.

most Irish grin, "I got my education. A different education from the kind you get in school, of course. But a very handy one when it comes to living"—she thought a moment and added, "and to making a living."

Irresponsibility is Ginger's middle name, and she is the laziest girl I ever met in my life. Oh, she works! But that's because she has to.

A director who worked with her told me that never once during the entire picture did Ginger know her lines when she came on the set in the morning.

"Not once," he said in an injured tone. "Not *once*. She'd come down all bright and smiling, putting up a big bluff. I'd say, 'Did you study last night?' And Ginger would give me that smile of hers and say, 'You bet I did'—and then dash off behind a piece of scenery and learn one shot at a time. I swear she learned some scenes in ten minutes! Good thing she's so quick. Oh, on the set she works like a trouper—which she is—and she'll dance until you'd think she'd fall apart. But get her to study dialogue I could not. And I give you my word I think she learns her songs on the set while the orchestra is playing the prelude."

"She gets by," I said.

"Gets by?" He laughed. "That one will always a little more than get by."

A young aviator from Texas who once went to school with her told me how she got her name.

There was a feud between little Virginia Rogers, whose folks had migrated from Missouri to Texas, and a certain boy whose name history does not record. He made a daily practice of teasing Virginia about her hair.

One day he tagged along behind her on the way home from school shouting, "Redhead, redhead, gingerbread head, carrot top, strawberry-blonde head—"

It was too much for the kid's Irish. Nobody had taught her any Marquis of Queensberry rules, so she just grabbed on anywhere she could get a hold and started kicking and biting. She got the song choked in his throat at the word "Ginger." The other kids watched with delight while he squawked "Ginger—Ginger—Ginger" and his small opponent hung on to his neck.

From that day forth she has been Ginger.

The girl from vaudeville.

Somehow you'd know it in a minute. She has the deep, smiling philosophy, the courage, the high quality of sportsmanship, the ability to meet situations and get out of spots that most high-class vaudeville performers have.

It was while she was in vaudeville that Ginger met and married her first husband, when she was just seventeen.

"His name," said Ginger, after a moment's reflection, "was Jack Culpepper—and don't laugh."

He was doing an act on the same time—a girl act in which he sang with some pretty girls around him. Ginger Rogers was doing a single, a dancing single.

"It's the funniest thing," Ginger said, looking puzzled. "I can't remember anything about him. Not even how he looked. It makes me feel like a fool, but I can't."

HOWEVER, he was young and good-looking and he knew all the answers, which Ginger didn't. The marriage lasted a year and then Ginger divorced him. They had been separated most of the time—fortunately or unfortunately, they were booked on different circuits and that didn't contribute to their chances of matrimonial happiness.

I am sure that Lew Ayres is her first real romance. She doesn't talk about it in a romantic way. They kid and roughhouse and call each other strange pet names, after the modern style. But I noticed her eyes as she watched him play tennis; I saw her face the day they were married.

Leland Hayward, a Hollywood agent who is one of my best friends, gave her away at her wedding. Leland has become a sort of giver-away of picture brides. Most weddings leave him just where they found him. But I noticed as he turned away from giving little Ginger into the keeping of a new husband, "for better, for worse," that there were tears in his eyes.

"That kid means it," he said to me. "She does a lot of wisecracking and kidding, but she means that 'better or worse' business. I've known her since she was a punk in musical shows. She's one of those warm-hearted damn fools—sentimental and romantic and superstitious as—as—as an Irishwoman. I hope it'll work."

"Probably it will," I said. "She strikes me as very intelligent about life. She'll *try* to make it work, and that's more than most girls will do nowadays."

The Irish temper was very manifest, though, not long after that, when the new Mrs. Lew Ayres discovered that one of her best friends had made a bet that the marriage wouldn't last six months. Her face was white with rage and she didn't mince words with her pal.

"I think," she said, "that's about the rottenest thing I ever heard of anybody doing. God knows it's difficult enough to stay married in Hollywood, when you both work hard and with all the gossip and everybody watching and misunderstanding everything and trying to make trouble all the time. But at least your *friends* ought to be pulling for you."

FRIENDSHIP means a great deal to Ginger. She told me once that in some ways she considered it more important even than marriage.

Her closest friend is Janet Gaynor, whom she adores. It's funny, but there is something almost maternal about Ginger's attitude toward Janet. Ginger loves life so terrifically—good or bad, hot or cold, she loves it. She didn't tell me so, but from things she said I think she is afraid that Janet, in her quiet hard-working life, misses too much. If a friend of Ginger's were in jail, or in trouble, Ginger would go to bat but she wouldn't feel sorry for her friend. The only people she feels sorry for are those who aren't doing anything, aren't having anything happen to them.

When she commandeers an ambulance to get through New York traffic so as not to be late for a performance of Top Speed; when she closes a Broadway show at midnight on Saturday and catches an airplane for the coast to start a picture the next day; when she sings over the radio and sees the boys in the orchestra hysterical because she makes all the gestures just as though she were singing to an audience—Ginger is happy.

There is something very dramatically correct about the fact that Ginger and Lew fell in love in the midst of an earthquake.

They had met, casually, at cocktail parties and at a dance—just barely been introduced.

Then one afternoon Ginger was having her hair dressed, and had gone to sleep under the drier. She woke up to find the floor weaving up and down, the drier hopping about, and all the other people running out into the street. As she started to follow, the telephone rang. Ginger decided to answer it. It was her mother.

"Are you all right, darling?" Mrs. Rogers said.

"Of course I'm all right," said Ginger. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well," said her mother, "there's an earthquake."

"Is that what it is!" said Ginger. "Did anybody phone?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rogers; "a young man named Ayres."

"I don't know anybody named Ayres," said Ginger. "What did he want?"

"He wanted you to go to dinner and to see Of Thee I Sing tonight."

"Swell!" said Ginger. "Tell him I'll go."

At seven Mr. Lew Ayres arrived to take her out.

"I remember you," said Ginger. "This will be fun."

In the middle of the performance the earthquake got busy again, and there was every indication that the proscenium arch was going to end Ginger's promising career right then. Lew insisted that they go out, and they walked the streets for hours, getting acquainted. Before the evening was over they were in love.

The hero of All Quiet on the Western Front is a young man with a lot of appeal. There is something about Lew that touches the maternal in every woman—the same sort of thing that has made Dick Barthelmess the most enduring of all male screen stars. He is inclined to take life seriously; to be thoughtful and quiet.

He took Ginger pretty seriously right from the start. At that stage of the proceedings Ginger didn't want to be taken too seriously. It was all in the spirit of fun with her. So they fought and made up, broke off and had dramatic reconciliations, for over a year. Ginger had always wanted to be madly in love and had never quite achieved it; but she wanted to be sure it was real.

Now she's very sure. Very happy. Quite mad about her cunning new house in Beverly Hills. Nonchalant and gay about it all, but rather touching, too.

The day after she returned from her honeymoon she came to lunch with me.

Arrived breathless from four hours of steady dance rehearsal with Astaire for Roberta.

She was wearing a pair of fairly disreputable blue slacks, and a blue sweater, and an old blue-and-white cap sideways on her red hair, which needed a bit of combing. Her face was guiltless of make-up except for some lipstick which had been applied hurriedly.

My eldest son, who is fourteen, had played hookey from school and was hanging around the house—all because he had heard that Ginger Rogers was coming to lunch. It was the first and only time he had ever evinced the slightest interest in any of the movie stars who might be our guests. Moreover, he had actually put on a necktie and some clean cords, which I assure you is the highest flattery Miss Rogers will ever receive.

" How did you like her? " I asked him later.

" Honest, isn't she cute? " he said. " Honest, mum, did you ever see such a cute girl? Are those eyelashes on the level? Wait until I tell the guys at school that I met Ginger Rogers—boy, oh boy! "

Assured that the eyelashes *were* on the level, he managed to run an errand for me—something that hadn't happened successfully in months. He carried a magazine over to Ginger's honeymoon house. When he came back he said, " They're just moving in. She had on overalls. I don't think that Lew Ayres is so much." He sighed. " Maybe I'll find a girl like that some day."

I mention this because at the moment that seems to be the consensus of opinion among mothers' sons. They want a girl like Ginger.

Ten minutes after lunch Ginger was flat on her tummy, with my new and cherished Oxford English Dictionary spread out all around her. The girl has a passion for dictionaries. " Got one in every room in my house, including the bathrooms," she said. " I'm nuts about words. I'm afraid to use half the ones I know, but I get a kick when I hear other people."

Halfway through the afternoon some of my friends drifted in, bent upon tennis. There was Anthony Veiller, son of the famous playwright and himself an author of note, Quentin Reynolds, Enzo Fiermonte, Bill Lipscomb—who wrote Clive of India, in which Ronald Colman will soon devastate audiences. We never got to the tennis. Do you know what we did? We played anagrams. That, believe it or not, is Ginger's favorite indoor sport.

" I'm no good at it," she said apologetically, " specially with a gang of writers like this. But then, damn it, I'm not much good really at anything."

IN chorus we mentioned her dancing. To me, she is one of the most exquisite dancers I have ever seen. And I like her dancing best because you always think while you watch her that next time the lights are low and the music is soft and you have a boy friend you really like, you'll dance the same way. Have you noticed that?

" Oh, dancing," said Ginger. " I've always danced. I learned the Charleston the first time I ever saw it. I never had a dancing lesson. You just—dance."

When she had dashed away, I asked the boys what they thought of her.

I asked the young Italian first.

Mr. Fiermonte, who like Mr. Astaire married into the four hundred, thought a moment. " She listens," he said. " I am surprised. I would not, of course, find any fault with the American women; but if I did, I might say that so few of them ever seem to listen. She seemed so *interested* in everything. She is the only star I have met in Hollywood who didn't seem a little self-centered."

She *does* listen. And she isn't self-centered, which it is quite true that the majority of movie stars are. I've noticed it myself. My one exception before I met Ginger would have been Marion Davies.

Ginger has something of a reputation for wearing clothes on the screen. In The Gay Divorcee she looked lovely and wore creations that started several vogues among the girls.

The clothes closets in her house are filled with the wardrobe of a smart young woman of fashion, with shoes and bags and gowns for every possible event and time of day.

I would be willing to lay you a large sum of money that at least seventy-five per cent of them have never been on Ginger's pretty back.

Slacks, pyjamas, shirts and sweaters, low-heeled sports shoes and caps and bérets. That is Ginger's uniform, and she sticks to it.

Inquire anywhere round about Hollywood concerning Ginger Rogers and you'll get back the answer, " Ginger's a swell kid, but you should meet her mother."

And don't get an impression of a dear old lady in a cap and fichu. Mrs. Rogers is quite literally mistaken for Ginger's sister.

THE first great thing Lela Rogers did for her young daughter was to keep her out of pictures when she was a kid. She was writing at that time for Baby Marie Osborne, and when little red-headed Ginger came around the studio it was only natural that they should want to put her into the movies. But mother stood very pat on that one. She did not believe in movie careers for youngsters, and no one was ever going to get her child—no, never!

When Ginger, at fourteen, won the now historic Charleston contest and wanted to go on the stage, Mrs. Rogers decided that was different. Ginger was old enough to know what she wanted to do—and if she wanted the theater, that was O. K. Moreover, she was exactly the right age to start, if she wanted to get anywhere as a dancer.

So she took her to New York. There hasn't been a step in the girl's life since that she has not watched and guided—and have they had fun!

They had some fairly tough times, though, in the early days in New York—times that brought them very close together. After her vaudeville days Ginger waited quite a while for New York to recognize her. Paul Whiteman gave her a chance to dance, finally, in one of his stage shows at the Brooklyn Paramount—the same stage that saw the real beginning of the great Rudy Vallee career. Bolton, Kalmar, and Ruby got a look at her there when they had come over to hear Paul, and signed her that very night for Top Speed.

After that she hit the top in musical shows in New York, and of course Hollywood grabbed her. She went back to the stage to do Girl Crazy—but she has kept on steadily building in pictures.

The first time I ever saw Ginger Rogers was at a prize fight. It was just before the Olympic Games opened in 1932, and Steve Hamas was fighting Lee Ramage in what proved to be one of the best fights that anybody ever looked at. Having wagered a few simoleons on Ramage, I was rooting a little bit myself. But I soon realized that I was a piker. In the seat once removed from me—the intervening seat was occupied by Mervyn Le Roy, the director—sat a gal with red hair. I got so fascinated watching her that I missed some of the best moments in the ring.

At last I had to ask Merv, " Who's your girl friend? "

" Hell," said Merv, " that's Ginger Rogers. Did you ever see anybody have such a good time at a prize fight? "

I hadn't—nor have I since.

Maybe, now that I come to think of it, that is the secret of Ginger Rogers's great charm. There are lots of more beautiful girls in Hollywood—girls who can sing better and even dance better. But I can't think of one who has such a good time, who is so much interested in everything.

Yes, she's a redhead. And you can't keep a good redhead down!

THE END

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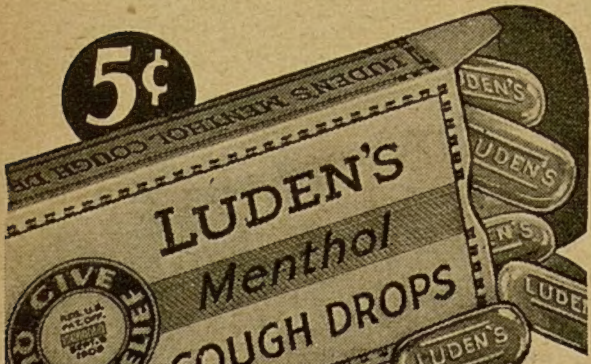

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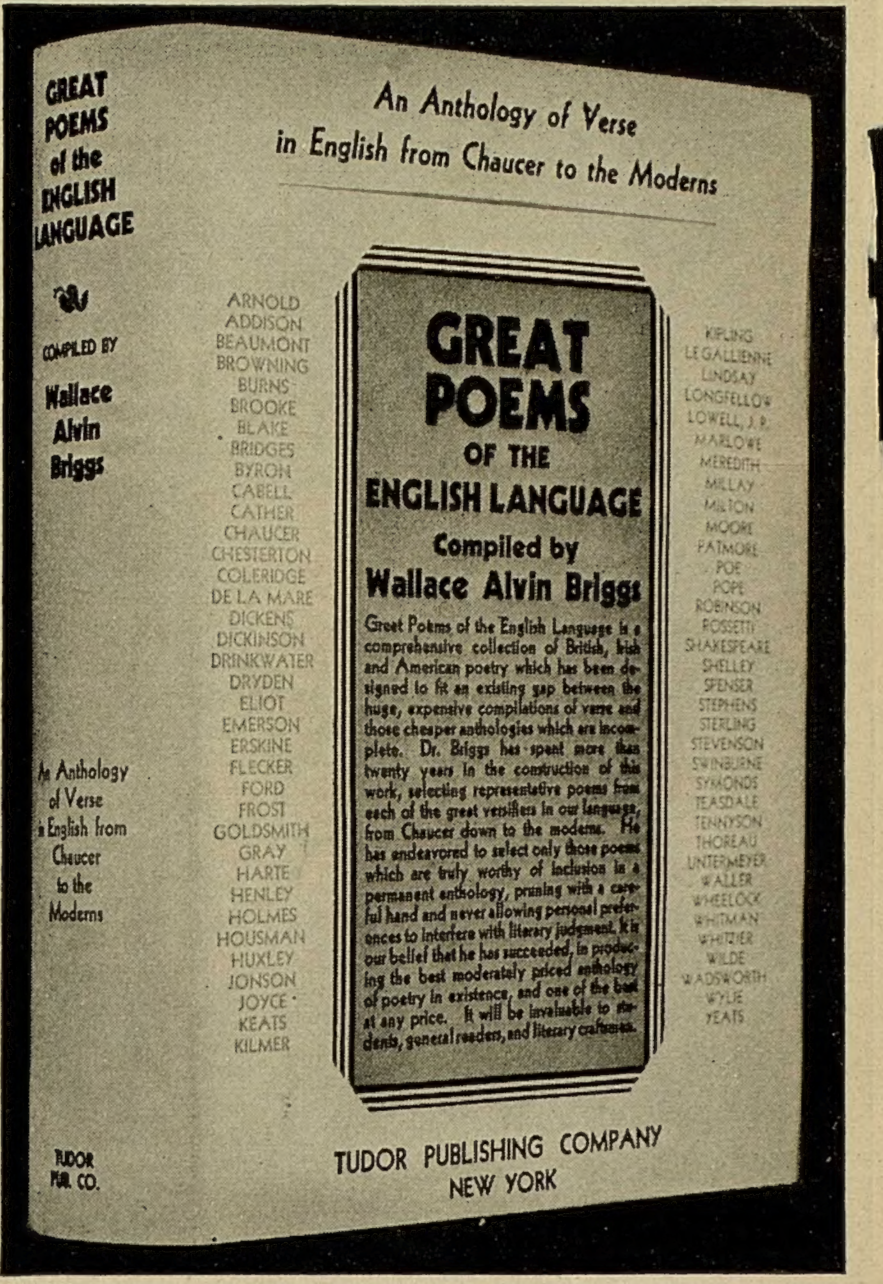
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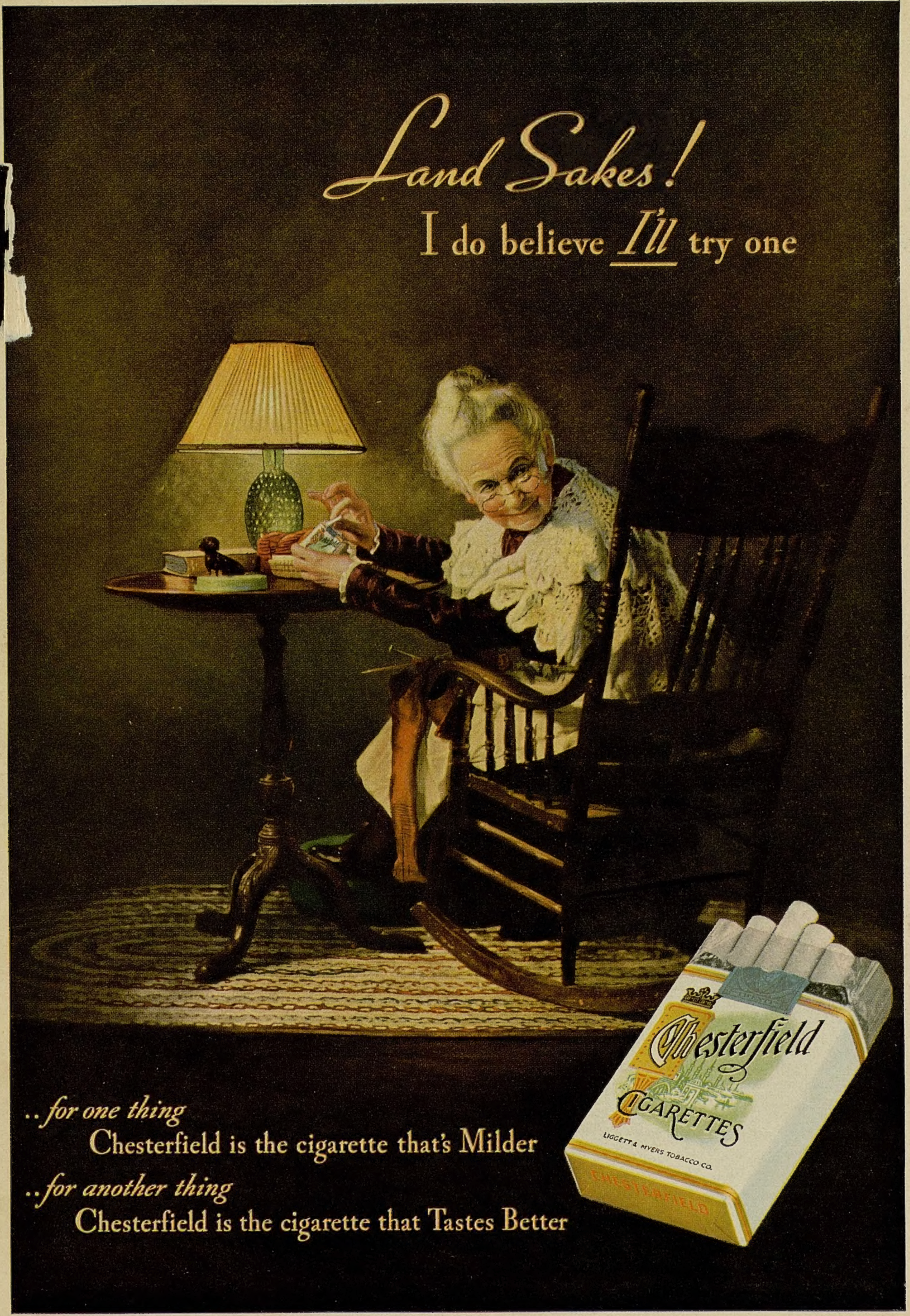

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